

Autobiography of Maurice Forge

The Freedom to be Great

An account of human behavior which explains it solely by heredity and environment, to the exclusion of self-determination and of any other possible cause, might be plausible if we were to cut short our retrospect of human history at a date, say, about 2,700 years short of the year A.D. 1972. These last 2,700 years are a minute fraction of the total span of human history, and, in surveying the millions of years before the eighth century B.C., we could explain most things in that major period of human history as being products of the environment, with the nonhuman part of the environment preponderant at the start and with the social and technological environment gradually gaining in importance. . . .

[But] I do not think that either heredity or environment, or these two forces together, fully account for the behavior of Hosea, Zarathustra, Jeremiah, the Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Muhammad, and St. Francis of Assisi. I believe that these "great souls" did have the freedom to take spiritual action that has no traceable external source. I also believe that there is a spark of this creative spiritual power in every human being.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE

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A LETTER TO CATHERINE AND DAVID

As children we become aware of the pleasure and the pain, the excitement and the ennui of life, in which we are both actors and spectators. As we observe what is going on around us, we are somewhat like movie goers or television ^Cw^Ath^Aers of serial shows.

When Grandmere and I came in, the heroines and heroes were in an early stage of the unwinding story. Your parents entered later in the drama. Many more episodes had elapsed by the time you came along, and many more characters in the cast had changed.

It has been that way for millions of years as generations of people are born, grow up, live their lives, raise their progeny, pass on, and are followed by others.

To comprehend the meaning of this serial drama and to find our own role in life, it helps to have a libretto of the preceding episodes; that is, to study history.

On film or tape, unfolding sagas can be entertaining, boring or instructive. Producers can change scripts, revise events and alter the fate of their imaginary characters. Unlike the cinema, real life has the awesome qualities of risk and finality. What we do and what happens to us is, so to say, "for keeps," because events in our lives, whether we choose to have them happen or are imposed on us despite our wishes, are unalterable. There are few things we can undo; most incidents are like spilled milk, burst soap-bubbles, or swallowed food.

As you go along, you acquire keener judgment to make decisions. You make choices with the help of your native intelligence and the warnings, comments, teachings and exhortations of those around you. A myriad influences intrude into your

lives by way of books, songs, plays, orations, even casual remarks, and various actions around you, or conveyed to you by print, radio and television. They all shape your character; in time you become a blend of your innate attributes and your acquired lore, directed by your will.

Just as I am using my privileged position to ^Cbecome one of your hecklers, everybody with whom you come in contact, especially your parents, influences you, for better, for worse, or indifferently. And you influence others.

MY GRANDPARENTS AND PARENTS

When I was a small boy the person who had the greatest fascination for me was my paternal grandfather. I spent much time alone with him after I became big enough to visit him by myself. He was living at the time with his daughter by his second wife who died in childbirth when their younger son was born. His first wife, my father's mother, also died young. She must have been a woman of strong personality because in his young days my father was known as Yankl Kraina's, denoting that she and not my grandfather was considered head of the family.

The first time I recall seeing this grandfather Avrom Hershtell was late in 1911. It was in Luninets. My mother was pregnant with my youngest brother, whom you know as Uncle Michael. Brother David was a year-old baby asleep in his crib and my three older brothers and one sister were in school. Mama and I had just finished breakfast when the stamping of feet on the stair landing of our second-story apartment announced the arrival of a visitor. When Mother opened the door a man in a visored cap, wearing felt and leather peasant boots and a long sheepskin-lined

overcoat^t, shook off the snow and sidled in slightly stooped. Most of his face was covered with a salt-and-pepper beard.

Grandfather Avrom grunted and when Mother greeted him he smiled faintly and uttered some unintelligible syllables. He removed the canvas bag from his shoulder, carefully lifted it over his cap and placed it on an empty chair. When Mother bade him sit down he rubbed his hands a few times, again grunted and sat in the chair next to me.

I could not follow the one-sided conversation, but my mother and he must have understood each other because she proceeded to boil some unpeeled potatoes and served them with slices of herring and pickled cucumbers. Mother revived the samovar and poured him tea in a ~~gals~~ ^{gals} and he drank it while munching some bread and butter. They talked some more and then Mama gave him several rubles which he put away in a bosom pocket. He patted me on the head, pinched my cheek and went off with his canvas sack, uttering a few grunts.

The cultured members of the family alluded to Grandfather Avrom as "am haorets" - man of the soil. Later on when I stayed with him on his tiny farm I understood why. It was located on the outskirts of Lohishyn, the village in which my mother and father were born - she to an impoverished middle-class family and he into a household struggling for mere subsistence on a strip of rented land.

At fourteen my father went off ~~to~~ Pinsk, the county seat, where he was apprenticed to a tailor. There he learned to read and write Russian and Yiddish, acquired a hankering for the violin which he played for many years, and while learning the tailoring craft he became interested in the evolving enlightenment.

Pinsk was becoming a city of light industry, handicraft, commerce and culture in the wake of industrialization in Russia's western domains. My mother came there each week with other girls from Lohishyn and surrounding villages and hamlets to work in the new cigarette factory. They lived in girls' boarding houses from Sunday to Friday and went home for the sabbath. She, too, merged into the "awakening" and became an avid reader of romances and other books. It was in these circles that she met my father.

My mother's father, Grandfather Eliezer Pikove (pronounced in French Paille-cauve or Ple-cove in English), eked out a bare existence. The family had to rely in part on the earnings of their teenage daughters and the occasional handouts from Grandmother Sima-Pesl's rich half-brother. Nevertheless he resisted my mother's wish to marry my father. With his status as a teacher and parttime rabbi, usually without a parish, he wanted his children to marry "upward" and not as his second daughter proposed, that is to a young tailor and half-orphaned son of a peasant.

Grandfather Eliezer's resistance collapsed under pressure from Grandmother Sima, who was more realistic. Years later she explained to me that a tailor's wife was a better fate than an old maid.

Grandma Sima went off to Kiev and came back with money from her half-brother Pinhas Lopatitskiy, who had become rich trading in lumber, grain, sugar beets and fodder, as did his father before him. With the wealth derived from his river barges, tug-boats, granaries, warehouses and shares in a brewery, yeast, sugar and other mills, he bought himself the right to live in Kiev as a "Merchant of the First Guild" - *Pervoy Guldilyy Koopets* - and to trade on the Bourse.

Our Great-Grandfather Meir Yekusiel Pikove was a rabbi

with a steady parish nearby. Grandma Sima prevailed upon him to officiate at the wedding, where five musicians, rounded up by my father from among his acquaintances in Pinsk, entertained a large gathering.

These stories were told to me by Grandmother Sima, who found me a docile listener to her tales of woe and gladness, and by my mother, who enjoyed recounting whimsical and bitter-sweet episodes in her life.

I must take after both my grandfathers. Avrom endowed me with a fierce love of work and ^everence for life. From Eliezer I derived an aptitude for art. He was what is called a "closet" artist most of the year and went public before each feast or fast day when he made ink illustrations with his quill pens depicting biblical, liturgical and allegorical scenes. He gave the drawings to good pupils. I guarded mine Jealously until they were lost in the war of 1914.

My mother and grandmother enriched me with a strong sense of history and continuity, a love for chronicling events and engaging in polemics. As soon as I was able to read and write I kept diaries and scrap books. When we moved, the first thing I would do is make a plan of the house, then the street and the town.

It has become second nature to me when I hear of an event to try to relate it to know^m causes and to anticipate the effects. When I read periodicals or listen to speakers I frequently write rebuttals or send my comments. From time to time some of them have been published in readers' columns. Here are some examples. (*moved to other binder.*)

FATHER GOES TO AMERICA

Shortly before Michael was born my father hastily took off for America. Mother explained to us the reasons for his leaving. The older ones understood right away. The younger ones absorbed it later. At five, all I knew was what I observed.

At the time my father left we were living on the upper floor of the only two-story brick building in Luninets. My parents had a big bedroom with gold-colored metal beds, mirrors on the walls, and a lavabo on one of the pieces of furniture. Our only sister had a room to herself. The four boys slept in one room. David had his crib in our parents' bedroom. We had a kitchen, a dining room, a salon, and a balcony facing the market place. In balmy weather we used to have our main meal on this balcony of a Saturday and holiday.

We had only lived there about a year, but to me it seemed our permanent residence since it covered a big part of my conscious life span. My mother later explained to me how we came to live in that luxurious dwelling and how our paradise was lost.

My mother managed to avoid having babies until she and my father saved enough money from their jobs with which to supplement her tiny dowry so that they could get established. They moved to Lodz, a commercial and industrial city in Western Poland, then a part of the Russian Empire, where my mother's older brother and his family lived. They had a crockery and hardware store at No. 2 Nawrot Street and were able to help our parents get started. In Lodz my father went to work for a reputable tailoring house. He earned well. It seems, however, that he was not content to remain an ordinary journeyman tailor. Encouraged by his employer, he went off to Kiev in the Ukraine, also part of the Russian Empire,

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where with the help of Uncle Lopatitskiy, he went to work for an accredited ladies' and gentlemen's clothing house and acquired two diplomas - a master of men's clothing and a master of ladies fashions. I am not sure whether Father also made a trip to Paris or whether the establishment in Kiev where he obtained his certificates was authorized to state that he was a "Master of Parisian Fashions."

Father shuttled between Kiev and Lodz during holiday seasons and in those four years were born my oldest brother Oscar, sister Caroline and brother Jean.

Apparently it was too difficult to get permission to set up a shop in Kiev, and Lodz had an abundance of clothing and dress establishments. After some exploring my parents settled on Luninets, which had been a tiny hamlet in the Pripet Marshes about fifteen miles from Pinsk. But late in the Nineteenth Century Luninets became a thriving town when by the stroke of the Tsar's pen it was made a major junction on the expanding East, West, South and North railroad lines.

The railroad brought station attendants, train crews, police, postal employees and other personnel who wore uniforms. There was also an increase in the number of clergy, who required elaborate raiment, and a greater demand for mufti by new businessmen and their families. My father opened a small tailor shop where he made to order women's and men's clothing - "Muzhskiy i Damskiy Portnoy." It thrived. Soon he became known as the "Lodzer" which enhanced his prestige. He moved into a larger store in a new building facing the railroad station and inscribed on it "Perviy Klevskiy Muzhskiy Portnoy i ¹Prizhskiyeh Damskiyeh Mody" - First Class Kiev Tailor and Parisian Ladies Fashions."

It was in that store that I first saw gas light, fed from a tank, which made the night like day and gave off a friendly hiss that testified to its efficiency. Whenever I came there I saw men of all sizes, shapes and ages strut in their gaudy uniforms, or clerics' cassocks or the drab outfits worn by the lower echelons of the bureaucracy and service personnel. In Russia all government employees, whether military or civilian, wear uniforms. When I later became a theatre goer, the opera, drama and circus always reminded me of my father's Luninets shop.

Luninets had three other tailors then. My father's arrival must have cut into their thriving business, or at least slowed their growth. They formed an "artel," a kind of cooperative partnership, and persuaded him to join it. My father was chosen to head the artel. They made savings in volume buying of cloth and other items needed in the trade. Fierce competition was avoided. When one of the partners had excess orders he would shift them to the ones that were slack.

The local bank financed the credit for the expansion. My father trusted the other three and signed all the notes. The others accepted advance delivery of materials, bought additional sewing machines on credit, and all four enjoyed booming businesses in uniforms and civilian clothing. The Lodzer, however, was responsible for the notes not only on his own fancy store and our house furnishings but on the stuff ordered by the other three partners who increasingly became delinquent in payments.

There was only one way out from under the mounting pile of unpaid notes, that was to leave. Although my father's half-brother had emigrated to Toronto, Canada, he chose to go to New York where my mother's older brother and sister had gone and were raising their families. It was not very long before

he began sending money for our support and made plans to arrange for our passage to the United States.

Meanwhile the creditors came and stripped our household of all the recently acquired sumptuous furniture and fixtures. Since mother was unable to pay the high rent, she moved us into a small house on the outskirts of town. That is where Michael was born. In the Fall of 1912 my mother had our shrunken household goods loaded on a cart and took Jean, Leon, David, baby Michael and me to Lohishyn. She had earlier packed off Oscar to Lodz and Caroline to Kiev so as not to interrupt their education.

We moved into a cottage in the back yard of a merchant's house facing the market place. Grandma Sima had rented it for us. The Lohishyn market place was rather large because it attracted many horse-traders, cattle dealers, trappers and various merchants who made the rounds of market days and fairs in the area. The two tallest buildings were the Russian Orthodox and Roman Catholic churches on the opposite side of the square. The synagogue was on a side street, as was the Karodnaya Shkola - the national school - where we went for our lessons in reading and writing (which were heavily larded with Tsarist ideology and Orthodox theology) and arithmetic. Afternoons we attended Grandfather Eliezer's Hebrew school.

Lohishyn had no railroad, not a single paved street, no post office, no pharmacy, no doctor or even a feldsher. It had a registry office where births, deaths, marriages, divorces and property deeds were recorded. A wheelwright, a blacksmith, a sort of grocery and mercer's shop and a kosher butcher shop were scattered on the main street. Christians, ninety percent of whom were peasants, did not buy much meat. Those who did

occasionally would get it from a stand on market days.

It was in Lohishyn that I came better to know Grandfather Ellezer and Grandmother Sima-Pesl who lived at the other end of the market place in a cabin built of logs with a clapboard exterior that had one large room and an alcove. It was also where Grandfather Avrom had his place on the outskirts of the village among the peasants. It was an izba^h made of logs and a thatched roof. The floor was of packed clay. There was a small window on the south side and two on the west side. In the corner there was an oven with a small "napetchkoo," which is a platform where wood and other items can be kept for drying and where peasants sleep in extremely cold weather. A table and four chairs occupied another corner and the remaining two had wooden cots with straw mattresses, one for Avrom and one for his daughter. Whatever spare clothes they had hung on pegs near the beds or were in a crude bridal chest on the side. They cooked in cast iron and clay pots. When I ate with them we used tin plates and wooden spoons, with one kitchen knife for cutting bread, slicing and peeling.

In back of the house was my summer paradise - the garden and orchard, and that year-round marvel, the "lyodnik," an underground cooler. In the winter Grandpa would go to the river, one of the branches of the meandering Pripyet that in those days had no defined beds in the low-lying areas, chopped and sawed cakes of ice which he dragged on sledges and deposited them in the dugout. Underground the ice lasted the entire year and provided him with refrigeration during the hot and mild days for all his needed provisions - potatoes, carrots, turnips, horseradish, apples and even some meat in a good year. Dried beans, peas, nuts, pumpkin and sunflower seeds and dried fruits were

kept in tin boxes in the house.

On my first visit to Avrom's house I learned the purpose of his mission to our house in Luninets the previous winter. He proudly showed brother Jean and me his huge saw with perpendicular handles at both ends and mumbled something about mother being a "good woman." His daughter later explained to us that Mama advanced him the money to buy the saw so he could become "top man."

Everybody needed money for taxes, rent, kerosene, herring, cloth and other necessities that one could not grow, gather, make or swap. Grandfather Avrom earned the needed cash by hiring out as a sawyer. The man who owned the saw would stand on top of the log that was perched on two high saw-horses and his hired helper was in the bottom position as they cut the logs into boards. The helper would catch most of the sawdust on his face and clothes while he pushed and pulled the long saw with his arms raised. And, of course, he got the smaller share of the proceeds of their joint labor. By acquiring his own saw Grandpa became "top man" and pushed and pulled the saw with his arms down. He also retained the bigger part of the earnings. It made his life easier.

Whenever we had free time I went there with Jean and Leon. Later I started to walk to Grandpa Avroms's house by myself. When there was no school for more than one day I used to stay over and slept on a straw mattress on the floor.

In the different seasons he showed me how the soil was prepared, how best to utilize manure, how to plow, to plant, to hoe, to thin, to harvest and to preserve. When he rested he used to whittle and he showed me how to avoid cutting oneself. He taught me to milk the goat, which he kept in the house in winter and in a small shed in summer. The winter before he lost the cow when

severe frost and high wind threatened to kill the animal which was too big to take into the house. A peasant with a barn bought it.

Before the start of what is now known as the First World War, and for about a year into it, life in Lohishyn was enriched for me in the close circle of our immediate family. Our mother and three grandparents tutored us in the ways of life and guarded us against the hazards of the environment. With our friends and brothers we roamed the fields and woods and poked into their mysteries. Jean frequently took us to the marshes where we caught fish, frogs and snails and gathered mushrooms, flowers and tree barks.

I never saw Grandfather Avrom again after we were forced to evacuate in the path of the advancing German armies. Avrom was among those whom the Russian imperial authorities forced to go to Siberia, where he died some time during the civil war which followed the Russian revolutions of 1917. My aunt, Father's half-sister, showed up in Poland in 1922. She stayed with us a while and then went to Toronto, Canada where she lived with her older brother, and later married. Her younger brother, who was working as an apprentice in Pinsk, was drafted into the Russian army. When the Soviet uprising took place he went over to the Bolsheviks and joined the Red Army. Jean bumped into him somewhere in the interior. He has not been heard from again after that.

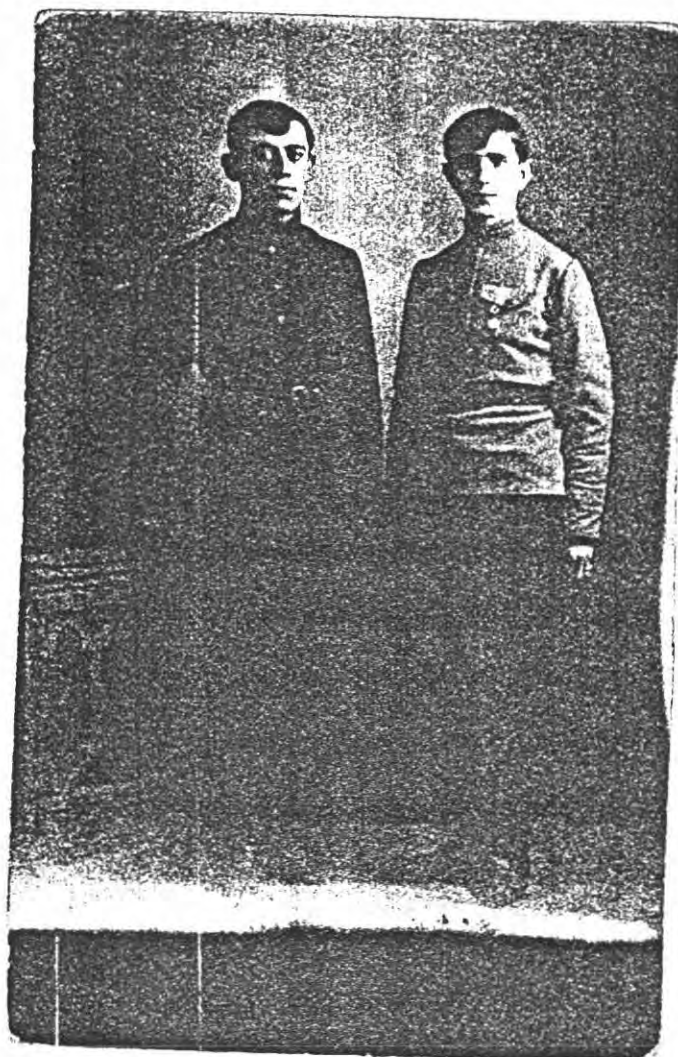
Grandfather Avrom's fate has filled me with a sense of outrage against the maltreatment and injustices inflicted upon inoffensive, hard-working and kind souls such as he. I appreciate people who show compassion for others and who oppose exploitation, humiliation and oppression by one person against others. My experiences as a child and as an adult have led me to the conviction that the entire human family, regardless of dialect, skin color, stature, sex, age or geographic origin have to create

a mode of equitable and ethical relations. Not to do so would deprive us of our human attributes for intellectual and spiritual evolution and, with the Earth's limited resources on the one hand and the destructive technologies we have devised on the other, could destroy all life on this planet.

1. Sima-Pesl Pikove, at age 82, in Cleveland, Ohio c. 1925.
2. My father's half-brother in a Red Army uniform shown in 1920 with another soldier.



JOHN H. HARRIS, JR. (1911-1971)



WAR REACHES US

At first the war was only a topic of conversation in Lohishyn. Then there was apprehension as young men began to respond to the mobilization ordered by the Tsar. Some vanished before they were drafted. Deprivation increased as many bread-winners left. There were shortages of items in stores as the fighting increased in the Western provinces. Market days became desultory.

Brother Oscar came home from Lodz, which was nearer to the German front, and remained until he lost the battle with tuberculosis. The few months he was with us made him our unforgotten hero. He kept a scrap-book, mostly of newspaper clippings about the war and other world events. When he received a fresh one from our sister in Kiev or from our uncle and aunt in Lodz, or was fortunate to get an entire newspaper from a friendly traveler, he would show us the locations of the cities involved and trace the positions of the two imperial armies on the tattered map he brought from Lodz. We would ask him how and why wars happened and ^{he/} would explain the rivalries and the conflicts between the opposing powers. He seemed to know so much and to be able to tell us what was in those big Russian books he was reading. Mama often broke up those sessions when his coughing became bad and when he strained to go on talking to us.

One day, shortly after Oscar died, an automobile arrived in Lohishyn with a chauffeur, an orderly and two high Russian army officers. The whole town turned out. We were kept at a respectable distance from the machine as its engine chugged and its big headlights flickered with the vibration of the carriage. "Automobile" instantly became a household word. Everyone knew the war had come to us.

A few weeks later an airplane flew over the area. Since no bombs were dropped there could be no agreement whether it was a

Russian flying machine or an enemy craft. While few could get themselves to believe that Russians were capable of inventing, constructing and flying such a marvel, even more rejected the chilling idea that enemy aircraft could already reach Lohishyn.

Soon we began to hear distant bombardment; sometimes closer, sometimes further. One day the barrage started early in the afternoon and went on with increasing intensity into the evening. The five boys and mother sat around the table in the kitchen, its windows covered with blankets. We were too scared to go to bed. Nobody talked much. Jean tried a few of his jokes but they fell flat.

By the normal digestive process and the extra prodding from the fear induced in me by the artillery bombardment, I felt a strong urge to go but was afraid to venture to the outhouse alone in that terrifying night. Mama told Jean to take a lantern and go with me.

Beyond the door was a vast conflagration. We turned back and yelled that the whole village was on fire. Mama immediately took command. Each of us was told what to carry out to the market place. We picked a clear spot among the clusters of people who were also escaping from their burning houses and started a pile of our own belongings. The three younger ones remained in the square with them, and Mama, Jean and Leon ran back and forth bringing out more pieces. The last trip Mother made, part of the burning roof collapsed and she came running with an edge of her shawl on fire.

The shelling subsided when most of Lohishyn was in flames. We spent the night on the square between the two towering churches and the smouldering ruins surrounding it, a mass of humanity swept by soot, smoke and flying cinders and debris, terrified by the bombardment and the eerie lights and shadows from the burned-out tinder-boxes that most Russian dwelling were those days.

Grandmother Sima and Grandfather Eliezer sought us out and spent the night at our side with most of their portable belongings heaped near ours. By dawn the family had worked out a strategy. It was decided to get out of the line of the German artillery. A peasant was hired to move us in his wagon to Telekhan, a village slightly to the northwest, where, Grandfather calculated by some logic of his own, the Kaiser's armies were not likely to attack or advance. Besides, he knew some family there who were in a position to help us. In any event, Lohishyn was no longer habitable.

Trundling over the rutted dirt roads, most of the time walking behind the cart or even pushing it when the bony horse was unable to pull the load unaided, we finally reached an empty shack which the owner agreed to lease to us on recommendation of Grandfather's acquaintance in Telekhan.

To this day I have been unable to figure out how Mother and Grandmother Sima managed to pay for travel, for food and for necessities during our many wanderings when we had no visible source of income. My guess and the opinions of my brothers were that the two women, always expecting the worse to come, stashed away some money and held on to whatever gold or silver trinkets and tableware they possessed for use in times of extreme crisis.

It was a pleasant few summer weeks we spent in Telekhan, where the children had little to do except roam in the fields, pick fruit in abandoned orchards, play "lapta" with balls made from rags and watch the soldiers drill and loll in the church square. Occasionally the soldiers slaughtered a steer for their meal and cooked the meat in huge cauldrons. Some ^{of} them caught the blood gushing from the animal's neck into buckets and drank it. For me the most memorable event of that stay was a massive bee-sting which sent me running

to my mother screaming with fright and excruciating pain to my face. I had a closed right eye for about a week, despite Mother's application of vinegar, honey and baking soda.

Soon the bad news came. Notices from the military command were posted in public places ordering evacuation of all non-essential civilians. Again the two women went scurrying for a peasant willing to take us in his wagon, this time to Pinsk where, according to Grandfather Eliezer's strategy, we would have access to a railroad if fleeing longer distances became necessary.

Heaped to teetering imbalance, the cart started its slow journey southward early in the morning. Soon we were part of a winding, creeping caravan of squeaking, groaning wagons and tramping refugees that stretched as far as the eye could see. Occasionally military vehicles passed us in the opposite direction and crowded us to the edge of the narrow road. Later a wagon train of mobile artillery and personnel carriers drawn by single horses or teams overtook us. They passed the refugees whenever the width of the road allowed, intermingled with the carts when there were gaps in the line, and forced some of them into ditches when they were in the way.

A few of the carts, ours among them, broke away and tried a side road. There the going was even more difficult as the ruts in the road became deeper and the horse more tired. Finally our cart wobbled and lunged into the woods, scattering part of its load.

The peasant took his whip from its socket and with his arms akimbo, in a sort of menacing posture, declared that he has had enough and that was as far as he would take us. All pleading was to no avail. Mother tried to settle for the down-payment she gave him but he insisted on the full balance. They finally compromised to split the difference. The rest of our belongings were dumped

on the ground and the cart drove away. All the other wagons were gone.

Grandfather and Jean walked into the woods and found a small clearing, sheltered by tall trees, where they proposed we settle until we could find a way out of this entrapment.

With Grandpa acting as construction foreman, we proceeded to build a shelter out of fallen branches and saplings. We spread mattresses on the ground inside and hung sheets and blankets over the cone-shaped structure on the outside to keep out the elements. The two women made a fire and started to prepare food.

When the sun set we crowded into the tent to spend our first night in the woods. There was no disturbance other than the usual noises of night birds and small animals darting from place to place. As a precaution against wolves and other predators we left a small fire burning at a safe distance from the trees and our tent.

In the morning the sky was beginning to cloud and the air had the smell of early Fall that is characteristic of Polesie and Byelorussia generally.

After a breakfast of tea and toasted dry bread we began to plan our deliverance from this exile.

It was during our stay in the woods that the meaning of being a refugee, an unwanted and hunted human being was seared into my consciousness. Thereafter, whenever I have read or heard of people anywhere who through the eruptions of nature or of human violence have been made homeless I have been moved to deep sympathy, to protest, and to render assistance whenever possible. The plight of our grandparents, Mama and the six boys, stranded and abandoned in the forest through the imperial rivalries of the Kaiser's Germany and the Tsar's Russia always reappears to me when I hear of injustices to current refugees and persecution of innocent people anywhere.

FOREST PEOPLE

One of Grandma Sima's aphorisms, loosely translated, was that "one should not be subjected to what one can become accustomed to." Its wisdom was confirmed to us in the forest. After a few days we had established a routine of feedings, sleeping, shelter, security and even some diversions. We became ^eforst people.

It rained steadily the second and third days and we had to remain crowded in the crammed tent most of the time. When the sky cleared we put up a second tent.

Early in our stay in the woods we learned the need to make as little noise as possible. Scouts or stranded personnel of the contending armies often passed near our camp. When they heard us they were sure to investigate. Two German military men stopped by once and questioned Grandfather, the only adult male. He was flustered and inarticulate, replying to their brusque questions in pidgin German and broken Russian. The Germans finally gave up in disgust, muttered "ferfluchte Juden" and walked back to their horses, but not before dealing Grandpa a few ~~whip~~ lashes.

Another time a small band of uniformed Russians stopped by and plied Mother, Grandma and Grandpa with questions. They wanted to know had we seen any Germans, which direction did they come from and where did they go, were they motorized, on horseback or on foot. When they could get no military intelligence from us they, too, called us "proklatiyeh zhydy" and went off spitting in our direction.

One of the added complications was the "Dummy." He was born in Kozlenice, on the Wisla River, in Kielce Powiat, Central Poland, then under Russian domination, shortly before the war. His mother, who was our mother's sister, had died either in child-birth

or shortly thereafter. His father, left with a half dozen other young children, was unable to cope with the infant. During the see-saw battles, while Kozienice was in Russian hands, Grandmother Sima made her way there and brought the baby to Lohishyn. By the time he was two years it was established he was deaf.

Grandma lavished much affection and attention on him. She dressed him in light-colored dresses and then in boyish suits, kept him neat and clean despite his mischievousness, and was the only one who called him by name. To all the others he was "Dummy."

Dummy used to break away and roam in the woods, making strange loud noises. Before he learned to walk well he developed a capacity for climbing that bordered on acrobatics. He swung on limbs and from tree to tree, screaming in great exhilaration. Whether on the ground or aloft, he was as elusive as a squirrel. It was a full-time job for the rest of us to limit his gyrations.

Jean and Leon used to sneak up to the road to see if any peasant carts were coming in either direction and when one came along would ask if he was for hire. The answer invariably was "no."

After a few days our provisions began to run down and pickings in the woods tapered off with the advancing autumn. One morning Mother took me on a search for food, taking with us a basket and a few burlap bags. Mama kept calling out the landmarks so that we both would have an idea of how to return to camp.

We had only walked about half an hour when we came upon a group of structures surrounded by a rail fence. There was no sign of life. Stepping over the stile, we walked through the yard and into the cabin. The kitchen looked as if it had been abandoned in a hurry, as did the larder next to it. Utensils, linens and provisions were all in place. Mama made a fire in the oven, found a sieve, flour, salt and a vat, hastily mixed some dough and proceeded to bake some sort

of pancakes or loaves. While the dough was baking we stuffed our sacks with potatoes, carrots, onions, dry beans and other edibles and then placed the hot cakes, although only half-baked, into our basket. In possession of all this wealth, we made a hasty exit.

The speed and precision of our operation made us forget that we were stealing. Once outside, we began to walk fast, Mama with her characteristic little steps. As we thought of our having taken all this food from strangers we walked faster and faster and finally ran with the basket between us and each with a sack on our backs. I became aware of the risk we had taken and, driven by a fright that seized my entire body, I was oblivious to the weight of our loads.

Anxiety among those we left behind turned into uncontrolled glee when we revealed our loot. Nobody asked how we got it. We not only had the best meal of the week when Mama and I returned, but our fear of starvation eased with all those provisions in our possession.

Daily we became more apprehensive at the dimming prospect of leaving the woods before the onset of winter. There was sporadic bombardment, at times loud and near. Visits to the road continued to be in vain. Mother and the grandparents consulted frequently about what we could do and the children chimed in most of the time.

When the provisions got low again Mama took Jean and me on another expedition to the farm house. Again we found the place deserted. But no sooner did we enter the kitchen when we heard noises of an approaching cart outside. When we hastily put everything back in place and came outside we found a man^{in/}his thirties opening the gate and a woman about the same age riding in a cart into the yard. Mama told them we would like to buy some provisions and asked them if they had any to spare. The couple exchanged glances and then let loose a stream of abuse and accusations against us, as the

man grabbed a stick and started after the three of us. As we ran through the open gate they yelled "thieves, dirty gypsies, tramps" at us but they did not pursue. We returned to the camp empty handed.

We found Grandpa on the ground reclining against a tree and Grandma wiping blood from his forehead with a rag which she dipped into a bowl of rain water. The four boys watched in silence.

While the three of us were away some Russian soldiers came upon the tents and started to question the two adults about their presence in the woods, had they seen any Germans, and were they spying for anybody. Grandpa spoke haltingly in any language and was normally indecisive in his answers. Under the stress of surprise and hostility he sounded quite incoherent. When they found they could get nothing out of them the Russians gave up trying and before they left one of them gave Grandfather a severe beating.

It was then decided that to save our lives we had to make a resolute effort to get back to some place of habitation.

During all daylight hours we patrolled the road in pairs trying to find someone who would take us. On the eighteenth day there was a miracle. Two of the boys who had been scouting near the clearing came running back with a report that a long train of peasant wagons was passing towards the south. Mama and Grandpa hastily took off and ran to the road. They managed to stop one of the peasants and after pleading with him and showing him some silver rubles they persuaded him to pull over to the tents and take us and our belongings towards Pinsk, where most of the wagons were headed after fulfilling a logistical assignment for the Russian army.

With all hands pitching in and Grandpa in command, we loaded the cart and helped the horse pull it over the soggy ground until we pushed it onto the dry rutted trail.

Several times the peasant stopped and rested or fed the horse.

We sat on tree stumps or fallen logs to rest our legs. Grandpa and Grandpa were taking turns riding on the wagon when they tired of walking. the rest of us trudged behind or at the side of the cart, munching bread or raw carrots when hungry and drinking rain water out of army flasks. We took turns carrying little Michael and Dummy on our backs when their little legs gave out. The peasant would let the little ones on the cart when stretches of road were not so rutty. When we had to go we went off into the woods in pairs and then ran to catch up with the wagon. The biggest problem was keeping Dummy from yelling too loud and from running too far ahead of the group or too deep into the forest.

As the afternoon wore on and despite the numbing fatigue we were all being overcome by a sort of euphoria at the prospect of getting into a real house in Pinsk, eating a regular meal at a table, drinking regular well water, and then sleeping as long as we wanted in a regular bed. Towards dusk the peasant stopped the horse and pulled the bag of oats over its head. It seemed quite routine. As the animal munched, its hide steaming in the cooling air, the peasant walked away some distance with his head bowed, swishing his whip in the air and on the ground. When he returned he approached Grandpa and began talking to him.

He was pointing to the left and in slow measured tones he explained that his land was just a short distance ahead in the nearest hamlet and that he could not and would not go on to Pinsk. His words struck us like the pronouncement of a death sentence.

Mother, who could improvise in many local dialects, approached the peasant pleadingly. She appealed to him to have mercy on two old people, a lone woman and her six young children. When he seemed to waver at her pleas, Mama pulled a silver ruble out of one of the innumerable folds in her skirt and offered him an

extra bonus for completing the trip. He hesitated a while and then broke down and agreed to go on, despite the hardship to his horse and himself and the late hour, for two extra rubles.

It was dusk when we reached the outskirts of Pinsk. Police and military were all over, checking all arriving and departing people for identification and checking the nature of their business. An army sergeant stopped us and told us that everybody not living in a house has been declared a refugee and he ordered us to the railroad station. He gave mother a piece of paper with much writing on it but the last word was "vagsal" - the Russian word for la gare, the railroad station.

We unloaded the wagon about five hundred yards from the railroad station because the entire area was filled with soldiers, wounded, civilians, employees, nurses and orderlies, crates, trunks and heaps of all sorts of objects. Mama told us to remain with our belongings and she went off to get information. Grandma and Grandpa sat on bundles as if in a trance. Even the Dummy dozed off leaning against Grandma.

When Mama came back she told us we had to wait for an eastbound train that would take refugees to the interior, because the order was to move everybody as far east as possible to get them out of the way of the war effort.

We needed to get closer to the train. Mama told two of us to take a few bundles and make our way to the station waiting hall. One was to stay and the other come back and lead another brother with packs. By these repeated trips we enlarged our squatting area and soon all of us with our belongings were in the station where we could spend the night and be ready to board a train. Mama went off again.

She located some war relief and refugee agents and learned we

could get a reprieve from exile to Siberia if we could offer written proof of available residence and support elsewhere. They helped her crash the busy telegraph office and in wording a telegram from Grandma Sima to her brother Lopatitskiy in Kiev, asking him to wire a conformation that he would take care of his sister and her husband along with her daughter and six children. In the meantime she wangled from the Red Cross people a certificate that our family was in the process of obtaining permission to go to Kiev.

While she was away most of us fell asleep in our enlarged area. When she came back she took a galvanized tin bucket and returned with steaming water with which she made tea. We woke a few at a time and drank tea with bread and slept again despite the bustle and noise in the Pinsk station, which was the last stop in the westerly direction where Russian trains could still operate on a regular basis.

In the morning Mama came back from the Red Cross office with a document signed by a military authority to the effect that the below named nine individuals were entitled to board a train to Kiev, subject to military priorities.

Trains for Kiev came and went but each was loaded with wounded soldiers on leave and government personnel. Occasionally some civilians squeezed on. At last a car was reserved for refugees and we boarded it. We piled our bundles on the wooden benches and on the wagon floor. Several times conductors announced departure but the train did not move. During the interminable hours it remained in Pinsk there were several orders for all civilians to get off. Each time the orders were countermanded before anybody alit. Despite the tension we slept on and off. At some point the train steamed off to the East.

KIEV

We arrived in Kiev in the forenoon. With its many lights, the puffing locomotives and yards of carriages, the stacks of baggage and crates, the noise and dust, and the throngs of people in and out of uniform moving in all directions, the station was an overpowering spectacle. When we had our belongings piled in heaps in a far corner of the station, Grandma Sima took Dummy and Jean and went off to see Pinhas Lopatitskiy, who still had to be cajoled to put us up. He was a formidable character, but Sima had her ways with him. A hardheaded businessman who seldom succumbed to sentiment, his conscience nevertheless bothered him in relation to Grandma who, as a female, got nothing while he, the first-born son, inherited most of their father's wealth with which he built his extensive commercial properties and amassed a vast fortune.

A few hours later Jean came back in a horse-drawn truck driven by one of Lopatitskiy's teamsters. Grandma extracted from her brother permission for us to stay temporarily in a basement apartment of the huge Lopatitskiy house at No.25 Spasskaya Ulitsa in the Podol section where his family lived, where he had offices in which his business was conducted and where his accounting staff and servants lived. The wagon was big enough to take all our baggage and for all of us to ride.

We had been in the basement room a short time when a middle-aged lady, wearing an apron over her stylish dress, a pair of pince-nez which she kept taking off and putting on, and pointed shiny black shoes, came in and looked us over. She announced her movements by the clanging of keys on a huge ring suspended from a chain pinned to her waist. She raised and lowered her brows, smiled at times, and each time she cautiously stroked one of the smaller boys' heads she wiped her hand on her apron. Mostly she was brusque and direct.

She advised Mama that all of us were to be taken to the maids' quarters and be bathed. Then she told her to follow her to the kitchen and get food from the housekeeper.

There were three rooms in that apartment. The kitchen had an old-fashioned Russian oven with a platform - "napetchkee" - where three to four persons could sleep or where a cord of wood could be stored. The middle room had a bed, a table and chairs and three rows of benches facing a cabinet with torahs. No one was there at the time, but we learned that was Lopatitskiy's private chapel and that an Erets Isroel Tsadic, a holy man from Palestine, lived there as Uncle's guest but that he was away on his annual pilgrimage to the Holy Land and would soon come back. We had strict orders to keep out of the middle room. The front room had two iron beds. After locating two cots, Mama assigned each of us a sleeping place.

With our last energies spent on bathing, eating and undressing, we went off to sleep in beds or reasonable facsimiles thereof, with our faith restored that there was still some normality in the world.

The next days were filled with unending marvels. We found switches on wall that turned electric lights on and off. Some bulbs had their own switches. Water came out of spigots and many apartments had indoor outhouses with water flushing down the bowls. All buildings were of brick and had tin roofs. There were sidewalks on both sides of the street, which were paved with cobble stones that were swept clean and did not become muddy after a rain. The streets were lit up at night, some with gas lights and some with electric bulbs, making them appear as if in perpetual daylight. Some streets had tram cars running on tracks like railroad trains but without locomotives or horses.

Pinhas Lopatitskiy's establishment occupied a corner property which stretched for the better part of a block in each direction,

with the entrance gate on Spasskaya but with doors into the buildings from the sidewalks of both streets. The main house contained the family residence above and the lower floor, a few steps below grade, had a kitchen, storage rooms, servants quarters, and facing the street, the apartment into which we moved in, a grocery store where the merchant lived with his family in two adjoining rooms, a concierge's place and an office.

To the left of the main gate on Spasskaya were the stables where the two carriages and horses were kept, a laundry room and living quarters for the laundress and her husband, who was the chief groom. Another building on the side street housed the bookkeeping offices and the rooms where the chief bookkeeper and his family lived. In the back yard were several warehouses and in back of them a fruit orchard with mulberry, pear, cherry and apple trees.

Across the street was the unofficial "annex." A sign announced the I. I. Popov Insurance Company, whose nominal head was Ivan Ivanovitch Popov, but which was in effect Lopatitskiy's private insurer for all his properties and cargoes. Only an authentic Orthodox Christian citizen could be licensed as an insurance broker or agent and so Uncle Pinhas bought himself one.

Our orders were to keep close to the house but the magnet of the surroundings was irresistible. We began cautiously to explore the area in all directions, gradually finding the main square where trolley cars converged from "Krestchatik," Kiev's uptown, and the outlying parts of Podol on the banks of the Dnyepir. Bratskiy Monastery was nearby. Two or three blocks away was the river front with its bustling docks and industrial and other urban structures. Farther away there were churches, a cathedral, museums, statues, parks, tall apartment houses, theatres, palatial government buildings, institutes,

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the catacombs, the bourse, the hills towering over the river and the endless rows of shops that despite the war still had displays of sumptuous wares attesting to the prosperity of the rich.

We were in the midst of one of the world's greatest marvels - a real city.

Grandma and Grandpa had rented a room with cooking facilities along Spasskaya Street and took Dummy with them. Mama and the five boys were quite comfortable in the kitchen and bedroom with partial use of the middle room while the holy man was away. When he returned, Lopatitskiy started pressure for us to get out. Ostensibly it was because of insurmountable obstacles in getting us permission to live in Kiev. It may have been that Uncle Lopatitskiy was less than zealous in trying to prevail upon the proper contacts in the appropriate ministry to let us stay. Or it may have been his concern that he would become the permanent warden of a "widow" and her five sons, and possibly the daughter, in view of the diminishing prospects that we could go to America. In any case, we were advised to get out. We moved to Slobodka, a sort of ghetto across the Dnyepyr made notorious by the Bayliss case, the prosecution of a local Jew for the ritual slaying of a Christian boy which rocked Russia early in the Century and outraged enlightened people all over the world.

It was a harsh winter. The little cottage near the river was hard to keep warm. Jean, Leon and I took turns watching the two younger brothers when Mother went to Kiev to do day work at the Lopatitskiys or some other rich people. She usually came with special treats, which she garnered from her aunt or other kind housewives, to supplement our diet of potatoes, kasha, cabbage, carrots and bread. She also brought castoff garments and shoes. We

attended school only sporadically. Gradually we became street-wise in the near urban atmosphere of Slobodka and during our occasional visits to Kiev where we went by hitching rides on trolley car bumpers or walking across the bridge.

By the spring, economic conditions had deteriorated considerably. Kiev began to feel the strains of the war. Mama found it harder to get paid work. Caroline, who worked for a milliner and lived in the city, came to see us less frequently and when she did come she had to ask Mama for money because she was out of work more often than employed. Mother decided on a drastic step.

The rising flood of war refugees to Kiev and other parts of the interior compelled the Tsarist authorities to recognize their existence and to expand facilities for them. Mama went to Kiev and by presenting a variation of the chronology of our arrival and suppressing all information about the Lopatitskiys and her parents, she persuaded the Tsarina's agency for war refugee relief to admit us into one of its emergency "patronats."

We arrived there with our bundles and were assigned to men's and boys' dormitories and Mother to a women's ward. The place had the appearance of a hospital and its routine was much like one, although the only medical facility was a dispensary. All of us were subjected to medical examinations. That was when the first signs of consumption, or tuberculosis, were detected in Mama. The authorities suggested that she undergo treatment. For that she had to consent to dispose of us, at least temporarily, so that she could devote time and effort to regaining her health.

Jean, who by that time was thirteen or fourteen, began looking for employment even while living in the patronat. He worked here and there as errand boy, printer's devil, porter and various other

jobs and eventually moved to a rooming house with a fellow-worker. Leon and I were sent to a home for war orphans in a suburb of Kiev whose name I have forgotten, where we lived in unheated dachas during the summer and early fall. In the winter we were moved to a mansion in Svetochno. David and Michael stayed with Mother who took treatment and worked at part-time jobs while circulating through the various locations to keep an eye on Caroline, Jean, Leon and Me.

All children in the "home" were orphans or at least without one parent, except Leon and I. It must have been that the authorities considered our father's being in America as valid as his demise or else Mother managed to conceal his existence by discreet replies.

The "home" opened a whole new world to us. We made many friends among the children who were equally starved for companionship and mutual affection. There were a lot of bright boys and girls whom we joined in exploring our surroundings and the world's accumulated knowledge. There was no formal discipline as we had known it until then; only a code of conduct that was equivalent to what I later learned was the "Golden Rule." It was almost universally observed. The teachers served as both surrogate parents and instructors. They were a source of endless marvels to me, both for their inexhaustible fountain of knowledge of every conceivable subject and their sympathy, patience and the capacity for taking the punishing demands from the children upon their time, energy and patience.

That summer we learned basic agriculture while growing vegetables and gathering fruits, nuts, berries and flowers. It brought me pleasant memories of Grandfather Avrom and his garden and orchard on the outskirts of Lohishyn.

The staff at the "homes" must have been drawn from the liberal and revolutionary intelligentsia. When I later became acquainted

with various ideologies and philosophies I was better able to evaluate their methods and preachings.

We were taught book-binding, etching, wrought-iron forming, clay-modeling, drawing and a variety of other arts and crafts for which the teachers were able to get materials or improvise from what was available. Names of authors and characters in Russian and world literature became household words to us. We were taught to read, appreciate and write poetry, we were taken to theatrical performances in Kiev, and we participated in our own dramatic, choral and ballet presentations. From geography books, wall maps and globes I began to learn of the many distant lands and the variety of peoples and cultures in them. It was then that I realized how vast the Russian empire was from the German-Polish border to the Pacific Ocean and from the North Pole to the Caspian Sea. In an unguarded moment, while scanning a map of the New World, I confided to one of my favorite teachers that our father was in America and lived in New York. Whether he kept my confidence or dismissed my story as an explanation given me to cover the grief of losing a parent, it never came up to challenge our right to remain in the home although we were not technically orphans.

The winter of 1916-1917 in Svetoshino was rough. By Christmas we were already suffering from shortages of food, household needs, medicines and clothing and shoe replacements for the children. Some of the male teachers were drafted and were replaced by women and a few foreign volunteers. One of them was called Sullivan and when I asked him was it he who produced Sullima, a disinfectant then in common use in the "home," he explained to me that he was an Irishman and that Ireland was an island off the British coast and that England ruled it as part of its empire.

1. Maurice with four of the older girls in the home:

Sonia Turbovskaya, Mania Gusokova, Esther Kotliarenko,
and Rose Bandrus.

Photo taken in May, 1919.

2. Maurice at his bedside table in the "home" dormitory
with books and writing material and one of his drawings
on the wall.

Photo taken May, 1919.

3. The residents of the "home" with four teachers in the back yard
of 9 Nikolayev Street, Kiev.

Photo taken July, 1919.

4. Leon (2) and Maurice (4) with three friends in Kiev.

Photo taken June, 1919.



REVOLUTION

In February of that year two of our teachers went to Kiev in search of provisions and supplies. It was bitter cold and when they returned at night one of them had frozen hands. He always wore gloves after that, even in summer. Next day they reported to a gathering of children and staff that there would be some delay in receiving food and anything else because the new authorities were not in full control. But they brought other good tidings about the abdication of Tsar Nicholas II and that henceforth there would be "svoboda, ravinstvo ee bratstvo" -- freedom, equality and brotherhood -- for everybody. We were all citizens from now on.

More and more we had to accept the expansion of our spirits by the euphoria of the revolution to compensate for our shrinking stomachs. Supplies arrived irregularly and were inadequate. We were submitted to a regime of preserving calories and of reducing expending of energy. There were more infirmity cases. I spent a week fighting off an attack of dysentery, for which I was placed in isolation. There was talk of tsinga," a form of anaemia, and we were constantly examining each other's lips for blueness, which we heard were its first symptoms. A few children and staff members became critically ill and were taken to city hospitals. Some did not return.

Conditions eased up a bit during the summer. The Provisional Government must have made institutions such as ours one of their high priorities because we began to receive more supplies more frequently. We also supplemented our food needs with more growing, more frequent gathering in the woods and foraging in nearby farms.

It took me some time to reconcile the elimination of the Tsar with my concept of an orderly social structure. Somehow the hierarchy that accounted for my position at the base lacked reality without the supreme authority at the apex. I got used to it in due time by

its sheer reality and by frequent explanations from one of the teachers that hereditary rule was only one of many prevailing systems of government and that castes had been abolished in many societies.

By the end of October that year the bottom fell out. Kiev seemed in complete disarray. The only thing we still had in Svetoshino was heat, from fires in the huge oven and fireplaces where wood burned around the clock. The logs were laid up throughout the summer in anticipation of shortages. Supplies of food, milk, soap and clothing replacements had been reduced to a trickle. Even the small quantities we received were obtained by extraordinary physical effort and dogged perseverance. The staff would commandeer carts and visit warehouses in Kiev where they harassed, cajoled and outtalked officials until they got something. Twice a day we had rest periods during which we were required to lie still on our cots to preserve energy.

A few of the staff members were exultant. For them the real revolution had at last arrived. Several announced they were leaving to help "the cause." The Marseillaise gave way to new revolutionary songs.

By the time intense freezing weather set in, Svetoshino could no longer sustain life for the "home." We were moved to Kiev. Since no accommodations could be found in one location big enough for the entire group, Leon and I wound up in separate "homes" - he on Krestchatik and I on Nikolayev Street, near the Solovtsov Theatre.

Shortly after we moved to Kiev we were taken to a laboratory where we submitted to Roentgen, or X-Ray examinations. My plate showed some tubercular infection on one of my lungs. I was compelled to limit the more vigorous activities such as ballet, hiking, soccer and swimming. The staff made sure I got some milk, butter, lard and whatever nourishing food was available. Later, when rationing became extreme, my fellow inmates voted to donate parts

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of their small allowances of lard, bread and milk to me so that I could keep up my recovery. It must have worked because for sixty years thereafter I have had no recurrence of the infection.

We developed some very close friendships during that period, as is natural when young boys and girls are in such a closely-knit environment. I even had a "steady," Sonia Turbovskaia, with whom I corresponded after leaving Kiev and who years later visited Bess and me in New York, where we conversed in English as naturally as if that were our native tongue and during our earlier years together.

As I grew up in the "homes" I pondered a great deal over events around us, about my own aspirations, and the relations between categories of people and among individuals. We were all avid readers. My aptitude for the graphic arts caused my teachers to steer me to art classes. For a short period I attended an established academy in Kiev where we were either taught by Marc Chagal or by a teacher who referred to him because that was when I first learned his name and of his unique style. I had begun to think of myself as a "khudozhnik" -- a painter -- and I pursued ways of acquiring skills in drawing, painting and sculpture. One of the clay pieces I made was a bust of the Ukrainian poet Taras Shevchenko which was placed in the social hall. At the same time I developed a thirst for general knowledge. I never missed an opportunity to attend plays, operas, cinemas, ballet, museums and historical and religious monuments. Most days we were short on bread and milk but we seldom lacked culture.

At the end of 1919 Mother began to regather the clan. She prevailed upon Uncle Lopatitskiy to let us reoccupy the basement apartment, using the fact that the "Tsadik" had failed to return after one of his periodic visits to Palestine. By then Lopatitskiy was no longer the self-assured mighty merchant of pre-revolutionary

days. Kiev had been under Kerenskiy, Bolshevik, Petlyura, Polish, German and other occupations. For some periods there was complete anarchy, with no identifiable authority in charge.

During the early changes in regimes, when the Reds were evicted by one of the other forces, Uncle attempted to reassert his authority. But he became more and more cautious as the Soviets returned time and time again and appeared to display greater stability. He was also demoralized by the actions of his children who showed no devotion to the crown. One of his daughters, a medical student married to a British doctor, came home from abroad with her husband and they both volunteered for the Red Army medical corps. Increasingly unsure of himself as he saw the disintegration of the accustomed world in which he prospered, Lopatitskiy relented. He allowed us to move into the apartment, "temporarily" of course.

Mother got Caroline to move in with her and the two smaller boys. Then she added Jean, who by then had a job on a pro-Bolshevik newspaper as a ^ptye-setter and pressman. Leon and I were induced to leave the "homes" a little later.

By winter the seven of us were together again. In a short time, however, being concerned with Caroline's frequent coughing spells and fevers, Mother sent her off to Lodz to stay with Mama's Brother and his wife.

When the Bolsheviks reoccupied Kiev shortly thereafter, Jean joined the Red Army. Mama seemed ambivalent about his action but she explained to us that the special ration cards issued to Red Army families would help us survive the growing scarcities and the disastrous crop which brought on the famines of 1920 and 1921.

Although Kiev was a fairly integrated metropolitan center, it had neighborhoods with class and ethnic distinctions as do most

cities. The revolutions, civil wars and Ukrainian nationalist struggles created enormous strains on the city's administrative fabric. Municipal services became disrupted, chaotic or completely unavailable. Common services normally taken for granted, such as trolley cars, electricity, gas, telephones, street cleaning and even water supply became rarities and their absence was accepted as normal.

The fire department and the police, their commands dispersed by flight or removal, became disorganized. The fire department, neglected since the start of the war, was damaged by the aging equipment, inadequate personnel, lack of discipline and the futility of responding to fires because when they reached the scene there seldom was adequate pressure. The police were, of course, a political and quasi-military arm of the Tsarist state apparatus. Although the Bolsheviks attempted to install Red Guard and civilian detachments to maintain order, the constant shift in occupiers of Kiev and the rest of the Ukraine made the creation of a civil administration extremely difficult if not impossible.

Various city sectors responded to the emergencies according to their social and financial resources, with the poorer neighborhoods undergoing the most deprivation. In our area the residents created a mutual help system that by the time we left had reached a high degree of sophistication. Wires and ropes were strung up in a network extending for many blocks in all direction. Cow bells and whatever other pieces of noise-making metals were available were attached to these lines. Whenever there was a fire, a serious sickness or injury, a robbery or rumors of a bandit attack, volunteer guards would yank on the wires and sound an alarm.

Most residents wore white arm bands or Red Cross insignia and would rush to the scene of the emergency of the source of information.

Often intruders were scared away by the sheer cacaphony of the improvised alert system. Herring barrels, grease buckets and assorted containers were kept full of water, gathered during rains, that was available in the event of fire. Buckets brigades would stretch from all sectors of the neighborhood and rush water to the scene. Many lives and dwellings were saved by this mutual assistance set-up.

While members of our immediate family escaped serious injury or death during the fighting between 1918 and 1921, many neighbors were wounded or killed. But there were many close calls. One day the Reds were forced to evacuate Kiev when unexpectedly attacked by Ukrainian nationalists. We were standing guard in anticipation of the usual calls for help. Caroline and I were leaning against a wall of our house. A bullet hit a brick between us, barely scraping her shoulder and my ear, and recoheted to the cobble stones.

Throughout that turbulent period we attempted to maintain a semblance of normal living. whenever there was no shooting or bombardment we would attend whatever schools were available. Most of that year David and I went to a "center" which had most of the accomodations of a "home" except sleeping. Leon resumed classes in the gymnasia, or lycee, which he had attended during out first stay in Kiev. It was sponsored by an organization of philanthropists and had a long name like "Obstchestvo Rasprostraneniya Prosvestchenia Mezhdoo Yevreyem V Rossyly." Mother even resurrected the uniform he had worn at the time but Leon would not put it on again because it was "ancient reglme" and most of the students would not wear them while the Bolsheviks were in charge.

School had become increasingly erratic due to the fighting, frequent change of administrations, teacher shortages, destroyed schools, and later because of most people's constant preoccupation

with finding enough to eat. We shared that problem.

David was a very pretty child then. He had blond curls, a smooth skin with frequently rosy cheeks, and a very gregarious manner. He, Leon and I learned to sing popular Bolshevik, Polish and German songs. Usually they sang and I accompanied them on a comb between a sheet of tissue paper folded over on both sides. We rarely took Michael for fear of harm befalling him. When the Dnyepyr was not frozen we used to visit military craft on the quay and perform for the sailors with the appropriate dances and songs in their respective languages. We begged for coins, chocolates, or whatever food or articles they would give us. Sometimes a sailor would accompany us on his accordion, harmonica, balalalka or mandolin.

When there were no boats on the waterfront we used to carry loose cigarettes and candles, which we bought from a wholesaler, and peddled them in the squares singing out "papyrossi, yiriski." We usually got more than the prevailing prices from military men who invariably found David "cute" and all of us "brave lads."

One of our obsessions was ice-skating. We had learned it in our early childhood. In that climate, with long winters and steady temperatures in each season, ice and snow sports are second nature. Most of us could not afford manufactured skates so we used to make our own wooden runners and attach wires in the center as blades. Later I had the good fortune of acquiring a pair of nickel-plated ice-skates from one of Uncle Lopatitskiy's sons (our second cousin, that is) who had outgrown them. I got them as a reward for my services to him. He was carrying on an affair with a young lady over the objection of his parents. The mails were unreliable at best in those days and non-existent most of the time. So I used to carry "billet doux" to and from this woman. With our experience of dodging danger in the forst^{9/} and in our precarious conditions in

Kiev and elsewhere, I was able to come and go without being observed or suspected. Somehow we managed another pair of skates for Leon and we used to sneak off to the frozen river and often skate for hours.

One afternoon when the temperature was exceptionally low and it was too cold to attach our skates outdoors, Leon and I strapped and clamped them on in the hallway and took off over the packed snow on the sidewalks to our usual skating place on the Dnyepr at the foot of Spasskaya. As we were crossing front street we saw a beer truck pulled by four galloping horses coming towards us. I dashed from their path but Leon, who was usually more nimble than me, struck a rail of the snow-covered trolley track and slipped. As he fell, the hooves of one or more of the brewery horses ran over him.

The driver stopped, looked Leon over, removed his cap and when he saw the blood gushing from his scalp packed it with his huge handkerchief. The teamster yanked Leon's skates off his shoes, threw them at me and, yelling that he was taking him to the hospital, drove away. I took off my skates and slowly started on my way home, my heart pounding and my thoughts roaming over an assortment of excuses that could possibly assuage my mother's inevitable ire.

As soon as I entered the hallway I slipped the two pairs of skates under the closet where we used to hide our illicit articles. It did not take Mother long to recognize there was something wrong. When she asked me what was the matter with me and where was Leon, I blurted out that I did not know what hospital he was taken to. With further questioning she she unwound the story from me in reverse.

Snatching a coat and shawl she went off to look for him. As she expected, he was at the nearest hospital a few blocks away near the square in Podol. His scalp was stitched and he was still alive, although no one would tell her if he was out of danger.

With her grief and concern for Leon's survival, she either did not blame me for the accident or wanted to show she forgave me. She hugged me and consoled me as if it was I who was trampled on by a team of brewery horses.

About a week later Mama brought Leon home. He was pale and thinner and the bandage around his head distorted his face so he had a crooked smile like mine.

After that incident Leon and I became almost inseparable. Being only a year and a half apart in age we were always quite close. For the same reason we were also rivals. Being quicker witted and more assertive (he had been nicknamed the "egotist" because of his tendency to take privileges for himself whenever he could get away with it) he sometimes took advantage of me. He also prevailed on me to perform risky or mischievous chores either by bullying me or by challenging my nerve. Ordinarily we studied together, shared friends and experiences and protected each other against outside threats.

Jean had been away with his Red Army unit most of that time. Although he had reached his maximum height of 5' 2" he seemed a giant to us. His great-coat, almost dragging on the ground, the cocked cap with a blazing red star in front under which thick bristly yellow hair protruded, the long rifle with bayonet attached, and his square jaw⁶, all gave him an air of decisiveness and authority. His visits were irregular and he remained for short periods of time. Finally he announced he was going to be stationed in Kiev indefinitely and that he was going to be assigned to the Tchek-Kah, the acronym for Tchrezvitchainaya Kommissia - the first two words of the title of the Extraordinary Commission for Defense of the Revolutionary State, created by the Soviets to cope with the opposition and to track down opponents whether active or passive.

He not only was our hero, he soon gained a reputation in the neighborhood as a "man of influence." People whose relatives or friends were incarcerated by the Tchek-Kah or were in any kind of trouble with the Reds because of suspicion that they were connected with a hostile group, came to ask Jean's advice on how to "reach" the right officials. Bribing to obtain government favors or escape official disfavor was an old Russian custom and has survived changes in rule. Jean indignantly rejected such overtures. I remember how firmly he resisted a local woman who besieged him without let-up for Jean to help her find somebody to bribe in order to get her husband released from Tchek-Kah detention "before something awful happened to him."

All her husband did, she wailed, was carry on "legitimate" dealings in various currencies. It was not his fault, she pleaded, that he had to buy and sell "valyuta" on street corners, since it was the Bolsheviks who closed the exchanges and banks. They are punishing innocent souls, she complained.

"Innocent souls" henceforth became our code phrase for speculators and counter-revolutionaries.

But Jean did help relatives with information on how to get food, books and necessities to detained persons as well as giving them locations where information may be obtained and appeals filed.

Despite the frequent and often acute food shortages, we had an exhilarating time the spring and early summer of 1921. The turbulent events created conditions for adventure. Wherever we explored or scouted, even in the Lopatitskiy back yard, there were the residues of the wars. We would gather unspent rifle and machine-gun ammunition, pull the shells apart and use the powder to make bonfires or burn designs on stone, hard wood or sheet metal.

Once we stacked up several millstones that were lying around in back of the warehouse and formed a chimney. We filled the bottom with live bullets, led a fuse from it and ignited it. Some neighbors thought there was an outbreak of civil war or a "bandit" incursion when they heard the explosions and saw the boys running. Somebody even activated the alarm system.

Danger was all around us and we had to develop habits and techniques for self-defense and survival. While hiding may have been the most prudent course, we had to have access to the world around us, both to obtain the wherewithal to subsist as well as to satisfy our need for play, exploration and learning.

Leon and I used to practice on how to avoid violence against us when dodging sentries and bullies who would interfere with our pursuit of food, money and adventure. One of our devices was to overwhelm an adult with our superior knowledge, putting into practice the Russian aphorism: Na-ooka Umeyet Mnogo Guityik - science performs many marvels. For instance, when an armed sentry at a military post would bar us from entering to sell our wares to the soldiers, we would address him with big words that would confound him, since the great majority were peasants or laborers with minimal education. After bruising his ego by showing up his inadequacy we would play up to him by throwing ourselves at his mercy and begging him to assert his authority and treat us with compassion. Almost invariably our strategy worked, although occasionally we felt the butt of a rifle or the point of a boot on our rear ends or were scared off with a barrage of obscenities and blasphemies, in the use of which Russian ignoramuses excelled.

Once we were stopped by an armed guard who would not let us approach a docked ship. I pointed to the sky in the direction

opposite to the piers and asked the soldier could he see or hear the airplane. He cocked his head, squinted and listened intently while I kept up my chatter about the imaginary distant aircraft. Finally he acknowledged hearing the invisible machine, but not before my confederates tip-toed in the other direction and boarded the vessel where they hawked the candles and cigarettes.

While playing with a group of children at the canal between Nizhniy and Verkhniy Vals one day, one of the bigger boys told us his father said that the "loyal" forces would soon free Kiev. A little later we saw a detachment of Denikin soldiers roll up the street. Some of the boys broke out in hurrahs and shouted Tsarist slogans. One yelled "Bay Zhidov, spassigh Russiyoo"-beat the Jews, save Russia - and we joined him in the chant and ran home as fast as our legs would carry us. We quickly spread the news in our yard and over the alarm system. In a short while windows were shuttered, doors locked and those who had cause to fear the "whites" hid.

With each change of occupation there were new victims, new men in charge, new acts of violence, looting, fires, hangings, arrests, firing squad executions and, of course, changes in currencies. For a long time people clung to Tsarist paper money in the belief that a centuries-old dynasty would not disappear without leaving a trace of value behind it. Gold and silver coins were hoarded. Bolshevik, Petlyura, German and Polish currencies prevailed fleetingly and disappeared with changes in occupation. It was not until about 1921 that most people made peace with the Soviet rubles in open transactions. On the black markets foreign currencies and metal coins were king.

My fascination with the theatre at that time took the form of a puppet show. We found a crate and mounted it on one side so that the open end faced the audience. With pieces of textiles we

made up a curtain that opened and closed by pulling strings on one side. That was the stage. We then used match boxes, cigarette packets, scraps of metal and any other small items that lent themselves as props. Effigies of male and female adults and of children were used with variations in dress to suit the plot of the play we were putting on. Leon and I wrote the commentary and dialogue which one of us read with appropriate voices to match the characters while the other manipulated the puppets' strings. Children from blocks away came to see our show and considered it one of the marvels of the ages. We would not engage in profiteering, but whoever had a coin was required to make a contribution "to pay expenses."

For a while we were assured one substantial meal every other day at the special canteen set up by the Red Army for its detached personnel and dependents. Jean brought us coupons for which we were given a hot meal, usually consisting of boiled, baked or stewed meatballs or bacon fatback, a scoop of cabbage or a potato and a slice of bread. The bread was usually inedible because it was mixed with ground tree bark or some other pulp and it gritted under our teeth. No matter how hungry, it was difficult to chew or swallow such bread, despite the appealing smell when fresh.

When the Bolsheviks established a durable order Leon, David and I again attended "day Homes" for children of Red Army personnel and war orphans. In one of these homes we tasted canned milk which we saw for the first time. It was condensed in tin cylinders and was sweet, even when diluted with water. We were also given chocolate bars, biscuits and clothing which it was rumored came from an American named Herbert Hoover who headed the relief agency. We told each other that our father must have helped send these things.

That summer food became extremely scarce. There were reports

that even peasants were dying of starvation. From the Volga region came stories of cannibalism. It was predicted by many that a disastrous crop in the "bread-basket" fields would cause wide-spread starvation next winter. There was widespread fear.

One day Mother told us we had to be home by early evening. Jean came for dinner and he and Mama carried on whispered conversations. Mother set up the tin tub in the kitchen and we all bathed with water warmed in the oven. She made sure our hair and scalps were thoroughly washed. We examined each other for lice and nits, and scrubbed clean all over, including evasive niches behind the ears, arm pits, privates and between fingers and toes. All essentials were packed in straw valises or bundled in shawls and blankets.

The boys, resigned to being torn from our increasingly engaging surroundings of sights, people and activities, began to gather our personal collections. There ^{were} precious books acquired during that period of scarcity and deprivation. There were pencils, pens, erasers, penknives, brushes, mullage, buttons with pictures of Marx, Lenin, Trotsky and other heroes and heroines, not to mention diaries, letters, poems and all sorts of mementos, and, of course, the puppet theatre with its many scene changes, props and miniature characters.

There were some heart-breaking decisions to be made. Worst of all, we could not give anything away because no one was to be told what we were up to. Mama allowed us to take anything we could carry but warned us that whatever became burdensome or embarrassing at any point of the long voyage ahead would have to be abandoned.

Jean went off to Tchek-Kah headquarters as usual that morning and kissed us all good by, assuring us he'd see us soon. Mama acted very business-like and with a touch of brusqueness urged each of us to dispense with ceremony and dawdling.

That afternoon a cart arrived on which we loaded our bundles

and drove off to the waterfront. A familiar river boat was tied up at its usual mooring. Mother showed the customs men our documents and we were let on board. We found a convenient spot on the deck and settled down for the voyage. The boat sailed during the night when most of us had fallen asleep.

The old coal-burning craft bobbed upstream on the calm waters of the Dnyepr, swaying under the excessive load of passengers. Grey or bluish-black smoke streamed from the stack and left a dark swath over the river's foamy wake. The deck hands patrolled the prow and the sides and stern to alert the helmsman against shallows in the river which in mid-summer became menacing at that point. Two sailors held long wooden rods, called "namyotkas" in Russian, which they kept dipping in the water to measure the depth ahead.

The four boys became instant navigators. David persuaded one of the deck hands to let him stick the "namyotka" into the water and bring it up when it touched bottom. He would then call to the pilot on the bridge "pol namyotki" - half a length -which was deep enough for the hull to clear. David having broken down the crew's resistance, Leon and I joined the game and alternated in relieving one of the sailors from the tedious and exhausting exercise. Even little Michael got a few turns at the rod. The nickname "pol namyotki" stuck to David for quite a while thereafter.

Nicknames were a special art in the family with all sorts of refinements in cruelty and resourcefulness, which were embellished by topical themes. At various times each of us had been subjected to numerous monickers, ranging from the innocuous or complimentary to the most deprecating. I had narrow eyes, a puggish nose and the darkest complexion of all. So I was often teased as a "Kitayets", that is, "Chinaman." At one time in the civil war some oriental soldiers arrived in Kiev and made themselves quite conspicuous. One

day while on one of my numerous errands to Krestchatik I watched two of those Asians walking along with rifles slung over their shoulders. One of them approached a pedestrian and addressed him as "Khodya."

When I came home I related that incident, squinting even more and pushing my cheeks upward to form almond-shaped eyes, while I shouted "Khodya, Khodya." I had thus branded myself for years to come. When Mother saw how distressed I was when being teased over my facial characteristics, she forbade the nickname. So when she was in the room and they wanted to tease me, instead of calling me "Khodya" my resourceful brothers would silently squint and push their flesh up with their backs to Mama.

There were other nicknames for me. Some of them I enjoyed, to some I was indifferent, and others made me furious. The nickname I like most, with which my brothers of course obliged me the least, was "l'ingenieur" given me by Rachel. We were living in Luninets at the time and she seems to have come into our lives out of nowhere and to have just as mysteriously disappeared as far as I was concerned. I am sure of only one thing. She was a *bonne* who had come from France. She either was dismissed by a family in our vicinity or left them of her own accord, or she had made some mistake and found herself in the wrong place. In any event, Rachel wound up living with us in the house we rented just before the apartment in the two-story brick building facing the market place.

I was about three and a half, Leon five, Jean seven, Caroline nine and Oscar eleven. Rachel was supposed to be the *bonne* for all of us. However, the others went to school and she was my companion for about eight hours each school day. She knew little Russian or any other language but French. She played with me in a sandy spot,

contrived a swing on a tree-limb, read me stories, taught me to draw, and balanced me on a see-saw in our yard. Mama was pregnant with David and was glad to be rid of my constant demands for attention, for activity, and questions about every subject in the world.

Rachel used to praise me whenever I showed ingenuity or figured out a puzzle or problem. One day when she was preoccupied with something in the house I decided to balance myself alone on the see-saw. I found some bricks and other objects and attached them to one end of the board. When their weight equalled about my weight I climbed on at the other end and balanced myself without a partner. When Rachel saw that she clapped her hands and cried out that I was "un ingenieur" and kept repeating that to Mother and the other children when they returned from school.

I learned many French words from Rachel, such as "grand, petit, mechant," and to identify some of the animals in her nursery books, such as "le chien, le chat, la vache, le cheval." My brothers tried to stick the nickname "Frantsooz" on me but it wore off.

Rachel introduced me to ice-cream, which had just reached Luninets under its Russian name "Morozhenoyeh" and which she, of course, called la glace. At that time it could not be bought in local stores. It was made available by a vender who came by train on market days and dispensed it from an icer mounted on a tricycle, which he pedalled along the square, crying out "sakharnly moroz" and stopping on call or signal.

While we were in Slobodka we used to help the local baker make deliveries and groom and water his horse. Once when I took the horse to drink in the Dnyepyr and rode him bareback, the animal bent over and I slid into the river with my clothes on. For a while I was the "Wet Knight."

Getting back to our river voyage, we reached the point where the steamer turned from the Dnyepyr westward into the even shallower Pripyet. The crew steered a cautious course with everyone literally holding his breath. The "namyotkas" worked day and night and when the sailors called out low depths the captain or helmsman would slow the boat, or steer right or left, or come to a full stop altogether until safe passage was found. Finally we reached the last port on the pripyet before the newly established border with Poland, at Mozyr or Turov. After centuries of partition among Germany, Russia and Austria, Poland once more asserted its nationhood and declared its independence when Russian resistance to Germany collapsed. After the Allies defeated the Germans and they withdrew, Poland and Russia fought a war which ended in a stalemate at that truce line.

Mama showed the border inspector our identification papers and the special permit for us to return to our "native" Turov. We were cleared and took our bundles ashore where we stacked them up in our by now expert manner. Mama took David with her and left the others at the waterfront with our possessions. She found the family to whom we were recommended and came back in a cart with the man. Once more we were in a house, with real beds, with a well outside to draw water for washing and cooking, with a regular outhouse for our natural needs, and an inhabited place to seek out kindred souls and to meet adventure.

Mama warned us to be very discreet, not to talk to strangers and to avoid any brushes with officials of any kind.

After a good night's sleep, a change of clothes and some cooked meals inside of us we settled down to an indefinite period of waiting. Mother explained to us that she expected a visit from Jean and that with him here we would make our future plans. We all guessed that it meant a return to Luninets, which was on the Polish side of the frontier.

At last Jean arrived. But he was not alone. He was flanked by two armed border guards. From his signal and by the way the guards behaved we knew it was trouble. They asked Mother for our documents, looked at them briefly and kept them. One of the guards explained that there would have to be an investigation to verify our origin in Turov, as the documents attested. Meanwhile Jean was going to be detained until everything was verified.

For the next few days Leon, David, Michael and I took turns visiting Jean in the local jail in pairs. Each time we came he asked us aloud to bring him reading materials with the supplemental food. Each day we brought him food and a different book and took back the pans or plates and the previous reading material.

On the fifth day he returned the book with a spoon and a pan and casually remarked that we should read it too because it is very, very interesting. The guards had become used to us and paid little attention to our coming and going and our conversation.

As soon as we returned to the house we began to leaf through the book. A note inside cryptically advised us to give his regards to Aunt Bayla as soon as possible. Aunt Bayla and Uncle Motl Shvartsman lived in Luninets. The order was clear.

Our contact told Mama that the authorities were suspicious of the authenticity of our documents and were fairly well convinced that we were not natives of Turov. He also said that the Tchek-Kah visited the registry office and had hinted that Jean's transfer to Turov was highly suspicious. Most likely, he said, they would charge us with plotting illegal crossing of the closed border with Poland and Jean with planning to desert the revolutionary armed forces.

With our arrest seemingly imminent Mama was afraid that not only would we be kept from returning to Luninets but that we would be used as witnesses to help convict Jean. Our host then arranged

for our departure, which was delayed by Jean's arrest and detention. The peasant who was to act as our guide was brought to the house. At first he balked/^{at/}going that night. There was still a last-quarter moon and he claimed we would be like sitting ducks for the roaming border patrol.

Mama and the landlord kept pressuring him. The peasant's resistance weakened when Mama produced two silver knives and two silver forks which she offered in addition to the agreed fee in silver rubles. He loaded our belongings, which by then had been reduced to what we could carry on our backs and in our hands. We had sold our excess baggage and used the money for living expenses during our stay in Turov.

The peasant took us to his cottage outside town and put us up in his barn. Later in the evening he came and signaled for us to follow him. The sky had clouded up and little was seen of the moon.

We walked stealthily behind him with bundles strapped to our backs, flung over our shoulders and in our hands. A few times the moon came out from behind the clouds and he made us squat behind trees. Whenever he heard a noise he also made us stop. Between interruptions we trudged silently except for an occasional cough or sigh.

At daybreak we reached a clearing. The peasant stopped, pointed to a farm about a thousands yards away and told us that was it, we were in Poland. To be reassured, Mother asked him was that really Poland and he crossed himself and swore by "Istyennl crest" - the true cross - that we were on the other side of the border. He told us not to move until we were out of sight and then to walk to the cottage. Mama gave him the forks and knives and he vanished in the woods.

POLONIA RESTITUTA

We rested a while and then walked slowly to the farm. There were cock crows and other animal noises in the distance. As we approached the house a woman came out and looked in all directions. She noticed our motley crew and remained where she stood, as if to see what we were up to.

Mother bade her a good morning and we all mumbled the same. Then she uttered those fateful words: Were we in Poland? The woman hesitated at first, then confirmed it. Our relief must have been quite evident. It was not that we were so elated at being in Poland; it was the feeling of relief that we were successful in this risky mission and that we made a big stride on our long trek to America. All of us must have thought of Jean.

Mama explained to her that we were from Luninets and that we wished to hire a cart to take us there. She went into the house and returned with her husband. Mama repeated the story in greater detail and with more reverence for the man of the house, adding details of the children being born there. He said he had a good mind to do it but that he would have to be paid for his troubles. He did not work for charity, he explained, although he did not mind doing a favor to a person who deserved it. He demanded two hundred zlotys.

We had no idea whether that was much or little. But what what choice did we have? Before we left the woman brought a bucket of water she drew from the well and we washed our hands and faces. She gave us some warm milk and bread and we all felt rejuvenated.

The man harnessed a horse and loaded us onto a cart. He shouted to his wife to close the gate behind him and we drove off on a dirt road going west. We understood, of course, why the peasant gave us such fast service. He did not want a bunch of possible "illegal aliens" on his premises to cause him trouble with the Polish authorities.

There must have been a long stretch of rainless days for the road was very rutty and dusty. I don't know how long we rode in that cart, but the luxury of riding right through without having to push the cart was a welcome bonus and we slept on and off the entire trip.

By early afternoon we began to spot familiar scenes. We were approaching Luninec (this is the Polish spelling) from the "sands" side where our aunt and uncle lived. Soon we were right in front of the familiar store with its unmistakable wooden steps and the stretch of wooden sidewalk that extended only for the width of the house. Instead of the old sign in Russian, *Bakalaynaya E Galanteraynaya* - there was now a smaller sign in Polish which we quickly made out to mean the same thing, grocery and mercery.

We raced to be the first out of the cart and in the store. The bell above the door tinkled and Aunt Bayla came running from the back rooms. The older boys had no difficulty recognizing her. She did not change much in five or six years. Even after we moved to Lohishyn she visited us and some of us came to see her in Luninec until the war interfered. She hesitated a moment, then burst into shouts, tears and violent sobbing, as if a mixed band of angels and unspeakable devils descended upon her.

She hugged us and kissed us, especially David, who was her last favorite whom she jokingly threatened to kidnap every time she saw him. Being childless, every one born to mother was a new thrill to her and a reminder of her own deprivation.

Mama kept a frozen smile with which she usually suppressed intense emotions. She asked Bayla for two hundred Zlotys to give to the peasant. Aunt went over to the cash register, took two bills and handed them to the peasant who remained outside as if it were a routine procedure every day of the week. We later learned it was a modest sum for the services performed.

After a few days, during which Mother kept apologizing for the crowding to which we subjected our uncle and aunt in their small quarters, Aunt Bayla took us to a "notariusz." The notary had a small office of which the waiting portion was lined with three wooden benches against the wall and was divided from the inner part by a barrier, behind which were a table and chair, a bookcase and a lamp. There was a portrait of Joseph Pilsudki on the wall and the notariusz looked like a poor man's version of the Polish national hero and dictator.

After filling numerous forms by hand, imprinting many legends with rubber stamps and seal, and affixing the necessary revenue stamps, the notariusz furnished each of us a legitimacia, an internal passport which certified that, subject to later verification, we were Polish citizens (not subjects!) by virtue of our birth, respectively, in Lohiszyn (Polish spelling) or Luninec. Aunt paid him the fees and we walked out smiling with many "dzenkujes" and "do widzenjas" and feeling relieved once again at our latest legitimization.

With our status legalized, Mama and Bayla were able to rent us a house a short distance from the store and not far from where Grandpa Sima was living alone. She had come there with Grandfather Eliezer and Dummy during the German occupation of Kiev. After the truce, she took Dummy back to Kozenice. Grandpa died shortly thereafter.

Soon after our arrival in Luninec we began receiving letters and money from Father in New York and were no longer subjected to deprivations and dependence on the magnanimity of relatives or strangers. Meanwhile a whole new life opened to us. Luninec was not damaged much in the war and its physical appearance had not changed perceptibly. Sadowaya Ulitsa, lined with rows of shade trees, still became muddy after each rain. The big house at its far end still had a sign proclaiming Fdozer Gurewicz (that's Polish for Feldsher Gurevitch) was

its occupant, and a huge dog still came to the fence whenever we walked close to it. Most of the houses were as we left them in 1912 and the railroad station and government buildings bore signs in Polish and displayed the red and white flag with the eagle.

Our former apartment on the second floor was now occupied by a high Polish official, but the pharmacy on the ground floor had a Polish eagle over its door instead of the Tsar's emblem. A row of new wooden outhouses stood in one of the empty areas at the edge of the market place. The row of stores facing the railroad stations housed about the same businesses as before. Most of them now had a single electric bulb for interior light, except the one where our father had his shop, occupied by an insurance, realty and tax office, which still had the whizzing bottled gas lights. At night it was still the brightest store in the row with steady lighting. The others flickered as the demand on the small generating plant rose and fell.

Day after day Leon and I prospected for opportunities to study, to work, and to create an environment to replace the one in Kiev. We discovered a print shop that was not there before. It was run by two partners who boasted proficiency in Polish, Russian, Hebrew and Yiddish. There was a library, with Polish books exclusively, and a high school that was accepting applicants for the fall term in August upon passing an examination. When we later took that test, Leon and I both flunked because of our weakness in Polish. The administration was very self-conscious on that point. Despite the influx of Polish officials and employees on the railroad and in administrative offices and the favoritism shown ethnic Poles in business opportunities, they still remained only about a fourth of the population. "Polonization" remained a major objective which they hoped to enhance by having more young people adopt their language.

I made such errors as pronouncing "ocean" as o-keh-ahn as the Russians do, instead of the Polish oh-tse-ahn. When I was asked what form of government we had in Poland I answered "respublica" instead of "rzeczpospolita." I was totally crushed when asked what was the significance of "Czeczego Maja" and I mumbled something about two days after May 1st, instead of it being the Polish national holiday, May 3rd.

We resigned ourselves to forgo formal studies, at least for that year, and concentrated on looking for other avenues to satisfy our curiosities and use up our energies.

While the weather still favored outdoor activities we went wading in the river, caught frogs, dug up snails and occasionally hooked a fish. One day while exploring the main streets in town we visited the firehouse and found that they again showed occasional movies there. It was there that I saw my first movie reel, featuring the Tsarevitch at play, the sinking of the Titanic and other current events.

When we came upon one of the houses in which we lived and where our father had his shop we found that Zimmerman the tinsmith was still next door. In my childhood I thought his name was the most beautiful in the world. It looked even better in the Roman letters used by the Poles. The Catholic church had a new snap to it and bustled with visitors even past service hours. The larger Orthodox church's exterior appeared somewhat seedy and forlorn. When we passed the synagogue it seemed like a sight out of the dim past. We had not been inside one for years and both of us passed our thirteenth birthdays without acquiring the equipment or the knowledge for complying with the daily ritual of placing black boxes on one's forehead, winding black leather straps on one's left arm and praying under a shawl while facing East.

After a while we came upon a youth and young girl, roughly our ages, whose name was Domnitch. They were, of course, the son and daughter of one of our father's three partners who were the cause of

his financial difficulties. We did not let on we knew anything about the artel affair. They were bright and energetic and expressed eagerness to participate in some cultural activities. When we suggested forming a dramatic circle, a nature club, or creating a library, they responded enthusiastically. The girl thought she could persuade her father to let us use a vacant house he owned on Sadowaya Street as our clandestine meeting place, at least until he rented it. At that time the Polish government forbade political and cultural organizations other than those sponsored by the authorities or that engaged in activities under the supervision of its censorship.

By the simple means of keeping blinds down day and night and confining visits only to persons known to us we managed to conduct this illicit cultural center. We could not have the electric lights turned on because we would have to tell the municipal utility the nature of our business so we reverted to kerosene lamps which were still in use in many households. We built up a lending library that included both authorized and unapproved works in Polish, Russian and Yiddish, a drama group which eventually gave a performance in the fire house under a spurious name, held skating and hiking parties in season and a discussion circle, most of which survived after our departure. When we told our mother about our association with the Domnitches, she shrugged her shoulders as if to say "let by-gones be by-gone" or "what have parents' business quarrels to do with children?"

Leon even got a job as a printer's devil at the shop that both of us haunted. The owners said they could not afford more than one part-time helper, but they did not object when I came to work without pay and when Leon stayed past his time to finish his work.

Our stay in Luninect was a mixture of old recollections and new adventures. Mama recounted many occurrences and anecdotes connected with each of the four houses our family occupied before 1912. Many of the incidents I recalled. I was about four when we moved from the

house next to Zimmerman's tinsmith shop. One of the last incidents there was when Mama was stuck under one of the metal beds in the living room where two of the boys slept. She had crawled under it to clean the floor and was unable to come out because, being pregnant with David, her abdomen was wedged against the sagging spring.

I was the only one in the room when she called for help so I ran into the tailor shop in the adjoining room frantically yelling that the bed was on top of Mama. Mother was embarrassed and flustered when the bed was lifted and she was extricated from under it.

It was in that house too that Papa used to take us in turn and swing Leon and me on his feet while sitting on top of a cutting table. He used to hold us by our hands and raise us and lower us as high and as fast as he could, which gave us a sensation of flying.

Shortly after David was born we had an unusual visitor. It was much later that I learned what a renowned person our guest was. He got off at the Luniniec railroad station and inquired from people who appeared likeliest to know whether there were any cultured people in town. His name evoked suspicion, incredulity and amusement when he announced himself as "Sholom Aleikhem," which, of course, means "peace unto you" and is like meetings someone and saying my name is "How Do You Do?" From the variety of answers he concluded that the family to see was the Lodzer's and he wound up in our house.

He spent about a week in town. After playing host to him the first two days and nights, Father loaned Sholom Aleikhem to other cultured families in Luniniec. His visit left a lasting imprint on the community. He in turn was delighted that so many had heard of him, had read his and other contemporary writers' books and that a few families even owned some volumes. Before he left he held some readings and boosted the morale of the amateur theatrical troupe that had been putting on plays in the local firehouse. His visit was a topic of table talk and reminiscences for years afterwards.

As soon as I learned to creep I acquired the usual bad habits and a few idiosyncratic to me, for which my father used to reprimand me and later threatened to thrash me. One was to scrape plaster from the exterior of the oven and eat it. Another was to chew on charcoal which I extracted from the cold embers after the fire died out.

One winter weekend Mother had not anticipated an early frost and failed to stock up on water from the well in back of our house. That Saturday morning she was unable to draw water with the wooden bucket that was suspended over the well on a stout rope. Father was already dressed in his immaculately pressed trousers, shimmering patent leather shoes, and a vest with his watch in one of the lower pockets and the chain laced through a buttonhole. Mother prevailed upon him to fetch some water. When he returned with ^{the third/} metal pail-full he discovered his gold watch and chain were gone.

After retracing his steps between the kitchen and the well, he didn't find it. He finished dressing and left the house in a huff.

Mama got dressed, borrowed a wooden ladder from the Zimmermans next door and lowered it into the well. She scooped, grappled and fished until she miraculously came up with the watch and chain.

When Father returned he alternated between showing satisfaction at the recovery of his most precious physical possession and outrage at Mama's action. There were hours of rebukes, recriminations and apologies and our day of leisure was ruined. For weeks thereafter we waited for Mama to get pneumonia or for some other dire consequences to ensue, but life soon returned to normal.

But our experiences and concerns in Luninec when we returned were quite different. Shortly after our arrival we received a letter from Caroline in Lodz in which she wrote that she was improving and would come to visit us as soon as she felt up to it. She also sent us a photograph of herself flanked by Uncle Aaron and Aunt Khavah

who, she wrote, were very kind and provided her with all her needs. Despite Caroline's good appearance on the picture, Mama was alarmed and wrote back for details. In a reply many weeks later, not from Caroline but from Uncle, he wrote that Mama's only daughter and now her oldest child had also died of the dread tuberculosis.

From Mama's reactions we thought she would not survive the shock. But as the days passed she appeared resigned. Her serenity returned and soon she resumed her attentiveness to us and our needs and to the preparations for our going to the United States.

The part of Luninec we then lived in was inhabited mostly by Byelorussian, Polish and Russian peasants. The abundance of fresh meat, milk, eggs, grains and vegetables from local sources was in unbelievable contrast to the scarcities in Kiev at the time we left. The major complaint from the local population was the high price and frequent scarcity of butter.

We were told that butter was one of the major Polish exports at the time and its sale abroad brought the young republic much-needed foreign credit for industrialization. While Poland's proximity to Germany and Western Europe generally had helped it develop faster than most other parts of the Russian empire, its industries were relatively primitive at the time and were set back by the damage and neglect during six years of almost continuous war. Many plants were devastated as the Germans advanced, retreated and advanced again during their invasion in 1914. After the Kaiser's armies collapsed the see-saw war with the Bolsheviks caused much additional damage.

It was then that we first tasted margarine, which was also heavily taxed because it was an import and cost nearly as much as butter. People also grumbled about high taxes on all necessities, such as kerosene, hardware, land and buildings. Some residents boarded up windows to reduce their window tax. On the whole, people

felt free to go about their business as long as they "kept their noses clean" by not engaging in activities and expressing views that were opposed to the Pilsudski regime. Everybody seemed fed, clothed, housed and treated at least as well as "before the war." Regaining pre-war conditions had become the prime aspiration of most people *and we found it in the newly constituted Poland.* in the newly-formed Soviet Union. The main fear in Luninec was from the "magistrat," the district judge who had a reputation of dealing harshly with those accused of crimes, both against other persons or in violation of the new criminal code.

I remember the ostentatious wedding of the young woman next door to a young peasant ~~from~~ a nearby village. Both families were apparently affluent and inclined to flaunt their wealth and sophistication. They arranged an elaborate affair. For weeks they were building tables and benches, gathering provisions and beverages for the early Fall wedding. They roasted two pigs and all the children in the neighborhood watched the ceremonial making of the fires, the slaughter of the animals, the scraping of the tough pig hides as their hair was singed, and the slow roasting.

The ceremony was in the Catholic church and was followed by a procession to the bride's home. We watched the celebration with the endless drinking of toasts, eating, dancing and carousing that went on for two days and nights and into the third. When we came out to watch, the young ones in the party would offer Leon, David, Michael and me choice victuals and even a shot of wodka now and then.

Then there was an outburst of disputation, shoving, shouting and fighting capped by hysterical screaming. In the end, two men were dead; an earlier suitor and one of the bride's brothers. Grief, consternation and fear settled on the wedding party and the entire area. The celebrations ended abruptly. Then there was the police inquest and the wake for the neighbor's son and the funeral three days later.

Letters from Father indicated we would soon make the voyage to America. In order to get passports for external travel we needed birth certificates and proof of our ^Rparents' marriage. Nobody remembered where our family records were kept. Grandma Sima thought they might be in nearby Stolin where she was born and where she was married. But on a visit there she found that the genealogical records confined to the Lopatitskiys.

Leon and I then traveled by cart to Lutsk, where our Grandfather Eliezer was born but there was not a trace of our family. When Leon refused to go on any further "wild goose chase," I agreed to take the train to Pinsk and from there go by cart to Lohiszyn. As instructed, I went to an inn not far from the railroad station where peasants from nearby villages checked in on visits to the county seat and that same evening I rode off as one of three passengers on a peasant's wagon going to Lohiszyn.

We did not reach Lohiszyn until dawn. During the night we had to stop several times to let the weary horse rest. A wheel developed a wobble and a squeak and the peasant had to stop, remove it, grease the axle and replace it. One of the horse-shoes became loose and he removed it, causing the horse to limp on three hooves with irons and one unshod. Towards morning there were howls in the distance and the peasant said it was wolves. He ignited a pot of axle grease to scare them off. Between the sporadic naps in the cart and a brief sleep in the house to which I was directed, I called it a night and went to the registry office in the middle of the village, which was only a fraction of its size before the war.

Much to my amazement the books of vital statistics contained the records of all members of our family, including all those of us who were not born in Lohiszyn, down to Michael. I learned my birthday was September 19 (new style, October 2), 1906. The

recorder made copies in a neat hand, attached the usual revenue stamps, imprinted official rubber-stamp legends and signed all the papers. I paid the fees and came away with the elusive treasure. The cart ride back to Pinsk was uneventful, as was the return by train to Luninec. I was the family hero for a day.

Mother's recovery from the tuberculosis was very slow but Dr. Gurewicz, the felczer, expressed confidence she would be well enough to travel in about a year. Her appearance was the basis of the felczer's optimism and gave us hope. She had gained weight, color returned to her cheeks and her hair had a healthful gloss. She coughed less frequently and less violently.

It was decided that Leon and I should leave at once, since we had already received prepaid passage to New York, and that Mama, her health permitting, would follow later with the two younger boys. Our baggage was prepared, a few essential items for a long trip were bought, and we were off by train to Warsaw where our external passports were to be obtained and arrangements for the passage made. Our documents were in order and we were told to come back for our passports in two days. Meanwhile we made a trip to Lodz and visited with our uncle and aunt. Our passports were ready when we returned to Warsaw. At the American consulate we had our visas stamped on our passports, granting us permission to enter the United States as minor dependants of a naturalized American citizen. The remaining days in Warsaw Leon and I saw two plays, one of them a version of a Fanny Brice current musical hit, visited museums and parks, and walked our feet off sightseeing. At the steamship company offices they told us to report to Danzig (now Gdansk). There we took a Baltic-North Sea liner to Hull, England. From Hull we were taken by train to Southampton, our port of embarkation for New York.

During our stay in Warsaw we saw a Negro for the first time. He was a tall African, dressed in elegant European garb and his face had a statuesque quality about it. Leon and I followed him for a while to get a better look at this oddity and we marvelled at his pigmentation and his stature. His Western clothing seemed incongruous to us. From various books we had read we expected him to be either in a loin cloth or some exotic robes. In Danzig we also ventured on a boat ride in the harbor and while we were rowing nonchalantly an off-shore gust of wind carried us out to the outer bay and we had to row feverishly to get back to shore.

Early in April, 1923 we found ourselves in a transient camp near Southampton. The first day there was exhilarating. Many other emigrants scheduled for that sailing were in the camp and there was much speculation about the Atlantic crossing and life in America.

The day we were to sail, after all of us had undergone documentary and physical examinations, we learned that two cases of typhus had been uncovered among us and that we would all be quarantined for the duration of the incubation period of the disease. We were transferred to a YMCA camp in nearby Eastleigh and our crossing was delayed to early May, on the S. S. Berengaria, one of Cunard's proud ocean liners.

1. My passport photograph, April, 1923.
2. Leon and Maurice before leaving for the United States of America, April, 1923.
3. Sister Caroline shortly before she died of tuberculosis in 1921. Photo taken in Lodz, Poland, seated between Aunt Khava and Uncle Aaron Pikove (pronounced Paille-cauve in French or Pie-cauve in English).

MY PASSPORT
PHOTOGRAPH,
APRIL 1923



LEON & MAURICE BEFORE LEAVING
FOR U.S.A, APRIL 1923



AMERICA

One of the most mischievous myths invented by humans is the importance attached to skin pigmentation, facial contours, stature, sex, place of birth or ethnic antecedents in determining a person's worth. These characteristics have been elevated to standards for judging people and for determining their standing and rewards in society, often with little or no consideration for their individual qualifications, performance or personal merit.

In our European cultures, both on the old continent and in the lands settled by its emigrants, as soon as we learn to read we are given story books, usually written and illustrated by Caucasians, in which heroes and heroines are depicted with fair complexions, usually blue-eyed and with blond hair. These fable characters are described as noble and presumably have special blood coursing in their veins. They are assumed to be legitimate and just rulers over their subjects by the hereditary powers conferred by a superior being. In these tales boys and girls, men and women, rich and poor are assigned their roles in life as if predetermined by an unvariable fate.

Later on, real life confirms these stories as we find in our societies that men who have wealth, which they acquired by inheritance or by aggressive dealings with others, are assumed to be our betters. Some who have money, prestige, or the authority to impose their will by custom, law or force are acknowledged as superior in hierarchical degrees measured by their money, prestige or authority. Even some women approve of male dominance which most men accept as destiny.

As I learned to discern the reality of relations between people, I reacted to my surroundings with mixed feelings. On the one hand I attuned myself and submitted to authority, both for survival and because we had always been taught to be obedient. On the other hand I devised fantasies of ideal relations among people and became

receptive to idyllic, socialistic and utopian concepts of which I read from time to time.

Once in the United States I had to undergo the process of adjusting myself to its realities. I accepted life in America as a matter of course, especially since it was more pleasant in the main than my prior experience. There were more freedom and comforts than I had known hitherto. In New York and other cities I subsequently visited and from conversations, periodicals and books I found ample evidence of substantive democracy and extensive egalitarianism. Yet there were incongruities. The other realities were the nearly universal acceptance that white persons were superior to black, yellow or red skinned people, that men were masters over women, that "Yankees" were better than "Greenhorns," and that "money talks." Poor people were supposed to endure in silence until it became their turn to acquire the wherewithal to vie for recognition and influence with the "Four Hundred Families" and the lesser affluent classes.

As I said earlier, the outbreak of typhus caused a delay in our sailing to New York. We spent about three weeks in the YACA camp between Southampton and Rastleigh. They were uneventful days. Except for a few men who had previously lived in America and were returning there after picking up their families in Europe, all others were new immigrants. There was little opportunity to learn the English language or American customs. It was a routine of eating, sleeping, playing indoor games and watching silent movies with English titles.

A few days before our departure I had a crisis. My only pair of trousers and jacket were falling apart from the chemicals with which they were treated in the disinfecting process. A few of us ventured to the business district of Rastleigh in search of replacement and found a clothing store. The merchant, very likely being accustomed to dealing with foreigners because of his proximity to the transit

camp, was sympathetic. He fitted me with a pair of pants and overblouse. Then came the ordeal of paying for them in British money. In view of our unresponsiveness to his quotation of the price, he laid out shilling and pence pieces on the counter and I matched them with my coins, much to the amusement of other clients.

The S. S. Berengaria was the largest structure we had ever been in and incredibly bigger and more opulent than the ship that took us from Danzig to Hull. Leon and I shared a room with two other men. In deference to their age, we occupied the upper berths. There was a wash basin in the cabin and hooks for our clothing. It must have been second or third class accomodation. Many of the other YMCA camp alumni and those who came on board without having been in quarantine, traveled in steerage. It was a kind of indoor camping ground with bunks, cots and hammock closely arranged in family clusters.

It was a balmy day in May when we entered New York Harbor. The Manhattan skyline, the Statue of Liberty, the vast harbor with its structures and piers jutting into the Narrows on both sides and the many ships in their berths there and in the East and North Rivers, were enchanting. Leon and I were told to remain on board to wait for our father to call for us. It later turned out that a telegram sent to his house did not reach him until he returned from work after five o'clock. It being a Friday, we were taken to Ellis Island. He claimed us Monday morning.

Although we were examined on board, once taken to Ellis Island we had to undergo physical examinations there and were innoculated. The three nights and two days on the immigration station was like a stay in jail. We slept in dormitories divided by cages of metal tubes and wire fencing. Lights remained on all night to minimize visits by rats, which were heard gnawing and rustling just the same. Our meals were served at long tables at which we sat on benches. We had little

concern for the quantity or taste of the food, each meal being merely a time-point towards our release. I recall ^{that we} ~~was~~ slept in triple-decked bunks.

Our father met us as we came off the ferry gangplank on the Manhattan side. He was of medium height, dressed in a three-piece suit, a dark top coat, a black derby, a necktie with a diamond pin in it, and polished black shoes and spats, and he carried a cane with a silver handle. Had we seen him in Warsaw, we would have taken him for a doctor, an actor, or businessman. With our hair cropped to the scalp during quarantine and our shabby clothes we must have seemed to him like two stray walfs. He later told us that when he saw us coming off the ferry he realized for the first time what the war and revolution had done to retard our material progress.

During our ride in the taxi from South Ferry to Brooklyn we passed narrow, dirty, noisy streets near the waterfront, the canyons of lower Broadway and the Lower East Side streets leading to the Williamsburgh Bridge. It seemed a wholly different world than the majestic panorama from the deck of the ~~Beregaria~~ ^N ~~Beregaria~~. Leon and I were puzzled at the sight of Grand Street. Why did such a wretched street bear the grandiose name of the French word "g^hand?"

Our father lived in a furnished room on Division Avenue, in the Williamsburgh section of Brooklyn where there was no room for us. He had arranged for us to stay with a cousin of our mother, Sarah Horbar and her husband and son who lived in an apartment house on South Ninth Street just off Bedford Avenue. She set aside a room for Leon and me and that is where our American Odyssey began.

The first full Saturday in New York, Father took us to Canal Street in Manhattan and bought us each a suit, shirts, underwear, socks, ties and shoes. Everybody said we "looked American". The first few days I felt as if I were masquerading but then I became

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accustomed to the bourgeois clothes.

For a week Leon and I circulated only in the immediate family which, much to our surprise, consisted of three sets of uncles and aunts, numerous cousins of various ages and even a few second cousins. But we soon tired of the routine, as they must have exhausted their curiosity about the latest arrivals, and of the round of heavy meals and patronizing attention. Leon and I struck out on our own.

The magnet was Manhattan, which at that time was practically synonymous with New York City because the merger with Brooklyn, Queens and Staten Island was too recent to have eradicated in the residents' minds the fact of their former separate status. Each morning we took a trolley car or walked across the Williamsburgh Bridge and then walked in different directions, following the visitors' guide one of our cousins gave us. In two weeks each of us wore out the soles and heels of his first pair of American shoes. When our legs gave out we rode trolleys, buses or subways, usually at the end of the day.

Before long Leon and I searched out and visited all the museums, art galleries, theatres, concert halls, cathedrals, monuments, beaches, stadiums, big stores and landmarks we could find. New York was a colossal affirmation of the achievements of civilization, which at the time to us was the essence of human aspiration and we were going to partake of it with all the enthusiasm of youthful curiosity. Many things were free. Many more modestly priced. When seats were too expensive we attended operas and concerts in standing room.

One afternoon we came to Carnegie Hall where Mischa Elman was giving a concert and found that even standing room was sold out. We were reluctant to admit defeat and lingered in the lobby. As we stood there in a corner, dejected and disappointed, a woman in stylish clothes approached us with two tickets for that matinee in her outstretched hand. She said something like "here, young men, you seem to want very much to hear Mr. Elman" and while we mumbled in

disbelief she thrust the tickets into my hand and disappeared in the crowd. We found ourselves in the tenth or eleventh row orchestra where we not only heard every note from the virtuoso's violin but could see his facial expressions and the beads of perspiration. NOT since Kiev, where after the revolution children in the "homes" were given special privileges in cultural institutions, have we sat so close to the stage in a prestigious concert hall or theatre.

Shortly after our arrival some one in the family inquired on our behalf about attending public school and were informed that, since it was the end of May, there would be no further admissions until the new school term in September.

Our father ardently believed in Americanization. He himself attended evening school, became adequately conversant in English and read English newspapers daily. His favorites were the morning New York American and the Evening Journal, both Hearst publications. Waiting three months to start our schooling was too long for him. He took us to the Eron Preparatory School on East Broadway in Manhattan, a private school where tuition was charged, and enrolled Leon and me in a summer evening course in English for foreigners. I left there in September, 1923 and enrolled in an evening elementary school, which I entered in sixth grade and from which I graduated January 30, 1925 after completing the eight-grade course. Leon continued in Eron School for a longer period, proceeding from there to obtain a high school diploma. He later matriculated in the newly-formed Long Island University in Brooklyn and from there went to the University of Chicago, winding up with a B.A. degree in the first and an M.A. from the second. During those ten years Leon supported himself and paid his tuition by working at various jobs.

A few weeks after our arrival Father broached the question of

planning our careers. The work ethic was then a basic article of faith, especially among European immigrants. Leon was evasive and stressed his wish to become more at ease with the English language before venturing into the world of work. Whether I was more submissive or found Father's suggestion welcome because of my drive for involvement in physical activity, I accepted his offer to take me to his shop, then located in Newark, New Jersey across the Hudson River. We went there by subway and by the Hudson River tube trains, now called PATH.

At first I merely roamed in the shop and observed the various operations, watching the "foreladies," shipping clerks, cutters, and sewing machine operators, occasionally talking with them. I don't know now how large the factory was. At that time it seemed to me a vast expanse of machines, tables, cloth, accessories, garments, cartons, litter and people enveloped in dust and noise. They produced women's waists or blouses and Father was general manager or foreman for the corporation that owned it.

After a while I was shown how to check garments for defects and I helped shipping clerks fold and pack them into boxes and the boxes into cartons. I practiced on the sewing machines, first on the ones run by foot treadles on which I learned the forward and backward pedalling, and then on the electric machines which were activated, accelerated, slowed or stopped by pressure on a bar with my knee. Every garment had a tag on it with places for operators, finishers and checkers to write in their names. Each garment I worked on without assistance was credited to me and soon I drew pay, which was distributed to us each week in little envelopes with our names on them. I was on piece work. Only the cutters, shipping clerks and foreladies were paid by the week.

By the time I became proficient a "slack season" set in and

most of the operators, finishers, checkers, foreladies and shipping clerks were laid off. Father left one of the foreladies in charge of the reduced staff and went to Manhattan in a shop owned by the same firm which was still busy. He could not take me there right away, because it was the owners' headquarters and he had less freedom there.

There was a toy factory in the same building as the blouse shop and during spare time I became acquainted with some of the workers. When my job in blouse making gave out I asked the foreman in the toy factory to be hired and he did. The plant produced metal objects, mainly toy automobiles that were wound up with a key and ran until the spring unwound. Producing mainly for the Christmas trade, this shop remained very busy until October and then I was laid off.

I don't recall when I acquired proficiency in English but I must have gained sufficient self-confidence to give up my practice of pretending to be a deaf-mute when making purchases. English soon became my language in school, at work, with strangers and within the family, where Father was very proud when Leon and I took part in conversations and held our own even with the young high school and college students.

Leon and I read avidly. We went to movies two or three times a week and often remained to see the entire program twice. The pantomimic actions in the silents and the facial expressions of the actors conveyed the story and defined events clearly. The sub-titles were terse and direct, and either anticipated the action on the screen or explained the intricate parts. The vaudeville acts were also helpful. They gave us an insight into every-day idioms, gestures and concerns of Americans. We always listened attentively to conversations, especially by persons who appeared to be, or whom we knew to be, educated natives.

When I was laid off at the toy factory my father suggested, since I displayed aptitude in graphic arts, that I try sign painting. We visited a cousin of Mother's who had a shop on Keap Street in Brooklyn.

Benny took me on as an apprentice at \$3.00 a week, as a special favor to a relative. At first I helped stretch oilcloth on frames to make up signs, hammered sheets of galvanized iron onto wooden panels for more permanent signs, attached gilded paper, glass and wooden letters to metal or wood sign bases, on doors or windows, cut up paper for temporary signs and helped install and deliver signs that did not require licensed specialists, such as electric signs or swing signs, the kind that hung perpendicular to buildings. I went on errands to woodworking shops where custom letters were molded to order, to sign painter supply houses and to customers for copy. I was astonished how little English these sign painters knew and how many of them remained unassimilated, learning only the bare essentials to carry on their craft and continuing to live in the culture of their shtetl.

After a while I began to paint paper signs and simple oilcloth signs, help the mechanic sign-writer or the boss with varnishing finished work, and apply gold and silver leaf on signs and on opaque surfaces. Later they induced me to illustrate some sign with produce, merchandise or holiday symbols, such as Santa Claus, holly wreathes, turkeys, bunnies and so forth. By mid-winter I was earning eleven dollars a week working from eight in the morning to six in the evening on five days, and a half day on Saturdays without any specified quitting time. Then the boss told us it was a very slow winter and he asked the journeyman sign painter to take a pay cut and for me to go on part time until the work orders began to increase.

The mechanic took me aside and told me that this was my constant usual ploy. He claimed that Benny was lazy and did not like to work in the wintertime. There was a lot of sign work out there, he said, and he offered to move it to me. He had decided to go out on his own and if I wanted to his helper he would take me on at thirteen dollars a week, for five days, with extra pay on Saturdays in an

emergency. I accepted. When I told Benny, our boss, he showed no sign of resentment or surprise at the development which must have been an annual ritual between him and his staff.

We were very busy the first two weeks. Harry, my new boss, was serious, energetic and conscious of the value of time and materials. But he was poor in coordinating his activities and wasted much time, effort and supplies. We went to the place where we were scheduled the next day. He brought materials for a gold-leaf window job when the order was for a sign on a metal door. He misplaced addresses and telephone numbers and misspelled words which he often had to do over. One Saturday while working on a window of a real estate agent the owner left us in his office while he went to the barber shop. Harry insisted on painting the legend "Not a Republican" around the seal when the wording obviously should have been "Notary Public." The amused and astonished owner, who returned in time to pay for the job, naturally withheld the money until we corrected the error.

Harry reluctantly and shame-facedly advised me to take a few weeks off until business improved. I then started a search for jobs, a task for which I had not previously prepared, and began to read the "Help Wanted" notices in the morning newspapers. One of the jobs I filled from the ads was a "dipper" in a greeting card factory located in back of a garage. My task was to dip cards, which had just come off the noisy press with a message or design imprinted in a sort of adhesive, into a tray containing silver, gold or colored powder or crystals which gave the cards a shimmering effect. Again there was a slackening of orders and I was laid off. I was more relieved than chagrined. The noise of the press and the stench of gasoline and exhaust made me uncomfortable and even ill at times.

Back to the "Want Ads" and I landed another job. This time it was in a dry-cell battery factory in Brooklyn. The operation consisted

of filling metal shells with sawdust and acid, cooking the mixture in boiling water, then capping the batteries, labeling them and placing one or two dozen finished batteries in boxes. The assembly line was in the shape of a horseshoe. Empty boxes divided into twenty-four squares, similar to milk cases, were placed on the moving platform at the starting end. One of the workers placed twenty-four empty battery shells into each moving case. When they reached the second station another operator poured sawdust into each cylinder. The next one added the acid. The first day my job was at the cooking station where I lifted the cases from the conveyor, set them into the tank of boiling water in front of me, watched them for two minutes, lifted them back onto the belt which resumed its motion and took the batteries to the cappers, labelers and packers.

It was pleasant to get the twelve dollars on Saturday each week, but the days I was at the cooking station were very trying. Watching the clock for five hours in the forenoon for insertion and removal of the case every two minutes and then, after a half-hour lunch period, for another five hours in the afternoon strained my patience and endurance. My arms ached from lifting the cases about four hundred times a day and my other limbs from shifting from a standing position to sitting on the high stool. We worked only half a day on Saturday.

When a replacement was hired he or she was placed at the cooking post and it was a relief to be pouring sawdust or acid, or capping the battery cells and sticking labels on them. There was an occasional break in the monotony and strain when one of the stations had trouble or when I was called upon to help the packers, or take cases of finished batteries down in the elevator, or help bring up supplies left on the street level by a delivery truck.

My own delivery came after three weeks when the foreman handed me the pay envelope and told me and the last two hires that we were

laid off due to lack of orders for batteries.

In the meantime I built up quite a curriculum of activities in addition to attending evening school and going to the movies. I bought a small water-color set, drawing paper, charcoal, pencils and erasers and made sketches of persons and things. I solved puzzles in newspapers and sent them in for prizes. One time I received two tickets to a Saturday field day in Jamaica Race Track and for one series of weekly puzzles I won a Kodak Brownie camera which remained my apparatus for a long time until I could afford to buy more elaborate equipment

1. A brochure issued by the National Park Service of the United States Department of the Interior to visitors on Ellis Island after it became a part of the Statue of Liberty National Monument.
2. Diploma form Evening Elementary School issued by the Board of Education of the City of New York, dated 30 January, 1925.
3. Portrait of Jacob Herman taken by Maurice when he was experimenting with professional photography.
4. Snapshot of Mother taken by Maurice in Prospect Park, Brooklyn with Kodak Brownie camera in 1924.



HISTORY OF ELLIS ISLAND

- April 11, 1890 Designated an immigration station.
- January 1, 1892 Opened as an immigration station.
- June 14, 1897 Buildings destroyed by fire, but all persons safely evacuated.
- December 17, 1900 Reopened as an immigration station, on a larger scale.
- 1917 – 1919 Served as a detention center for enemy aliens, a way station for navy personnel, and a hospital for the army.
- 1919 – 1954 Served as a deportation center as well as an immigration station.
- 1924 Mass immigration ended. Immigrants now were inspected in countries of origin.
- 1939 – 1946 Part of Ellis Island was used as a Coast Guard Station.
- 1941 – 1954 Part served as a detention center for enemy aliens.
- November 29, 1954 Ellis Island closed.
- May 11, 1965 Added by Presidential Proclamation to the Statue of Liberty National Monument.
- 1976 Opened to the public for visitation.

According to estimates a total of 12,000,000 or more immigrants entered the United States through Ellis Island.



Ellis Island

National Park Service
U.S. DEPARTMENT
OF THE INTERIOR

ELLIS ISLAND GATEWAY TO AMERICA

From across Upper New York Bay, Ellis Island lies in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty. Today its handsome but decaying buildings are unfamiliar to most onlookers from shore; however, Ellis Island occupies a permanent place in America's history. More than half of the immigrants entering the United States between 1892 and 1924 passed through its gates. While mass examination of immigrants at Ellis Island ended in 1924, it continued to be used as a detention center for immigrants whose status in this country was questioned. In 1954, the island was permanently closed.

Suppose, for the moment, that we could return to Ellis Island when it teemed with people and share the experience of an immigrant's progress.

"When I first arrived in this country I was filled with so many hopes, dreams and fears. One of the greatest fears was of a place known as Ellis Island, but called by us the 'Island of Tears'.

"In my village I had heard of this place to be inspected and maybe, it was said, sent home if you did not pass. 'Sent home to what? To where?', I worried. I tried to convince myself that America would never send me home once I had reached her doors.

"I will never forget the joy I felt when I saw the tall buildings of New York and the Statue of Liberty after so many dark days on board that crowded ship. There was the symbol of all my dreams — freedom to start out in a new life. Then came Ellis Island.

"When I landed the noise and commotion were unbelievable. There were so many languages being spoken. The shouting and pushing guards calling out the big numbers on the tags attached to our coats created more noise and confusion. Surely, I felt, the noise surrounding the Tower of Babel could not have been worse.

"We were told 'Keep moving' and 'Hurry up' as my group was pushed along one of the dozens of metal railings that divided the room into several passageways. Immigrants walked along these passageways until they reached the first medical inspector who looked at face, hair, neck and hands. Interpreters asked, 'What is your age?', 'What work do you do?'

"I walked on to where a doctor inspected me for diseases. Again I moved to another doctor, the 'eye man' I had heard so many terrible rumors about. I passed inspection but the man in front was marked with an 'E' in chalk on his coat and sent to another area. I had heard that an 'E' meant deportation.

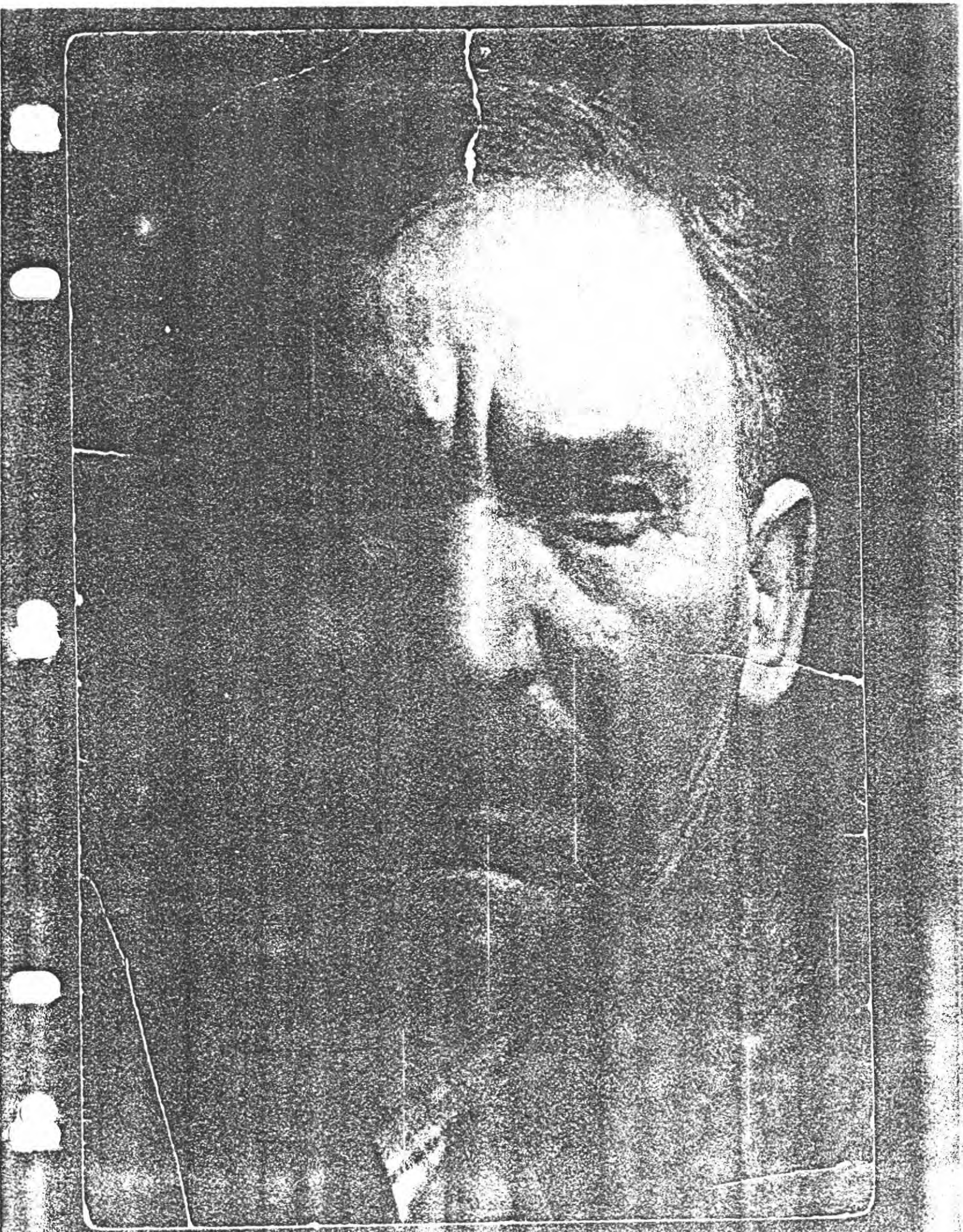
"For a long time I sat on a bench in the main part of the great hall waiting for the final test. I talked anxiously with those around me and rehearsed the answers to questions I might be asked about jobs, money and relatives. Some people said it was best to answer as fully as possible; others said it was best to say just 'Yes' or 'No'.

"Finally, I went before a tired, stern looking official who checked my name against the ship's passenger list and quickly fired questions at me: 'Can you read and write?' 'Do you have a job waiting for you?' 'Who paid your passage?' 'Have you ever been in prison?' 'How much money do you have?' 'Let me see it now.' On and on went the questions until I got more and more confused.

"Suddenly I was handed a landing card. It was hard to believe the ordeal was over in an afternoon. My fears were unfounded, the statue in the harbor had not turned her back on me. America had accepted me."

The Island is empty now and it is hard to imagine that once there were thousands of people shouting, laughing, and crying throughout the buildings. By listening hard, we may still hear the echoing sound of many languages being spoken in the now quiet halls of the 'Island of Tears'.







1924

THE FAMILY REUNITED...ALMOST

At the time I lost my job in the battery factory Mother had already arrived with David and Michael. We lived in an apartment which Father rented on the stoop floor of a brownstone house on South Tenth Street not far from the East River in Brooklyn and furnished it to suit the needs of the enlarged family of himself, Mama and the four boys. The only missing living member was Jean.

The Italian family that owned the house occupied the basement and the floors above ours. They kept the hallways and sidewalks very clean and were quiet, as we were, except on Sundays and special days when they gathered in the back yard for dinner and scores of men, women and children ate pasta and other specialties, drank home-made wine, played instruments, sang and talked in loud voices all afternoon. In time they got a player piano and occasionally we heard popular and sentimental tunes pour out of it and reverberate through the house.

In our apartment we had all the necessary facilities for cooking, eating, sleeping, washing and resting. We also had a growing collection of records to play on the newly acquired cabinet phonograph which was wound up by hand and gave out the sound through an elegant horn. Besides the initial supply, Father kept buying discs every week, including traditional, popular, classical and jazz music. We were especially thrilled by the Carusos, Shaliapins, McCormacks and some outstanding female voices whose names I no longer recall.

Somehow the reconstituted family seemed not to jell. The satisfaction at the reunion and the overt acts and expressions of pleasure were muted by the unspoken apprehension over the absence of Jean and the unarticulated yet felt changes in relations that were inevitable results from the long separations and the drastic changes in surroundings. Yet it was a happy, though brief time.

When Leon and I left for the United States Mama's tuberculosis was quite active. Although her appearance improved with rest and

nutrition, the infection remained and spread. She feared that no matter how long she waited she would not be cured. About a year after the two of us left she obtained passports for herself, David and Michael and undertook the trip to New York. When she came here she explained how she got by the medical examinations. Whenever a doctor told her to breathe in and out, she would raise and lower her chest and hold her breath. Apparently both on the European side and in America examinations were quite perfunctory and her "healthy" appearance counted for more than the stethoscope.

Ever since I remember her, Mother was an energetic and resourceful person. While Father was still with us in Luninec, she was always cooking, washing, cleaning, sewing, mending, baking, dressing the children, catering to Papa, giving advice, receiving visitors, admonishing us for our misconduct, helping with lessons, reading books and newspapers and taking part in discussions. It seemed that in our house people were always setting things right or projecting solutions for undesirable conditions and events in the world.

Even after she was left alone with the children and with the problems of dissolving the artel and satisfying the creditors, Mother always seemed like the director of a play. She was in charge. With poverty, insecurity, children's sickness, war, death and hunger, and through all the vicissitudes of our exile and wanderings she always seemed to cope, to provide, to shield us, and be ready for the next problem or crisis.

During our stay in Kiev from 1915 to 1921, she was a woman of many roles to us. She hired out as a cook to a rich family. When Aunt Lopatitskaya was laid up with a serious illness Mother took her place and ran that huge household as if she had done it all her life. As times became harder later in the war and during the revolutions, civil wars and occupations, she took whatever jobs were available,

scrounged, bartered, manipulated, to keep herself going, always fighting for the survival of her children. At times she looked like a majestic personage to me, glowing with confidence and satisfaction. At times she seemed tired, haggard and worn out.

I remember once she visited us in our "home" in Svetoshino early in 1917. We had not seen her a long time. It was one of the most severe winters on record even for that part of the world. She came in the early afternoon and spent a short time with us, leaving a package of foods which were rare during that time. Her cheeks were sunken under high cheekbones, her nose seemed large with the eyes receded in deep sockets, her complexion was ashen and strands of gray hair protruded from her shawl. We were afraid we would never see her again.

When we did see her we learned she had had pneumonia and a disease in one of those many epidemics during the war years. Time and again she bounced back, regrouped her family and faced the next struggle for survival. "We'll manage" always seemed to be her motto.

Our elation over her arrival in New York soon evaporated as her health progressively deteriorated. After a while she could no longer be cared for at home. The doctor put her in ^NMoteflore Hospital. Each visit she seemed further and further away. She kept asking for news of Jean and even when we brought her his first letter with the news that he survived, her energies were not enough to muster a feeling of happiness. The last Sunday I saw her, her lips were blue, her hair straggly and her eyes even deeper in her sockets. The next morning Shana Malka, daughter of Eliezer Pikove and Sima-Pesl Lopatitskaya, wife of Jacob Herman and mother of one daughter and six sons, a victim of man-made miseries, was dead.

For me it was a wrenching experience. On the one hand, the last few months of Mother's life were the most promising in my career thus far. On the other hand, we saw her dying, and thus the

central purpose of our coming to America dissolving into meaninglessness. After all, I could have just as well remained in familiar Kiev.

My quest for a livelihood took an unexpected and welcome twist. When I lost my job in the dry-cell battery factory I scanned the newspaper advertisements for job offers day after day with few clues and no success. One Sunday I found a small notice that a commercial studio had openings for boys (yes, only boys!) with artistic talents to make a career in advertising art. I took my drawings and sketches, dressed neatly, groomed with extraordinary care, and presented myself on the top floor of the Pocono Building on Fourth Avenue and East Nineteenth Street in Manhattan for a five o'clock appointment. Much to my amazement, about twenty other men of my age converged on the place like a pack of hungry dogs all striving for the same bone.

We were admitted into a small room without seats. Several illustration boards with sketches in pencil and wash of male and female figures were on racks against two of the walls. A tall man in a beret, with thin metal-rimmed glasses and a small bristly moustache entered and began to address us almost immediately.

As he talked I noticed one of his eyes was permanently closed. He informed us that the studios employed artists and photographers of various specialties and skills who produced illustrations for catalogues published by mail order houses in the United States and Canada. Whatever prior experience any of us had, he explained, did not matter much because the work here was specialized and could be learned by generally talented people from the artists and photographers whom he had trained and who were now doing this work. Some of the fellows nevertheless offered to show him the contents of their portfolios but he declined with a gesture that indicated a mixture of sympathy and futility.

At the end of his discourse he told us that any one interested in such a career should come back at nine the next morning and he would

be hired in the beginners job at the entry rate of thirty dollars a month. At first the work would consist of running errands between the studios and the offices of the various mail-order company art buyers in mid and lower Manhattan, to photographic and art supply stores, and to wait on the artists by keeping their water pots in clean water and getting them whatever supplies or help they required. He bade us a good day and walked out without any further comment.

Some of the youths were sullen as they walked out. Some made wry remarks about the duties, the pay, or both. A few lingered to examine the unfinished drawings of fashion figures on the racks. The boss, who introduced himself as Lewis Collins Stone, walked into the adjoining office which was divided by glass partitions and I watched him disappear through a second door of the larger office. When all the others left I followed the path taken by Mr. Stone and after crossing a hallway I came into a large room, filled with rows of drawing tables at which sat many men and a few women in artists' smocks working away on illustration boards in front of them with their pencils, brushes, erasers and air-brushes. No one paid any attention to me.

That was the place for me. Glancing furtively in all direction, I walked back to the outer office, into the vestibule and down the elevator to the street. What at first seemed a routine incident suddenly assumed cataclysmic proportion for shaping my future.

On the way home in the subway I kept weighing the advantages of taking this job despite the unattractive pay and duties, and the chances of me getting the job if any of the others at the interview also decided to show up the next morning at nine. During dinner I ate silently, fearing to ask for advice lest it be adverse and reluctant to explain the nature of the work and its prospects for fear that even if I went there I might not be hired. It was an agonizing evening and night.

By morning my mind was made up. I went straight for the BMT

subway station at Marcy Avenue where it was elevated, changed at Canal Street, got off at Union Square, walked to 19th Street, took the elevator to the top floor and presented myself at the Stone Van Dresser Company, Illustrators.

Only one other boys showed up and we were both hired. I entered a new world. This was America. Everybody spoke English. Even the few foreign artists, Seimatsu Hamachi, a Japanese, Joseph Szabo, a hungarian, and Giuseppe Guelphi, a corpulent Italian who claimed direct descent form the House of the Guelphs, and Pierre Mardrus, a Frenchman from Algeria, served to underscore the homogenous culture of the rest. Most of the artists were young men, with a few young women and a sprinkling of older professionals of both sexes. In the office there were four or five women. The photography section was staffed by men only, including a young Negro, James Allen, with whom I later became good friends, and one deaf-mute negative retoucher.

It was not hard to learn the ropes. The woman in charge of the errand boys gave me a little note book to record my dally errands and expenses, informed me of my buzzer signal - dot, dot, dash - when I was wanted, and instructed me to sit at the side of the studio until called by an artist or supervisor or summoned to the office by the two dots and a dash. She also told me that since there was already one errand boy by the name Maurice, I would henceforth be called "Herman."

For the six years I worked there I was known as Herman and even many years later people from those studios with whom I came in contact were astonished that my first name was Maurice.

It was essential to catch on to the way the head artists ran their respective departments - women's and children's fashions, men's fashions, furniture, housewares and hardware, photography, and so forth - and their wishes as far as errand boys were concerned. Soon I also knew all the artists' names and their specialties and above

all, their habits. Some liked the water in their jars changed often, some did not care, while others liked to do it themselves for the exercise. Partly used illustration boards were given us for cleaning so that they could be used again. We had kneaded erasers, art gum and hard erasers for use on various intensities of smudge or pencil marks. Pages (that was the generic name for all drawings) that were to go to a customer for evaluation were cleaned and covered with fresh transparencies. I learned many technical terms and new idioms. For instance, when I had a hard time removing deep pencil marks on a piece of board, the head of the women's fashion section told me to "apply more elbow grease." Nearly each day new words entered my vocabulary, such as "scale," "wash," "perspective," "vanishing point," "copy," "elongation," "Fuller's earth," and other nomenclature.

In about a week I went through all the stages of the process of producing a page. One of the errand boys would pick up the garments or material from a mail order house buyer's office and bring it to the appropriate department head. The chief artist would then assign it to a layout artist to make a "dummy" on a bristle board in a space the exact size of the catalogue page for which it was intended. An errand boy would then take the dummy and the clothing or goods back to the customer for approval. Every stage in the process required photostatic copies, one for the head artist so she or he could confer with the art buyer over the telephone if necessary, one for the art buyer's record in case the drawing was returned for modification, and, of course, one for the accounting office. The photostats were made in our own photo galleries on huge machines entailing negative and positive developing and finishing processes. Compared to current copying machines that was quite a primitive process.

When a dummy was approved, an errand boy would go back to the buyer, fetch it and the material, and then the head artist would

assign the page to the photographic gallery, if it was to be in photographs, or to a scaling artist who would sketch the contents of the dummy, usually by pantograph, onto a large illustration board, usually four times the size of the dummy, which when completed would be reduced to page size by the engravers for ultimate reproduction.

The head artist would assign the enlarged page to a sketch artist who then drew each figure or article to the desired verisimilitude than to a wash artist who shaded it, to a detail artist who provided the exact textures of the depicted items, a facial artist who finished the heads, an ornament artist who filled in decorations and the required hand lettering, and so forth until the page was finished to the satisfaction of the respective chiefs and, of course, ultimately met the approval of the customer's art buyer. In the case of photographic pages, they would go through the gallery where the garments or objects were photographed on models or props and then the finished prints would be mounted and retouched and the pages ornamented and finished in the art department.

As soon as I learned the routine I concentrated on practicing the individual processes and in a short time I was scaling pages, making up simple dummies, adding standard ornaments, doing lettering and similar chores on actual production pages while in my spare time I practiced wash, retouching and other skills. From time to time other young men were hired to do errands by the same method that I filled this job and the "veterans" would help break in the new initiates.

Early in July of that year 1924 I was sufficiently occupied with inside work in the studio so that I was sent on errands only when the regular boys could not handle the volume. Therefore I had to manipulate the supervisor to send me out to a customer in order that I may attend to a chore of my own choice. It all started when one of the new boys, Frank McInch, Junior promised me a treat if I arranged

for the two of us to be sent out together at about eleven in the morning so that we could go on our mission during our lunch hour. Miss Anna Soloway obliged me and gave us a delivery to the West Thirties in Manhattan, with no packages to bring back to headquarters.

After disposing of our deliveries McNinch and I each bought a bar of chocolate and a bag of fried potatoes in an Automat restaurant on Broadway (I was ignorant about proper nutrition in those days) and ran to Madison Avenue and East 26th Street, in the northeast corner of where/
Madison Square/the old Madison Square Garden was located but which has since been demolished and the New York Life Insurance building has been erected. Frank told me to stick close to him and say nothing.

At the side entrance to the Garden we were stopped by a guard who asked us for credentials. Frank wrote his name on a piece of paper and handed it to the guard with instructions to take it to the platform and deliver it personally to his father, Frank McNinch, Sr., Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, and to tell Mr. McNinch that his son was here with his assistant. Before the guard left Frank stressed that it was urgent for him to see his father. While we waited for the messenger to return, Frank whispered to me that all I had to do once we were inside was to yell "yoo-hoo, McAdoo" whenever that cry started. When we got our passes I followed Frank into the Garden and to the dais, where we met his father and other dignitaries. We retired into a corner and ate our potatoes and chocolate, with occasional interruptions to yell "you-hoo, McAdoo."

Frank explained to me that it was very important for his father that the Democrats nominate William McAdoo and that he be elected president. Besides, Al Smith and "his kind" were no good for the country anyway. All around us in Madison Square Garden, where I had never been in before, was the wildest and most grandiose scene I had ever witnessed. Thousands of millions, shouting, sweating, gesticulating

people, in seats and out of seats, waved placards and banners bearing state designations and candidates' names, such as Smith, McAdoo, and others amid bellowing microphones and shimmering flood lights that pierced through clouds of tobacco smoke and vapors in a kaleidoscopic panorama that resembled Dante's Inferno and Alice In Wonderland all in one. Since the Garden was only a ten minute walk from the studios we stayed until our lunch time was nearly over and ran back.

This was my first introduction to the American political process. Until that experience government to me was something that happened to ordinary people. It was an occasional help, but nearly always an affliction and burden which people had to bear whether imposed by a tsar, a president, a revolutionary committee, an invader or even a benign state of affairs such as we found in New York. I began to wonder how the political process worked and to what degree ordinary people, as citizens and voters, actually influenced the selection of rulers and their policies and practices. I began to read books, magazines, and newspapers especially the New York Times to which I was introduced by one of the artists and to which I have remained addicted ever since.

At the time of the Madison Square Garden incident I had been in the United States nearly fourteen months. That June I finished seventh grade in evening elementary school and when I resumed in September I was placed in 8-A, skipped in mid-term and graduated January 30, 1925. Although I was eighteen, being small and without much hair on my face, I was assumed to be an ordinary elementary school pupil who was compelled to go to work and to continue my education at night. The same was true when I later enrolled in Eastern District Evening High School that February. At work I never told anybody I was going to evening school. My English was acceptable, enough to be taken for a native, although on some occasions when I pronounced words more precisely than most New Yorkers I was ribbed as being pretentious.

I was sensitive to teasing or belittling and for that reason avoided doing anything for which I would be taken as a "foreigner." Most of my problems were when discussions turned to sports, politics, fashions, traditions and customs, especially high school and college experiences of which I had none. On those occasions I remained silent, for which I frequently earned the gratitude of more forward conversationalists. To make up for my deficiencies I read as much as I could about these subject, talked about them with Leon, with whom I began to go to baseball games in Ebbets Field and Polo Ground, and listened to major sports events on the radio over loudspeakers outside sporting goods and phonograph stores.

Some time later, when I was working inside the studio exclusively and had been given several pay increases as I progressed from one level of skill to a higher one, a discussion erupted among the artists during working hours. It was over foreign policy and the advisability for the United States government to normalize relations with the Soviet Union which three successive presidents had so far failed to recognize. Some of the participants cautiously suggested that it might be advisable to end the eight-year policy of ignoring the government of the largest country in the world. One or two even hinted that some things might be happening in Russia from which we could learn. One or two of the artists, however, kept up a relentless attack on the Soviets, on Sociali Bolshevism and on Russians in general as uncouth savages and revolutionary bomb-throwers who are out to conquer the rest of the world.

Without any premeditation, I turned to one of them and asked him had he ever been to Russia; did he have any idea of what the Russian people went through in over three years of war with Germany, three more years of civil war and invasions, famine and isolation by the rest of the world, on top of all the years of repression by the Tsar. When he snapped back with the question as to when I was there last, I

blurted out that it was a little over two years ago. He would not let up and kept pressing for more specific answers, whether it was in a dream, or did I see all that in a Pathe newsreel or a travelogue, or was my father U. S. ambassador to the court of Nicholas II. I shot back that I was in Russia when the war broke out August 1, 1914, remained there through the revolutions, civil war, invasions and the famine of 1920 and 1921, when I left and spent the following two years in nearby Poland until I came to America in May, 1923. Regardless of the kind of government they now may have, I shouted, the Russian were wonderful people, had a right to improve their living conditions, gain their freedom and create opportunities for the poor and oppressed, and that Americans should help them. This artist, Ben Wellwood, brought the debate to a hilarious conclusion by demanding that I swear to all that I have just said on a Sears, Roebuck catalogue, which was the "bible" of the advertising studios.

In the summer of 1924, although I had been with the Stone Van Dresser Company only a few months, I was given a paid vacation in accordance with their policy of giving regular employees holidays during the slow seasons. I had heard that Mother's youngest sister Dora was living in Cleveland, Ohio and I was eager to see her because I had heard of her trials and tribulations resulting from her marriage to a man who shortly after a daughter was born to them abandoned his young wife and infant and went off to America. From somebody in the family I obtained her address and decided to visit her during my vacation, especially since Grandma Sima, whom I had not seen since she came here, was living with her at the time.

Being small and slight and youthful looking, I bought a knapsack and some boy scout type hiking clothes and shoes and, with ten dollars in my pocket, crossed the Hudson River by ferry to Hoboken, New Jersey. There I began to thumb my way west. At first I got only short rides

on local trucks and cars. By nightfall I wound up in a very small Pennsylvania town called Dalton. When I asked the lone policeman about a hotel or rooming house, he told me there were none. He offered to put me up in the local jail and I slept there with my clothes on and my head resting on my knapsack. I was rather broken up by the morning and when the day policeman woke me I staggered to the nearest road diner to warm up, wash and have some breakfast.

Being by ~~know~~ off the main highways, I kept getting short rides. Winding over secondary roads I thumbed my way northward in Pennsylvania and finally reached the New York State line. Later that day a couple in a Chevrolet picked me up and took me to Penn Yan, in Upstate New York. Shortly after they took me on one of their tires blew out. The man, who was driving, seemed rather unhandy and I helped him remove the flat and replace it with his spare. He was very grateful and the couple shared their lunch with me when we resumed driving and they were even friendlier for the rest of the ride to Penn Yan.

It was a small town, famous for its speed-boat factory and for the rich surrounding farmlands. I spent the night with a farm family who displayed a sign in their window inviting tourists. Although all rooms were taken for the night, the lady of the house offered me to sleep on a couch on the porch. She had looked me over and probably had compassion for a little boy on the road and she charged me only fifty cents for the night. In the evening she called me into the family kitchen and invited me to have their home-made icecream and sponge cake with them. In the morning she served me a breakfast of stewed prunes, ham and eggs, toast and butter with jelly, and milk out of a glass pitcher. She complimented me for not drinking coffee. As I was leaving she gave me a sandwich for the road.

My next stage was a little slower. There was a lot of local traffic and I did not chance upon any long ride. By evening I reached

the town of Erie, Pennsylvania on the shore of the lake by the same name. Because of a state veterans convention being held there, all hotels and rooming houses were filled. A policeman suggested I try the YMCA. The secretary told me all rooms were taken but that they had set up cots in the gymnasium for the overflow. He asked me into his office where he invited me to join him in prayer. I paid him the dollar for the lodging and he escorted me to one of the cots arranged in log rows separated by aisles. I slept like a log.

The next morning I thumbed my way along the shore of Lake Erie and reached Cleveland at about noon. Naturally, I had to identify myself since Aunt Dora last saw me in 1912, when I was five. Grandma Sima, who would have known me, was taking a nap in a back room. Jack, Dora's new husband, never saw me before and neither did their second daughter Roslyn, who was born in Cleveland. The older daughter, Sarah, was one or two when she stopped with her mother in Luninec.

I was an instant hit. They were all glad to get live news from everybody in New York, since they lived in Cleveland virtually incommunicado, except for the recent arrangement with Mother's and Dora's oldest sister in Brooklyn who consented to lend them Grandma Sima for a while. By tacit understanding, the family never spoke of the "Dora affair" except in the strictest privacy of a tête-a-tête. As I pieced it together from various sources, Aunt Dora was living in Minsk at the time her mate deserted her and her child. When she heard our father was going to America she came to Luninec and made the voyage to New York with him in search of her errant husband.

Once in New York, she started the search and meanwhile stayed in Brooklyn with her older brother who was, of course, also my mother's brother. One of the men who helped her look for her husband was her nephew Jack who was single and about her age. There was a mutual attraction and, without benefit of divorce from her missing spouse,

they eloped. Much intrigue ensued, bedeviled by claims and counter-claims, charges and counter-charges and disappearances. Then the trail becomes somewhat hazy. In any event, whether by divorce, annulment, or simple disregard of some of the formalities, Aunt Dora and Jack were married. At the time I visited them they ran a thriving grocery business and lived in five rooms in back of the store. When Grandma Sima came to visit them there was a tacit understanding that everybody would maintain silence about the past.

I arrived in Cleveland just at the right time. The two girls were on school vacation for the summer with no plans to go away. A municipal swimming pool was just opened in the neighborhood. I spent a pleasant week with them, swimming in the pool where I showed off my diving, first from the low spring board then from the high one, rowing in Lake Erie, walking and picnicking in the parks, visiting the library and whatever museums and exhibitions were available.

Grandma Sima engaged me in long conversations, questioning me repeatedly about everyone in New York and interspersing the talks with her own reminiscences which I always enjoyed. She was very jittery about Mama's health and although I kept reassuring her that Mother was improving she brought it up again and again. Her attempts to pump me about the "Dora affair" met with glassy stares and stony silence on my part, although she sought to tempt me into a dialogue by offering a few pieces of gossip.

It was in Cleveland where I was first introduced to peanut butter and jelly sandwiches on white package bread and to other kinds of Middle-Western fare. Sarah was critical of my vocabulary, pronunciation and intonations and corrected me, tactfully but firmly, whenever I made an error. While her aim undoubtedly was to polish the crude edges in my upbringing, I could detect a desire at the same time to establish her authority and to exert some domination over me.

When I announced that I was going to hitch-hike back to New York, Aunt would hear none of it. She insisted that I accompany Grandma Sima by train to New York, since she was getting restless and wanted to visit her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren in the East. I safely delivered Grandma to the home of her oldest daughter, our Aunt Sarah, in Brooklyn after a long train ride during which she plied me with questions and reminiscences and grievances from the time she was left a little orphan girl in Stolin about eighty years ago. I regret that tape recorders were not available to me then.

The following summer I again visited Cleveland during my vacation. By then I was a seasoned hitch-hiker. Before leaving I laid out my proposed route on a road map and made it in two days, with only one over-night stay in a town called McDonald, just west of Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania. I stayed in a farm house that displayed a sign "Guests" and was kept awake a good part of the night by the incessant chirping of crickets and the intermittent noise of the nearby highway.

My second stay in Cleveland was also pleasant. Sarah was more mature and acted coquettish at times, which I disregarded. I enjoyed reading aloud to each other, swimming in the pool, the outdoor concerts in Hyde Park and Shakespearean Gardens and the other activities we shared. Before my stay was over our mutual cousin Murray Palmer dropped in on the way from Chicago. He spent a day or two with us and then he and I returned to New York, ostensibly by train but actually we both hitch-hiked and were back in two days.

Sarah is now living in Chicago where she and her husband are retired from their respective careers. She has three daughters and several grandchildren. We saw her only once in all that time after my visits to Cleveland. That was in 1940 when she came to visit Lora and Jack who were living in Brooklyn for a while. Grandma Sima died at the age of 88. Less and I visited Jack in Miami, Florida, on

our way back from Kingston, Jamaica, W.I. where we visited Celia and Harry Hemmerich, who was with the United Nations Caribbean Mission office at the time. Jack was in his eighties then and had been a widower for some time. His daughters, sons-in-law, grandchildren and great-grandchildren visit him regularly during the winter. While in Florida Bess and I visited with some friends we made during our subsequent airline activities.

It was while I was working in Stone Van Dresser that Mother died. When I visited her in the hospital I would tell her about my progress at becoming an illustrator and she was very pleased that it was possible in America to receive wages for something, such as drawing and painting, which one ordinarily does for its own sake. I also explained to her that I was attending evening high school (which was to her like a "gymnasial") and that I would graduate when I completed the four-year course while earning my living in the day time. It did not turn out that way. During the first year in evening high school I was exposed to a great deal of overtime in the studio at the height of the season and I began to absent myself from classes and finally dropped out.

When I later realized that knowledge of the world, its history, the various peoples who inhabit it, the arts, sciences, technologies and wisdom developed by succeeding generations, the past, current and potential future conflicts caused by rivalries and misunderstanding, the aspirations of individual human beings, and understanding are essential if one is to have a full, interesting and useful life, I became an avid student. I attended lectures, participated in discussions, read a great deal and wherever I found myself and whatever I did, I inquired, researched, analysed and learned.

Shortly after Mother died we moved to Eastern Parkway, also in Brooklyn. About a month later Father remarried and his new wife moved in. All four of us were quite hostile. David and Michael, who were

still in elementary school, adjusted in silence and by submission to the new regime. The four brothers developed a closer relationship by sharing activities. We took walks together, visited the public library and museum nearby, went to the movies, played ball in the park or on the street and read aloud. I bought a bible and on Sunday mornings or other days when there was no school or work we read from it so as to get a better understanding of American culture, which at that time seemed to center on the Scriptures.

Leon too had been more or less steadily employed and was attending day or evening high school depending on his jobs. In 1925 or 1926 he went to work for the Long Island Lighting Company as a line installer along Sunrise Highway in Nassau County, reaching as far East as Massapequa. He used the distance of his job as an excuse to get a room in Jamaica, Queens and left home. Shortly after that I made my move. I had become friendly with a young artist by the name of John Rosmini, whose parents lived in Ozone Park, Queens. One day he told me he was tired of daily commuting to Manhattan and persuaded me to take a room with him in the Yorkville Section. On a week-end, while Father and his wife were out, I packed my few belongings, advised David and Michael to tell them what I had done if they asked, and moved to Lexington Avenue and East 88th Street where Mrs. Eckhardt ran a modest rooming house in a three-story brownhouse. At last I was taking on the world on my own.

My job was becoming more interesting and gradually more remunerative. By sharing a room with Rosmini I was able to support myself and to save part of my wages for future needs. John was a little older than me, was further advanced in his career and was quite ambitious to earn more money. He solicited work on the outside and during slow periods in our own studio he brought illustrations and lettering work home and shared some of the excess with me. One season we did a lot

of work for the telephone company directory yellow pages and earned extra. John was also more sophisticated. He taught me to dress like an elegant adult of the period, although I never took to it and remained a rather careless clothes carrier most of my life. I resumed ice-skating, which he also did quite well. He taught me to play tennis and billiards. He was handsome and flirtatious and often persuaded me to go along on dates with young women, in the course of which I acquired some ability to dance, to conform to conventional table manners in elegant or bourgeois restaurants and, despite Prohibition, to drink alcoholic beverages. These were supplied in clandestine package stores and in "speakeasies" throughout the 1920s, until Repeal. It was John Rosmini who introduced me to the awful tobacco habit and taught me how to smoke cigarettes.

With the stimulus of sharing a room with another aspiring Artist I began to do more sketching, water color and oil painting. Whenever we had an opportunity John and I enrolled in art classes where I acquired some knowledge of anatomical, still life and landscape representation and composition. Since many of the artists in our studio engaged in fine arts in their spare time, we held occasional group exhibits in the studio, and once, from January 28 to February 9, 1929, fifteen of us took part in a group exhibit at the Art Center, 65 East 56th Street in Manhattan. We received quite favorable press notices. Several of my aquarelles and oils were bought.

Just before Mother died we heard from Jean. He had made his way to France. Father sent him passage and affidavits for entry. But by the time arrangements were completed Jean was past his twenty-first birthday, which meant that he had to wait for the immigration quota with uncertainty as to how soon he might be permitted to enter. In order to expedite his entry, Father tried to arrange for Jean to go either to Canada or Cuba, where entry was easier, and then to

get him into the United States from one of these countries. When he learned that Mother died, Jean gave up efforts to come here and settled in France, where he had acquired semi-legal status, found steady employment and became fully conversant in French.

Whenever a letter came from Jean I would keep his address and write to him. His locations kept changing from Belgium to St. Nazaire, France, to Angoulême, to Paris, and finally to Bordeaux. After a while he began to write me in French and suggested that I do the same so that when I came to visit him I would have better command of the language. That was a startling idea. We had been conditioned by circumstances and the facts of our lives to expect that some day, somehow he would join us here. But the reverse?

The idea of going to France became an obsession with me. That prospect provided me with an even stronger incentive to save part of my earnings. Meanwhile John Rosmini got married and the couple took an apartment, leaving me alone in the furnished room which meant my rent would have doubled. Instead, I teamed up with my cousin Murray Palmer who was rooming alone at that time while attending the College of the City of New York where he later received a degree in chemical engineering. He was a great improviser and a wizard at making do. In order to support himself while going to college he acquired the knack of locating jobs with the right hours, in the most convenient locations and with the best opportunity to study. His father and mother were still living in Lodz and he had visited them several times during summer recesses. My puzzlement on how he could afford such travel on a student's income was answered when he explained that he worked on merchant ships on which passage was not only free but where he earned wages to boot.

During the Easter recess that year he showed me how that was done. The slow season in the studios overlapped East^{er} that year and I took

my three weeks' vacation at that time. Murray and I went to the waterfront, walked along the docks and inquired from the ships' crews where they were sailing to and had they openings. It was towards the end of the first day of our search, when we had almost given up, when I heard a voice with a Hispanic accent yell to us "American boys, American boys" and I saw a man beckon to us from the gangplank. He asked us were we interested in sailing to Puerto Rico the next morning. Without waiting for our reply he escorted us to the ship's saloon where the purser began to sign us up, Murray as a deck steward and me as a bellboy. The purser, an anglo-Saxon, explained with a trace of sarcasm that they could not get clearance for the S.S. Coamo to sail because as a vessel subsidized by the United States Shipping Board, a 1923 Maritime Law required it to carry at least fifty percent U.S. crews.

We reported at six the next morning, were issued uniforms and were turned over to our respective supervisors who instructed us as to our duties and gave us that morning's assignments. And so in the forenoon of a snowy, cold March day we started on our four-day voyage to San Juan. The sea was rough. We were barely out of the Lower Bay when my recently consumed meal refused to remain in its assigned place and I had to run repeatedly to the deck railing. That slowed up my service to the passengers, many of whom also had the mal de mer. Tom Harris, the chief deck steward, noticed my predicament. He advised me to go to the galley, help myself to some limes, cut them in half and keep them in my pocket. By sucking them whenever I felt nauseous the lime juice saved my seaman's career on this first professional voyage.

After two days the seas calmed. More passengers showed up on deck and nearly all seats were occupied in the salon at mealtimes, where the waiters no longer had to wet the table cloths to keep the plates from sliding with the swaying of the ship. In deference to the

tropics, we were issued white uniforms. I had little or no discomfort the remaining days and was able to bring^{drinks/}to passengers in their suites, take clothes to the valet for cleaning and pressing, help serve bouillon, tea or cocoa on the sun deck, page passengers for whom mail or telegrams arrived, and generally perform all the little services expected of a diligent bell hop.

In San Juan the weather was balmy. We got time off to go ashore. It was a drab little city at that time, at least the port area where we visited, with its dirty streets, unkempt shops and poorly clad people, some even without shoes. In the outskirts there were no houses at all but low shacks without windows stood in uneven rows with half-naked children and women in rags roaming in the alleys or lounging about in front of the doorless entrances. There was nothing like it even in the worst neighborhood of New York and I was not to see such sights again until 1930 when Hoovervilles sprang up during the Depression. One of the days in Puerto Rico we took a bus ride to the interior and saw some of the beauties of the island.

I found out that we had taken this island from the Spaniards who had conquered it four hundred years earlier and imposed their rule, language and religion on the natives and the black slaves they brought there from Africa. Somehow the possession of such a colony did not square with my idea of American democracy and the concepts of freedom I had just studied in school in New York. The Puerto Rico experience was another of the facts of American life that filled the reality of the United States which gradually entered my perception.

When we returned to New York the studio was still slow, so I asked for and received an additional week off and made a second trip on the S. S. Coamo to San Juan without my cousin. After the twenty-eight day stint on the ship I had the extra money earned on the trips and was in possession of a U. S. Seaman's Continuous Discharge Book

with which I was ready for my subsequent crossings of the Atlantic.

We had a very busy season in the studio in the spring and early summer of 1927. We worked a lot of overtime evenings, all day Saturday and even a few Sundays. My rate of pay was higher and even at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for the overtime I was able to build up my savings.

The first slow week Murray and I began to visit the waterfront and after a day or two we were hired on the M. S. Gisla, he as an officers' steward and I as an ordinary seaman. The first day before sailing we loaded provisions from the dock to the ship. After carrying 150-pound bags of potatoes, crates of vegetables, boxes of canned food, and other items for the better part of the afternoon I fell exhausted on the mattress of a bunk assigned to me and slept right through until awakened at about six in the morning on the high seas.

It was the first morning at sea that I learned how limited was my sailing experience. The sleeping accommodations provided for the engine room and deck crews on most foreign registry vessels was a mattress on a metal bunk. I had assumed that all ships would be like the passenger ship S. S. Coamo. On the M. S. Gisla each seasoned seaman brought his own blankets, linen, pillows and towels. All I had was my clothes, toilet articles, a camera, writing and sketching materials and a few books. Kind seamen contributed spare items for the trip so I could sleep with a degree of comfort.

For the deck crew the routine on board was simple. We rose at about six, had breakfast of coffee and bread with margarine and turned to at seven. There were breaks in the forenoon and afternoon, during which the bos'n sent one of us to the galley to fetch a pot of coffee, for which canned milk, sugar, bread and margarine were provided in the mess hall. Lunch was at noon and most days it consisted of lobscous, a kind of hash prepared from the previous night's dinner, as the main course. In the evening we were given soup, a main dish

usually cooked dried cod or meat served with boiled potatoes and a boiled vegetable. There was always coffee and bread and margarine.

Our work ranged from dull to body wrenching. The first day we chipped rust on the deck, using a hammer and chisel, wire brushes, steel wool and emery cloth. To get into all nooks and crannies we had to haunch, lie, crouch, stretch, wriggle, kneel, curl up or bend. Then we went through the entire repertoire of maintenance, such as painting, swabbing decks, polishing brass, repairing chains, splicing cables and lines, patching canvasses, repairing defective wooden parts and inspecting the masts, smoke stack and ventilators. We were on duty about ten hours. There was no day off at sea. None of the crew members discussed the work or took exception to any arrangements. Conversations centered on experiences in previous ports, on some unusual adventure on a former voyage, or simply ribbing one another.

A few days out at sea a mate came down to the crew quarters at meal time and announced that the skipper wanted to know was there any hand who could play chess. I hesitated at first and then, when no one else responded, I said I was a chess player. He asked my name and left. That afternoon, while we were helping the deck engineer replace some lines on the mast, the bos'n told me to drop what I was doing and report to the captain on the bridge.

The captain's chart room was unusually elegant, with panelled walls, shiny brass fittings, a thick carpet on the deck, fine pieces of furniture, and curtains over the windows. The captain was sitting at a wide table with a chess board and chessmen in front of him. He bid me sit opposite him and we chose sides. We played three games that afternoon of which I won one. Although he played intently, we managed some conversation, in the course of which I learned that this ship was originally built for Henry Ford as his Peace Ship, which the American automobile magnate sailed to the warring countries of Europe

In his efforts to end World War 1 by a negotiated peace before the United States joined the conflict. He asked me whether I would like to learn navigation and offered to allow me to spend some time with the mates and quartermasters on duty to learn to box the compass, steer, and read charts. Although the captain, all officers and most of the crew were Norwegians, they all spoke English.

My visits to the bridge to play chess and study seamanship made the Atlantic crossing much more pleasant after that and reduced the physical strain on me. The mates showed me the various shipping lanes used by vessels in the North Atlantic which were traced on navigation maps and taught me the directional names of the 360 degrees on the compass, such as North, NNE by North, NNE, and so forth. After a while one of them let me steer the ship and I thought I was doing fine because the needle on the compass kept showing I was on course. Then he told me to look back. The wake behind the stern was like a succession of esses. He explained that "making a snake" wasted fuel and made the voyage longer and that it was caused by constant shifting of direction. When he took over the wheel the wake straightened out and was almost a direct line to the horizon. He showed me how to avoid snakes.

Our first port was Queenstown (now Cobh), Ireland, where we remained only a few hours and had no shore leave. Then we docked in Oslo, Norway where we had a few hours ashore and witnessed the white night. When we reached Copenhagen, Denmark we were told that the ship would remain in port between two and four days. We asked for an advance in pay and then Murray and I left the S. B. Gisle without formal permission. Our consciences were assuaged by our belief that the captain must have been glad to be rid of us and to replace us with professional Norwegian seamen. We assumed that we were taken on because of a loss of crewmen due to illness or desertion.

In Copenhagen where the streets seemed invaded by armies of bicyclists, we had our first meal on land since we left New York, we walked in the main streets and saw some of the sights, and then took a train to the Continent. We parted in Kiel, Murray going on the Berlin and from there to Lodz, and I to Paris. We made up to meet at a designated place in Berlin at the end of the summer.

1. Press notices of exhibition by The Fifteen, January 28 to February 9, 1929
2. Catalogue of Exhibition of Paintings by The Fifteen at the Art Center, 65 East 56th Street, New York, N. Y., and one additional press notice.
3. Reproduction of water colors and oil paintings by Maurice.
4. More reproductions.
5. More reproductions
6. More reproductions
7. Photograph of Flatiron Building at the intersection of Broadway, Fifth Avenue and East 23rd Street, Manhattan taken in 1923 when Stone Van Dresser moved from that building to the Pocono Building on Fourth Avenue and East 19th Street where Maurice was employed.

MAURICE WITH SEIPATSO
HAMMACH AT STONE VAN
DRESSER CO. IN 1925



ART CENTER BULLETIN - JANUARY

"The Fifteen," who will exhibit here for two weeks beginning January 28th, promise an outstanding event at the Art Center this season. They are a group of painters who, although with individual tendencies for style and choice of subject, have several things in common. Whether by choice or incident, they all paint in their leisure moments independently of pecuniary motives. That is, no member of the group relies directly or solely on painting for a livelihood. They are not ruled by any obligation to paint in quantities adequate to assure them a steady income from such work. Because of this they are not hindered in following their own likings and put their ideas on the canvas in whatever manner they choose. It is this circumstance, or rather conviction, that brought them together previously in private shows and now for their first public exhibition. Although many of the members figured in various exhibits before, as a group this is the first public debut. "The Fifteen" represent a particular vein in American painting of today.

THE WORLD: SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1929.

Varied Attractions Brighten Art Centre

Paintings of Arctic and Antarctic scenes by Frank Wilbert Stokes fill the main gallery of the Art Centre with memories of proud adventure, the subjects from the time of Peary to the exploits of Byrd. In some of these experiences, both north and south, the painter had part. His canvases make perpetual these awesome memories and express them beautifully.

Another gallery of paintings represents a group known as "The Fifteen," composed of members who do not rely on painting for a livelihood and who have the single purpose of giving their art tendencies free expression. Their work is original and varied with good underlying quality, which may be said also of the contributors to the Opportunity Gallery, now filled with selections of youthful work chosen by Max Weber. The City Gardens Club provides a home setting for all, with green plants, flowers in blossom and other suggestions of winter gardening in town. **N.Y. WORLD FEB. 2, 1929**

PAINTINGS BY
THE FIFTEEN
JAN. 28—FEB. 9
ART CENTER
65 E. 56th ST.

An exhibition of a group of painters who call themselves "The Fifteen" opened at the Art Center today. None of the group relies solely upon painting for a livelihood and it was this circumstance that brought them together. The exhibition at the Art Center is their first collective exhibition, although each artist has displayed his work at various times in other exhibitions.

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1929

A Group Shows

A group of fifteen young artists, a society known as "The Fifteen," is holding an exhibition at the Art Center. The names are new to the exhibition field, but there is sufficient talent in the group to warrant the possibility of greater familiarity with them in the future. "The Pink Chair" and "Interior" by Roy Gordon are capital bits of composition, quite as interestingly painted as designed, showing both spontaneity and an element of style. Herman Oxhandler is another whose work, characterized by simplicity and good color, is also appealing. An interest in the linear aspects of design is seen in the industrial landscape painted by A. W. Schwartz, whose dockyard impression is so subtly expressive of quiet reticence and precision. Other interesting examples are Martin Feldman's "Woman and Blue Book" and the solidly painted "Still Life," showing nice feeling for texture and quality of color, by Maurice Golubov.

THE NEW YORK TIMES SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1929.

The exhibition of paintings by The Fifteen at the Art Centre reveals some of the trials and fruits of modernism. Among these is a still life by Maurice Golubov in which apples possess great reality and solidity. Laird Easton's "Portrait of a House" has an illustrative quality that his other pictures lack. Maurice Hermann's "Bubble, Book and Cup," quite modern in technique, has real charm. A still life by A. Schenker is an interesting study of white against white. A. W. Schwartz chooses neither still life nor portraiture; his interest is in the picturesque ugliness of "Dyckman Hollow" and "Coal Yard on the River."—Through Feb. 9.

ART CENTER
65 EAST 56th STREET

at the

1929

JANUARY 28
FEBRUARY 9

THE FIFTEEN

BY
PAINTINGS
OF
EXHIBITION.
TO ATTEND THE
You are invited

LAIRD EASTON

1. Barns
2. Portrait of a House
3. Landscape
4. Corner of Room
5. Ann
6. Study of a Head

MARTIN FRIEDMAN

7. Woman and a Blue Book
8. Interior
9. View Across River
10. Composition

MAURICE GOLUBOV

11. Still Life
12. Landscape
13. Still Life
14. Self Portrait

ROY GORDON

15. The Pink Chair
16. Still Life with Egg
Loaned by Florence Storer Stone
17. Landscape
18. Interior
19. Still Life

MAURICE HERMANN

20. Astoria Backyard
21. Bubble, Book and Cup
22. Hector—Portrait

SAMUEL KIPNISS

23. Portrait of Stella
24. Still Life
25. Portrait

HERMAN OXHANDLER

26. Empty Barns
27. Portrait
28. An Old Tree
29. Vespers

JULIUS PROTAS

30. The Red Barn
31. Portrait
32. Composition No. 1.
33. Composition No. 2.

LOUIS S. PULLMAN

34. Interior
35. Portrait
36. Still Life
37. Nude
38. Nude

HENRI RICHARD

39. Portrait of Mrs. R.
40. Portrait Study

A. SCHENKER

41. Self Portrait
42. Still Life
43. Still Life

A. W. SCHWARTZ

44. Two Bridges
45. Dyckman Hollow
46. Coalyard on the River

FRANCES E. STONE

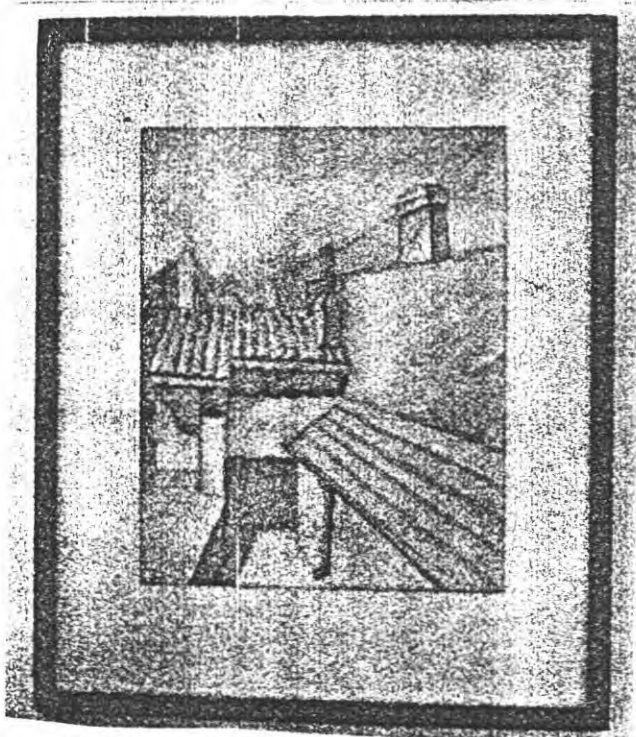
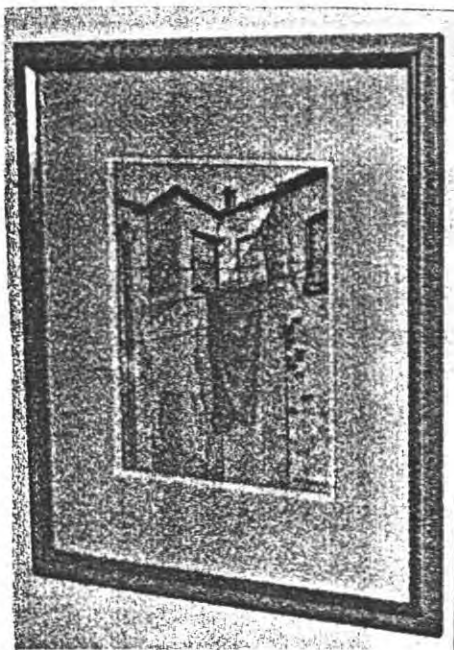
47. Still Life
48. Nudes
49. Blue Lady
50. Still Life
51. Portrait
52. Still Life

New York Evening Post

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1929

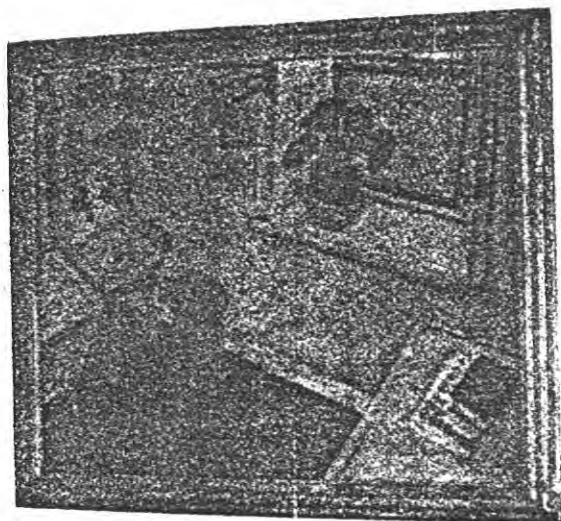
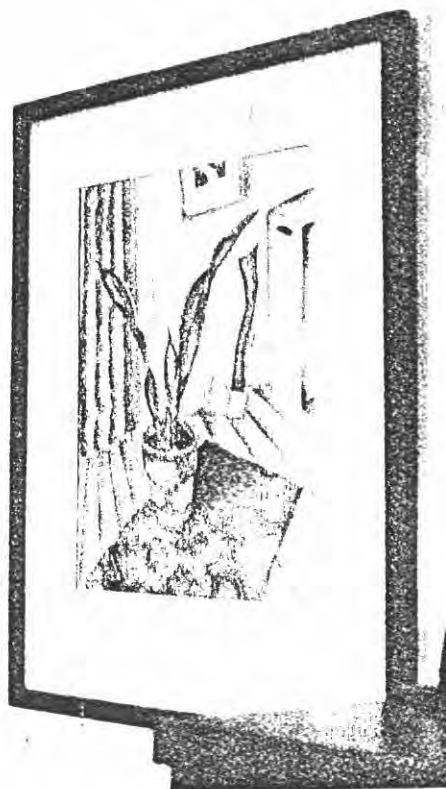
Fifteen artists at the Art Center are holding an exhibition of paintings. Although it is an unpretentious show, it indicates that many of this group may be seen in future exhibitions. Roy Gordon, Herman Oxhandler, A. W. Schwartz, Maurice Golubov and Maurice Herman are some of the names which appear with honors upon this roster.

Palmer



To Murray Palmer

To Leon Lewis



LEON



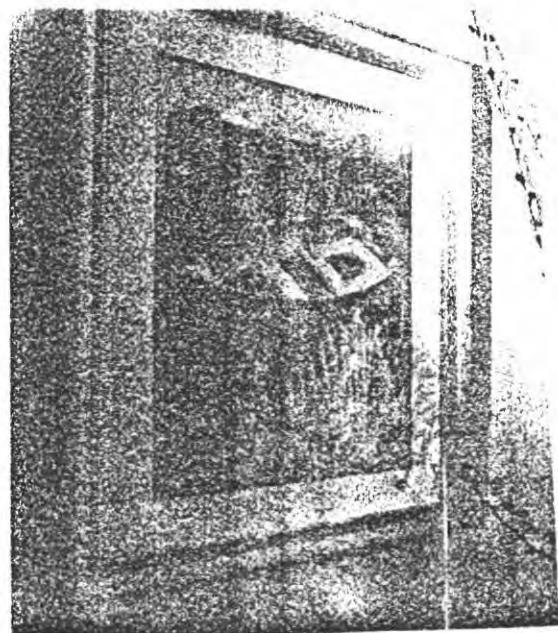
To Augusta



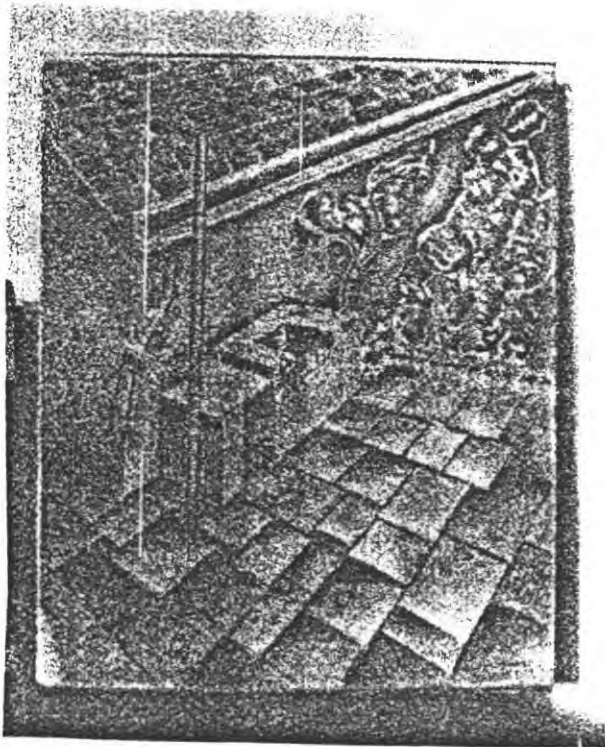
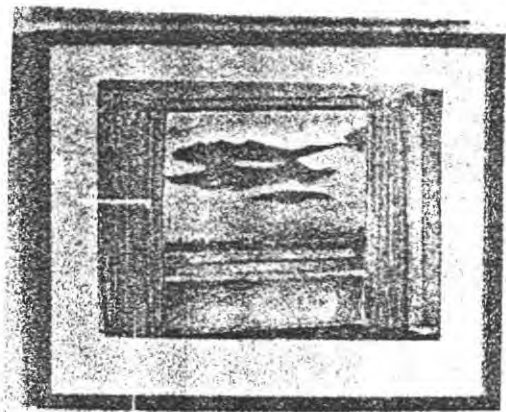
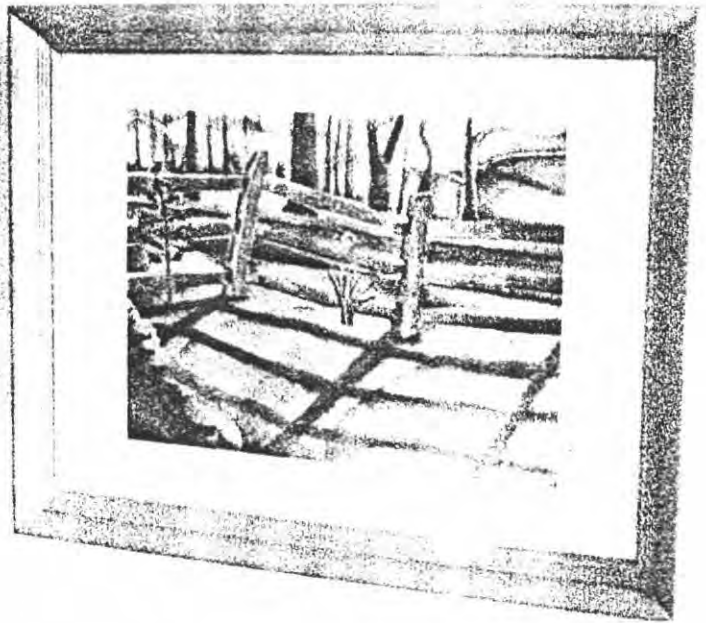
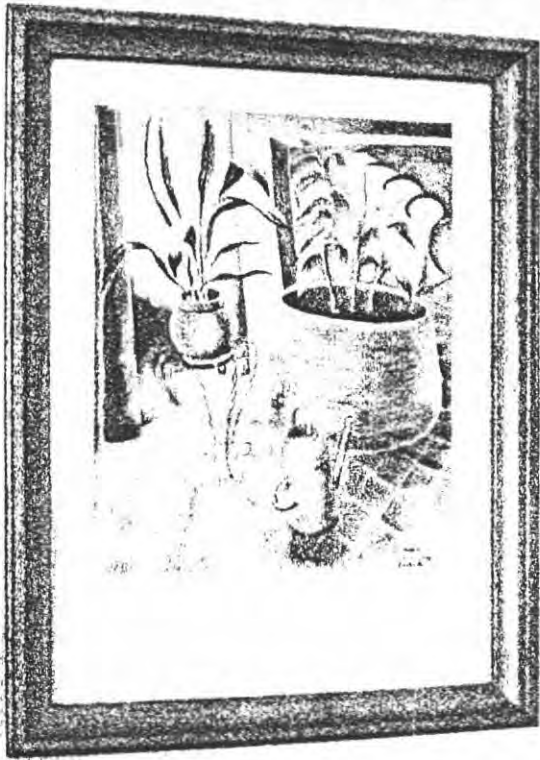
Palmer



To Phil Robbins

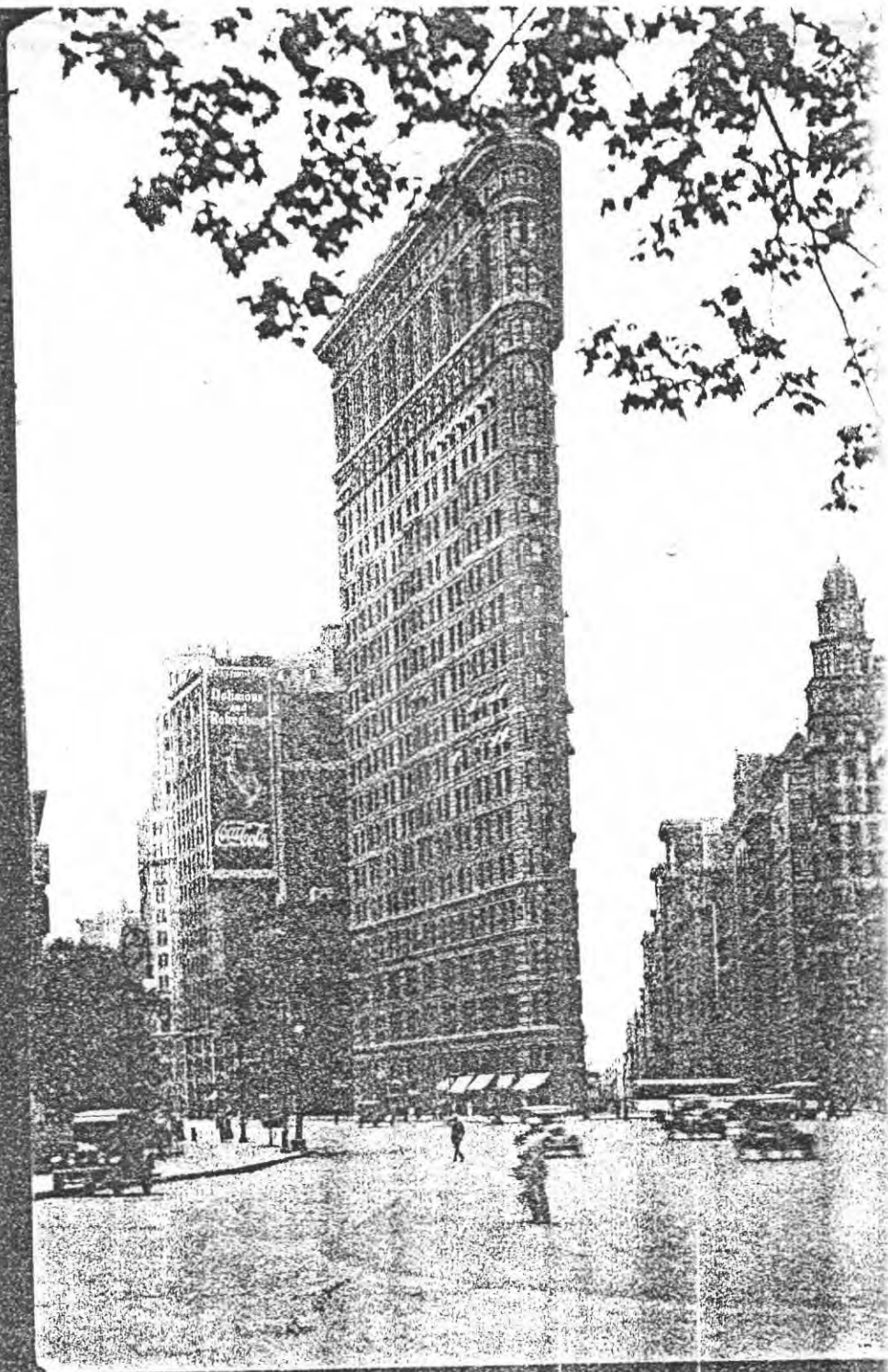


to Augusta



To Robbinses





FRANCE

When I reached Paris Jean was no longer at the address I used to write to him there. Luckily I took along his most recent letter in which he gave me the names and address of a Russian emigré couple whom I should contact in the event he was not at his place. The young man was a musician and his wife a university student. They lived in a small furnished room. Jean met them when he came up from Charante earlier that year with the intent to establish himself in Paris, but could not obtain a police residence permit because he lacked a steady job. He went to Bordeaux, where some one in the Caille family recommended him for a job with Raoul Pictet et Cie. chemical works in the Bastide. I wrote to him at the address he left with the couple and informed him I would stay in Paris two weeks and then visit him.

Paris was a land of marvels and delights. My first visit made me a life-long Francophile. I rode all Metro routes and many buses, which in those days had mostly rear entrances and a conductor taking fares, walked all the Grands Boulevards and the entire length of Champs Elysees, visited the Louvre, Tour Eiffel, museums, galleries, monuments and parks, and roamed over hundreds of side streets, alleys and courtyards. On the Left Bank, after visiting Notre Dame and other sites on Ile de la Cite and Ile St. Louis, I discovered a little street with the off name La Rue du Chat Qui Peche that was too narrow for vehicles to pass and had no houses on it except the rears of buildings on adjoining streets. I breakfasted on cafe au lait with brioches or croissants in a different cafe each morning. For lunch I stopped in prix fixes restaurants at between three or four francs, vin compris, in working class sections. Evenings I usually bought a baguette and cheese and ate in the hotel room or on a park bench, or stopped in a cafe where I ordered the daily special.

I felt rich. The French franc at that time was 25 to one

American dollar. Most days I got by with one dollar or less, including newspapers, picture cards and cigarettes. (Yes, I confess that After acquiring this awful habit from John Rosmini I fortified it on the ships and only rid myself of this tobacco addiction in 1943, after doing great damage to my respiratory system and my health generally.)

When I reached Bordeaux I walked across the Pont de Pierre to La Bastide and went straight to 12 Rue Ste. Marie, which was up one block from L'Eglise Ste. Marie on Avenue Thiers. Madame Billot was alone at home. She welcomed me with rather excessive cordiality and then called her sister Emma who was across the hall sewing garments. They explained that Jean would be home for lunch about noon. In the meantime we chatted more or less one-sidedly due to my caution in choosing French words. Justine Billot spoke slowly and pronounced words clearly, but Emma talked very fast and I had to remind her repeatedly "pas si vite" so that I could make sense of what she was saying. Later she turned out to be the best teacher because she liked to show off her knowledge, but I still had to slow her down quite often.

It was six years since we said good bye to Jean in the border town jail. Neither of us could suppress our tears. He jumped off his bicycle, let it drop to the pavement, hugged me and kissed me and kept repeating "mon petit frere Maurice, mon petit frere Maurice" even though by then I was taller than him.

After lunch he took me to his room across the tracks that he rented from Madame Duputz. It was one flight up and had a small terrace facing the courtyard and a vegetable garden beyond it. I later made a water color sketch of the scene and it hangs in our apartment. I also painted a portrait of Jean in oil on that visit. He borrowed an extra bed and made both of us quite comfortable sleeping there. Other facilities were rather primitive with a wash basin and pitcher in the room, a W.C. in the yard and weekly baths in bains publiques.

Our reunion celebration was on the Fourteenth of July weekend during which we observed my arrival, Jean's birthday, Emma and Jacques' wedding anniversary, American Independence Day and the Fall of the Bastille. We started modestly with a meal prepared by Emma and several bottles of white wine bought by Jean. As the afternoon wore on, Jacques and Jean began to compete for the honor of who can furnish the most boissons. First one went down to the Bar Barsac across the street and came back with two more litres of supposedly fine vintage, then the other went on an expedition, each in turn boasting that the vin blanc he brought was superior to the previous one. On the first working day all three of them left for work and I remained behind with an enormous hang-over. To quench my thirst I walked out on the veranda where neat rows of tomatoes were ripening on sheets spread on the floor. I picked out the initial "M" from the row of tomatoes and felt much better after consuming them. To appease the irate Madame Duputz we duplicated the initial with other tomatoes, weighed them and paid for my "purchase."

Jean was working in the chemical plant where they were processing sulphuric acid and gases for use in the vineyards and wineries of the region. It was an old plant that was neither efficient nor safe. He showed me all the problems when he took me there after lunch one day shortly after I acquired a bicycle. Nevertheless he liked the work because it was interesting, the director was a pleasant and sympathetic person, the wages were adequate for his subsistence and, of course, it provided him with the steady employment indispensable for a work permit.

At the first opportunity Jean recounted his adventures after we left him for our clandestine crossing of the border to Poland. He was taken back to Kiev. En route he contracted typhus. He was delirious during most of the trial, after which he was sentenced to death for aiding the illegal crossing of the border and for plotting to desert from the Red Army. The three judges ordered him confined to the

hospital until he recovered sufficiently to face the firing squad.

The night nurse at the hospital was very sympathetic to Jean from the outset. She tended to him as best she could under existing circumstances in war-torn Russia. After he was sentenced he confided in her and grimly joked about not curing him too fast because he can only continue to live as long as he remains sick.

During the night another typhus patient died. Although considerably different in stature and appearance, the deceased was about Jean's age. The nurse switched documents, reported Jean's demise and the other man's recuperation. She expedited Jean's discharge from the hospital early in the morning and escorted him to her house.

Jean now had a new name and documents to prove it. But neither he nor the nurse had any idea where the typhus victim came from, what he did, whether he had a family who would come looking for him once they learned that he was presumably discharged. They were both becoming increasingly apprehensive. When he applied for a job and received a quizzical look or was asked probing questions, Jean feared he was suspected. Any one walking behind them on the street would make them think they were being followed. If neighbors whispered when he passed them he feared he would be denounced. They found they could not go on with this uncertainty hanging over them and decided to get away. Jean would make his way to Rumania and she would follow him when he became established there.

Jean succeeded in crossing the border to Rumania and presented himself to one of the refugee camps there. There were tens of thousands of Russian emigrés in Rumania and in other countries on Russia's borders who were cared for by local and international agencies. That was an advantage as far as immediate needs were concerned. But the influx of so many able-bodied people of various

occupations looking for work made the competition for jobs fierce, especially for one like Jean with limited skills.

When he saw an advertisement at one of the refugee camps for workers to reconstruct war-damaged facilities in Belgium, Jean signed up and soon found himself in a sealed car of a train bound for Antwerp. On the train he became acquainted with a former tsarist soldier who was taken prisoner by the Germans. This man, Jacques Dmitrinko, had vacillated between repatriating or remaining abroad. Meanwhile he was plying his carpenter trade in various parts of Eastern and Central Europe and developing a growing reluctance to go home, from which recent reports of worsening famine conditions and horrendous tales of Bolshevik rule circulated in the emigre circles in which he moved and in the hostile press of Russia's anti-Communist neighbors. So, Jacques took on another assignment, still further away from his native land, and gave himself more time to make a choice. Dmitrinko's main asset was a complete set of carpenter tools. He took a liking to Jean and offered to lend him some of his tools so that Jean could claim he was a carpenter.

In Antwerp they were placed in a camp and hired as repair crews to rebuild docks and facilities in the harbor damaged in the German invasion and subsequently deteriorated by neglect through four years of war. Jean quite successfully masqueraded as a carpenter thanks to his own deftness and Jacques' guidance and helpful tutelage.

When the work in Antwerp gave out the itinerant workers were notified they were no longer welcome in Belgium. Another notice informed them that the French port of St. Nazaire in Brittany needed reconstruction and would accept building craftsmen. They signed up. From there they went to La Rochelle. In each place when the work was finished the welcome mat was withdrawn, but miraculously another notice appeared proclaiming work was available in some other location

damaged by the war. Their next stop was in Angoulême, Charente, where the railroad and storage facilities were suffering from long neglect.

After signing up at the job location Jean and Jacques secured room and board with Madame Caille, a widow with four daughters who provided for her family by catering to transient workers. The nature of her business facilitated the gradual fulfillment of the need for her daughters to find suitable mates. Her oldest, Justine, married a "cheminot," a railroad engineer by the name of Emile Billot who used to stay in Madame Caille's boarding house on his layovers in Angoulême. The second daughter, Marie, married M. Billot's fireman, Paull Belly. Those two couples settled in Bordeaux where the men's railroad depot was located. At the time of my visit/^{the Billots/} had a daughter by the name of Yvette and the Bellys' a baby named Huguette, whom they called Mimi.

When Jean and his companion arrived, the third daughter, Emma, was in line for matrimony so Jacques became the fortunate bridegroom about a year after they took up residence in the Caille guest house. The Dmitrinkos also moved to Bordeaux when the Angoulême railroad yards were restored. Emma went to work as a seamstress and Jacques was steered to a maintenance job in a large industrial plant. It was then that Jean decided to go to Paris to get away from the provincial atmosphere of Charente. But Paris did not work out for him.

The fourth daughter, Paulette, was under age. When I made my first visit to Bordeaux she was fifteen. In due time, however, with the inexorable passage of time and Madame Caille's faith in the inevitability of destiny, Jean eventually married Paulette who was a faithful, industrious and loving companion to Jean.

It was a wonderful summer. I spent it learning more French, bicycling through the countryside, visiting places like St. Emilion in the heart of the Bordeaux wine country, and Andernos and Arcachon on the Bay of Biscay, playing bridge with Jean's boss and his wife,

visiting with members of the small American colony, sketching, reading, photographing and getting to know many people. I was even caught up in a demonstration at the American consulate in Bordeaux where a huge crowd denounced the Massachusetts and United States government officials for the unjust incarceration and trial of Sacco and Vanzetti. Although I vaguely heard of that famous case while I was in New York, my experience in France and the vehemence with which French in all walks of life denounced that injustice made me more aware of the two political victims and I followed their case closely when I returned home.

Since all good things eventually come to an end, so did my stay in Bordeaux. I left Jean and my new friends with a pledge to return. I spent a few more days in Paris and then went to Berlin to keep my appointment with Murray who gave me an address somewhere near Alexanderplatz. From Berlin we went to Hamburg and presented ourselves at the office of the United States consulate whom we graciously informed that we were stranded seamen and wished employment on a ship that would take us back to the United States. By law, the American consul has to provide minimum living expenses to seamen stranded in foreign ports, I presume as a precaution against the embarrassment that may be caused to the United States were they to become nuisances or public charges. Whether he believed our story that we missed our ship, the consul's office began energetic efforts to get rid of us, I suppose if for no other reason than to avoid depleting the vagrant sailors' relief fund, which they probably used for other purposes if a surplus remained at the end of the year. Be that as it may, a few days later we sailed on the S. S. Leviathan on which we were signed on, I as a kitchen attendant and Murray as a waiter.

It looked like a dull crossing, with hardly any passengers on board. However, when we reached Cherbourg the S. S. Leviathan filled to capacity with American Legion delegates and their wives returning

from their annual convention held in Paris that year. For six days I cut grapefruit, sliced vegetables, peeled potatoes, lugged supplies and opened cans from early in the morning until after dinner with only brief rests in between. Other than work, I only ate and slept.

When I returned to New York the studios were in the midst of their busy season. Mr. Stone was annoyed with me for my delayed arrival and for not communicating, and refused to rehire me as a steady employee. Instead he offered me seasonal work at \$1.50 an hour. Although I earned more for the year than I would have on an annual salary, I was not entitled to paid vacations and holidays.

An incident occurred in the studio during that period that left a lasting impression on me, both in respect to Mr. Stone's character and the importance of precision in some human activities. It was the case of the "bleeding double spread." In printing, "bleeding" is the term for the process that eliminates margins from the pages and that provides for the design to cover the entire area. In preparing a page or pages for eventual "bleeding" the design or ornamentation is extended not only to fill the entire page and the margins but also an additional specified number of centimeters beyond the ultimate size of the finished page in the book. When it is printed, bound and trimmed the excess paper with the design extended over it is "bled" and the pages wind up without margins.

In this instance I was given a spread of two pages in the center-fold of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue Christmas edition which featured the latest dolls and toys. I decorated the four borders with a design of holly leaves and berries in green and red. Everything was figured out for the binding of the middle fold and for "bleeding" top, bottom, left and right sides. The double pages were ready for the morning that they were to be packed and taken to the Grand Central Station where they were to be placed in the post office car of the "Twentieth

Century Limited," the crack express train to Chicago. Everything was set, including the photostatic copies left on Mr. Stone's desk.

Early in the afternoon he came into the main studio and approached my drafting table with the double spread and the photostats under his arm. He invited me to recheck the dimensions, claiming there was a discrepancy of $1/3$ rd of an inch between the drawing, as reflected in the photostats, and the ultimate catalogue page size. It was the height of the season and the studio was filled with a capacity staff. I was in the spotlight. He went over the dimensions with his special ruler calibrated to 64ths of an inch and showed me that the photostats were off. Using his own tape measure I showed that the drawings were correct in scale and that mathematically they equaled the correct dimensions when reduced to page size. Mr. Stone was getting tense and was showing signs of losing his patience.

It then flashed in my mind that there was something wrong with the quality of the photostat paper. While making the photostats earlier in the day, Jimmy Allen made a remark that the paper dried differently when the electric drier was used than when left on the drying racks. I called Jim. He explained to Mr. Stone what the problem was and undertook to make two new sets of photostats, one to be dried in the atmosphere and one electrically. Much to my relief, Mr. Stone was fully satisfied with the outcome and declared my calculations correct and that the pages would "bleed" right. He announced he would complain to the photographic supply house over its erratic paper and loudly proclaimed in the studio that I was right. I then dashed off for my delayed lunch.

When I was in Stone Van Dresser about a year and a half and in the United States two and a half years, a new worker was hired in the office. One of the reasons for me to visit the office was to get an order number from the staff. This number on every "page" was essential

for accounting and reference and it was the responsibility of the artist who originated the page, (in this case I was designing the "dummy,") to obtain the number. At nineteen, one's curiosity about a new female employee was sufficient stimulus to get the order number promptly.

Her name was Miss Herman. She was trim and with dignified bearing, with~~ing~~ seeming haughty. Her face had a faint glow. When she recorded all the data and came to the item as to the name of the artist entering the page, I told her it was "Herman." She handled the procedure without fanfare or bluster, in a sort of matter of fact way, yet without any trace of condescension.

After that we had frequent contact in the place, when I had occasion to visit the office, when she came to the water cooler in the studio, in the elevators, and so forth. Later we started to go to lunch together. She was always neat^{er} and clean and I began to be aware of my sloppy clothes and frequently unkempt state. Once she asked me ~~why~~ I wore a black tie and I told her my mother had died earlier that year. At Christmas I bought her a gift of a pair of ice skates. We then went to rinks together where I taught her ice skating. We attended concerts, plays, the cinema, and lectures; when the weather was appropriate we played tennis in Central Park, usually before work; we exchanged books and periodicals, and took long walks in the park and frequently all the way to her home at 74 East 111th Street, which was about five miles north of the Pocono Building.

Later I learned she was only seventeen at the time we met and my esteem of her rose even higher. She was mature without any signs of precocity; cordial, without fanfare; concerned, without histrionics; and modest, without being self-effacing. We became friends and had many serious and light-hearted moments together, by ourselves and in company with others, at parties and at public performances. I sense that she cared for me and balanced my deficiencies in sartorial elegance

and diminutive stature against my intriguing personality.

Quite soon after we met I knew that my attachment to Bebe, as her family called her, was to endure. At some point, I cannot say exactly when, I became aware that my life would be fused with hers.

On my first trip to France I corresponded with her and she wrote me and in one of her letters enclosed a photograph of herself on the beach. Back in New York, we resumed our friendship with frequent activities and walks. Bess, as we called her, began to fill in an ever larger part of my life. At the time I left on my second sailing to Europe I realized she had become the nearest person to me. I found there was room in my sentiments beyond my emotional ties to Jean, my fondness for Leon, David and Michael, and Bess filled it more and more.

We have been married for nearly half a century and friends for over fifty-five years.

The nearly two years between my first trips to France I spent in a variety of activities. Being a seasonal worker at the studio, I was called there only during the height of the seasons that lasted about seven months of the year. The rest of the time I explored alternate fields of work, both as a way to supplement my income and to have something to fall back on should I cease to have interest in commercial art or if the studios had no further use for my services. During that period I did some free-lance journalist work and miscellaneous jobs of short duration. Most of the time, however, I worked in clubs. With a few exceptions, these clubs are mainly private organizations for men who form and join them on the basis of common interests, such as yachting, tennis, general athletics, card playing, civic pursuits, university affiliations and professional solidarity, or simply to carry on social activities and gaming.

It was Murray who introduced me to this field in which he found suitable employment to support himself while attending college. Most

clubs have evening and week-end hours which gave him the freedom to attend day school. At various times I was a page boy, elevator operator, card room attendant, food checker, stock-clerk, bus boy and waiter. These jobs enabled me to earn and save more money for my second trip to France.

Working in these clubs exposed me to a new cross-section of Americans. The membership and clientele in these institutions were upper middle class, upper class, and even, in such places as the New York Yacht Club, "blue-blood" Americans and foreign nobility and royalty. It was in the Yacht Club that I served Vanderbilts, Astors, Harrimans and Sir Thomas Lipton, and one day even took the coat from the then Prince of Wales who later reigned for a short time as Edward VIII and abdicated the British throne for Bess Wallis Simpson whom he married and they then became the Duke and Dutchess of Windsor. Any sensitive person who seeks to remain long in the employ of such institutions has to develop diffidence, tact, discretion, humility and similar poses and disguises.

"Downstairs," that is among the servants, there were mainly native poor and English-speaking foreign-born in the "front" service, that is in visible roles. French, German, Italian, Spanish and other immigrants were in the cleaning and culinary services. There were no blacks, orientals or Native Americans either among the members or among the help. The only women were chambermaids in clubs where there were hotel accommodations.

Contacts with this variety of people helped broaden my understanding of America and Western society generally. The contrast between the affluent members and guests who were catered to, and the servants who attended to their needs and wishes shed much light on the realities around me. Although American society was much more fluid than in other countries known to me, and even though here individuals born poor and disadvantaged could find opportunities for upward mobility, in the

main ours was still a class society. One's destiny in the United States, while not as rigidly determined by one's birth as elsewhere, was still affected by origin. Few sons and daughters of the poor wound up in the professions in those days, when it took hardiness and perseverance for one who was not born rich to get a higher education.

It was also during the slow seasons in the studio during that period that I became interested and active in photography, first by contact with the gallery in Stone Van Dresser and then primarily by my meeting a young man by the name of Leon DeVos. He was the American-born son of a French Huguenot minister who settled in Western Pennsylvania and was pastor of a Protestant church there. At the time I met him DeVos was full of determination to become one of the greatest photographers of the century and was going about it with an exuberance and perseverance that were only exceeded by his confidence.

Although only in his twenties, DeVos had already had a stormy career. Bent on learning aerial photography, which was then in its romantic infancy, he joined the United States Army and became attached to its newly-formed aviation topographical unit. He had great ability and self-confidence to match and soon became embroiled in disputes with his commanding officer over technical procedures. Being impetuous and quick-tempered, the controversies became ugly and climaxed in a fist fight with his commanding officer. He was court-martialed, spent some time in a military prison at hard labor and was dishonorably discharged. His release was hastened by the intervention of his minister father and the then United States Senator Pinchot from Pennsylvania who reportedly interceded with the War Department. Frustrated in his ambition to become the army's top aerial photographer, DeVos came to New York where, again handicapped by the same personal characteristics that truncated his military career, he went through a rapid process of being hired, fired or voluntarily leaving a succession of

photographic establishments ranging from the most prestigious portraitists to run-of-the-mill commercial studios.

When we met he was in a state of mind that centered on a wish to go out on his own. He had some money from his last job and I put up a modest sum with which he bought the latest essential equipment and supplies. He set up a studio and dark room in an apartment on Crescent Street in Astoria, Queens where I spent a great deal of my spare time working with him, learning more about photography and witnessing his frequent tantrums. Although his temper bordered on madness, he put magic into his cameras and wizardry into the dark room.

Some weeks we went without earning a penny, which did not affect me much because I had my income seasonally from Stone Van Dresser and in between from the various clubs. Then there were spurts of affluence when DeVos obtained well-paying orders for commercial photographs from agencies or direct from commercial establishments. When he had a windfall he usually spent the major portion on equipment and supplies, paid his rent in advance, settled accumulated bills, gave me a share of the proceeds and went on an eating and drinking binge until he went broke again. During those spells of prosperity such delicacies as riz de veau, frogs' legs, artichokes, broccoli and bootleg champagne became our fare in contrast to the spaghetti, liverwurst, bread and potatoes on which we lived during lean weeks.

One day he obtained an order from the prestigious Fifth Avenue jewelers Black, Star and Frost to make photographs of a pair of men's rimless eyeglasses against a velvet background with the New York Skyline reflected in each lens. There were to be no montages, no fakes, no composite or retouched prints. To assure authenticity, the customer specified that the negatives were to be delivered with the prints.

We spent hour upon hour on the roof of the apartment house taking shots from various angles but they all came out with extraneous

reflections and sparklers on the metal parts and on the polished bevels of the lenses. He took these defects as a personal affront from the sun and the city skyline against his professional capability.

When his despair reached the point of giving up, I managed to calm him down and proceeded to question him on a variety of technical causes for our failure. As subtly as I could, I suggested that he might consider taking the shots just before sunset, when there were no sunrays any more and yet enough lingering light on the horizon. He experimented with various lens diaphragm openings and took several time exposures, ranging from a few seconds to minutes. Nearly all came out. Three photographs were in perfect condition. By the time the prints were finished it was dawn. DeVos, who had been promised between one hundred and one hundred and fifty dollars for the job, depending on the results, came back from the jew^el_lers with a check for \$450.00, the most money he ever held in his hands, because the happy customer paid him the maximum for each of the three prints. Needless to say, we celebrated once more and again DeVos bought equipment and supplies.

Shortly after that episode he met Elizabeth and after a whirlwind courtship of a few days he arranged a wedding and persuaded his father to travel from Pennsylvania to officiate at the wedding. Much to my disappointment, the frequency and intensity of his tantrums did not diminish with his marital status.

During most of that period I lived in various apartments in groups of various combinations. Leon, Murray and I had the steadiest incomes and were the mainstays of most of those abodes in the two years between my trips to France. A large circle of other young men, consisting of budding writers, musicians, artists, social reformers, wanderers, radicals, dreamers and plain idlers shared rooms with us from time to time, sporadically sharing cost but more often merely taking advantage of our hospitality and sponging on us as squatters.

It was in 1928 that I became aware of the complex underpinnings of the ostensibly simple American formal political arrangements. We have what has been called a "two-party system." By and large, the two major parties, Democratic and Republican, alternate in office in the Congress and Presidency, in state legislatures and governorships, and in municipalities with greater or lesser lengths of incumbency, depending on traditional strength and regional orthodoxy. A few cities, such as Hartford, Connecticut and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, even had long-enduring Socialist mayors; exceptions that proved the rule.

During that year's presidential campaign, in which Republican Herbert C. Hoover defeated New York Governor Alfred E. Smith, I became aware that not only were there many minor political parties in the United States, but that the two major parties were in fact coalitions of diverse groups with fiercely conflicting regional, economic and ideological pursuits. The two major parties, which may have originated as two rival political camps one hundred and fifty years ago, have evolved into rigid electoral channels with a monopoly for access to political office. In practically all states and in federal voting, the two major parties dominate the nominating, campaigning and electing processes by law and tradition and any upstart political party is under the handicap of having to establish itself over quite formidable legal barriers erected by the Democrats and Republicans since the birth of the United States of America.

The stimulus to my subsequent exploration of American politics came from an incident in the studios during the 1928 election campaign. Some one surreptitiously posted on the wall of the main studio a placard favoring Al Smith. That provoked the ire of one of the head artists who was an ardent Republican. Probably with tongue in cheek, Mr. Stone undertook to restore impartiality by sending out for posters

Prohibitionist, and many more minority parties and had them hung in the main studio, whose walls took on the appearance of Paris streets on the eve of French elections.

The incident provoked much discussion among the artists, both serious and hilariously humorous. I also began to read more about political issues and trends in newspapers, magazines and books and to attend campaign debates and political lectures. Mr. Stone was very helpful to many of us by circulating such periodicals as the Nation, Harper's, Henry George's Single Tax brochures and others to which he subscribed. It was at that time that we discovered the Labor Temple on East 14th Street, near Second Avenue where many reformers and radicals, such as Will Durant and A.J. Muste, lectured. The overwhelming defeat of Smith, probably for the sole reason that he was a Catholic, and the campaign of bigotry that preceded it, made me aware of the Ku Klux Klan and other strains of intolerance and persecution that course through American society which to me until then seemed a sea of benign tranquility.

Having discovered many authors previously not known or accessible to me in other languages, I began to devote much of my spare time to reading, especially while riding subways, buses, trolleys and trains, a habit I have retained to this day. To me reading informative books is the same as engaging in conversations with persons who have something interesting to relate or significant to impart. Since most of these women and men live away from where I am and most are no longer living, reading their books is the only practical way of benefiting from their knowledge and wisdom. Later, when radio and television began to have useful broadcasts, we listened and watched programs that we have found instructive and interesting.

Early in 1929 I left for Europe again, this time with a young artist from the studios who I had impressed with my stories of the

previous voyage. Abe Schenck and I signed up on a freighter that took us first to Malaga and Barcelona in Spain and then to Genoa, Italy.

During those travels I became increasingly aware that even in normal times when wars, revolutions and famines could not be blamed for it, there was degrading poverty and deprivation for many people in most of the countries I visited. In Malaga the stevedores carried back-breaking loads while unloading Ingersol watches, preserved hams and other cargo; the same when they lifted and loaded lead bars. From what I learned, their pay was so low they had to resort to pilfering. Occasionally the dockmen would huddle and then a case of hams, watches or other products would be dropped and its contents scattered. Each man would snatch his share and run off to hide it. When I was acting as tallyer on the deck I reported these incidents to my mate, who just shrugged his shoulders and advised me to keep it to myself. We had to live with these things, he explained. Their pilfering was probably cheaper than raising their wages.

In Spain I also learned of the brutal dictatorship of Primo de Rivera, who ruled the country at that time, and the denial of the most elementary rights to the Spanish people. The ubiquitous Carabinieri intimidated the populace into submission. This was not only obvious from even casual observation but we experienced their methods while in Malaga. A group of sailors visited a local cafe for drinks the evening before our scheduled sailing the next day. Some women gathered at our table and asked that we buy them drinks. Two of the crew members obliged them. One of them became suspicious when the women drank their beverages very fast and kept reordering them and he tasted one of those pink drinks. It was plain colored water. When he protested to the bartender, the owner blew a whistle and in an instant two Carabinieri appeared and began to arrest all males. Abe and I and all the other sailors except the two who were buying the

women drinks took to flight and ran all the way to our ship. The two men involved in the dispute were arrested and missed the sailing the next day, despite the captain's efforts to get them released. The rest of us were lucky because the Carabiniere who chased us refrained from boarding the ship, which was of foreign registry.

In Genoa we learned that the ship's next destination was the Orient via the Suez Canal. We obtained advances on our pay and on our first day in port we explored the area of the docks and the location of the railroad station. That night Abe and I unobtrusively packed our valises and placed them under our bunks. After our shift the second day we dressed as seamen would for shore leave and went off "on the town." We found an old man in a row boat at the dock near our ship and engaged him in conversation of a sort. Although he knew a few words in French and English we had to rely on gestures, winks and hunches. The deal was made. We would go back on board, lower our baggage by rope and he would keep them until we came to claim the valises.

It worked. With most of the crew on shore and those who remained on board preoccupied with rest and various chores, nobody was in sight. We deposited our satchels in the row boat below, returned the rope to its place and marched down the gangplank to the dock. The old man was beaming at the success of the operation and the prospect of getting his reward. We each handed him a five-lire note and reached for our respective valises. "Cinque dollare" the old man yelled and shoved off from the dock with our baggage. Our insistence that the deal was for five lire each was to no avail. We gave him the five dollars, which at the then prevailing exchange rate was about thirty-five times more than five lire, and went off to avoid creating a disturbance that could have resulted in more serious grief than the payment of 340 lire more than we thought we bargained for.

Aside for our prudence in a foreign country ruled by a dictator

such as Benito Mussolini and his Black Shirts, we were even more constrained by the fact that we had no Italian entry or exit visas. In those days the major European countries charged for visas. Since we knew we were ultimately going to wind up in France, we obtained French visas before leaving New York and paid \$2.50 each. But we had no way of knowing in what country we were going to jump ship. Since our seaman's passports were valid in ports where we stopped off, we left our civilian passports bare except for the French visa and trusted the rest to luck. And luck had it that we wound up in fascist Italy.

In Genoa Abe and I enjoyed our first non-shipboard meal. Then we went to the railroad station, bought tickets to Bordeaux and took the first available train to Ventimiglia, which is the last Italian city across the border with France at Vintmiles. We arrived at the border late in the evening and found we had to stay overnight for the train to Bordeaux. The only available hotel was a short distance from the station. We walked over and asked for a room. When the clerk looked at our passports he questioned us about the absence of Italian visas. We gesticulated, shrugged and offered explanations in limited French and English but the clerk's response was all sympathy but no action. Finally we gave him five dollars. He approvingly indicated the American money would help, should an immigration inspector chance to stumble upon our irregularities. He then deposited our passports in a drawer and gave us a door key.

The room we were assigned had a huge portrait of Mussolini that filled a good part of the facing wall, as did the reception foyer downstairs. Abe and I spent part of the night discussing strategy on how we were going to overcome our illegal entry and prospective exit, and then slept a few hours. We were awakened at eight to make the ten o'clock train. After paying our bill and eating a continental breakfast we walked to the station and waited.

As our train time neared the station became filled with police, custom officials, border guards, civilian employees and passengers. Our plan was to wait at the exit until the French train crew announced departure and then bolt over or under the turnstile separating the two countries as if we were merely trying to catch the train. We did just that; I under the turnstile bar and Abe, who was much bulkier, over it, after each sliding his valise into France.

An Italian customs guard, who apparently was watching us and suspected what we were up to, blew his whistle and yelled "alto, alto" meaning for the French guard to stop us. Fortunately for us the French conductor took it to mean that he wanted the train held for late passengers. He grabbed our valises, motioned to us to precede him, helped us onto the car, tossed the bags on and jumped on the carriage steps just as the train pulled out. We thanked him profusely.

For me it was like a homecoming. Bordeaux was "my town." I knew most of the Bastide and a good deal of Bordeaux proper and its landmarks. Abe and I took our meals with Justine and Emile Billet and their daughter Yvette along with Jean, except when we were on visits. The Ballys and Dmitrinkos treated us as visiting family. Madame Calile was living in Bordeaux permanently and was maid for a well-known comedienne. She took us to the home of this actress to show off its luxuries, which were in great contrast to the homes of her three daughters and their neighbors. Paulette also lived in Bordeaux and worked on various jobs while rotating her abodes among her three sisters and her mother.

I visited St. Amand with Abe, going there and back by bicycle in one day. We had dinner at the Restaurant de Plaisance on top of the old church that was carved out of the rocky hills a thousand years ago. Lorraine Lichten and I dined there two years earlier, bought macaroons in the bakery established by the monks, and selected our wine in the cave under the church.

The Lechtens were a Franco-American family from Massachusetts^{who/} came to live in Bordeaux after enactment of Prohibition in the United States because the Alsatian husband refused to live in a country that made wine illegal. His Yankee wife was thoroughly amused by the whimsical migration and got along in her bi-lingual family and with her servants without learning more than a dozen French words. They had a son, who was an American soldier in World War I and later was regional agent for Frigidaire appliances, and two daughters, an older one attending a French university and Lorraine, who at the time I met the Lechtens had just finished the local lycee. During my 1927 visit in France the Lechtens were the American counterpart of my life with the "natives." I visited them frequently that summer after a chance acquaintance with them on the banks of the Garonne where their party and ours were watching the cours a la nage. One of them, unaware that he could be understood, made some humorous but disparaging remarks about French athletic prowess and I came back with some joshing of my own. It turned out that the careless critic was the American vice-consul, George Childs. Our resulting conversation led to invitations to both the Lechten's home and the American consulate. Most of my subsequent meetings with Mr. Childs were on a cafe terrace where I joined him in his favorite pastimes of drinking beer and playing chess. My grandfather Eliezer had taught me the game with some crude chessmen he owned and I later improved my skill at it among my acquaintances in New York. I even introduced Auguste to chess and he excelled over me and mated me more often than not. On my second visit to Bordeaux I found that Mr. Childs was transferred to another diplomatic post and Lorraine was visiting family in the United States. I did not have much contact with the Lechtens that year and have never seen them since.

That summer in France passed even faster than in 1927. When I left, Jean and I spoke of more frequent visits in the years ahead.

and even of the possibility of my staying in France for longer stretches. But we reckoned without the tragic events of the years ahead. The world economic crisis and the Second World War separated us for eighteen years, during much of which time we were not even able to correspond.

In 1947 Jean paid us a visit and during most of it he stayed in our house in Sunnyside because it was convenient and he felt comfortable with Bess. He visited with Leon and Augusta in Greenbelt, with David and Pauline in Maspeth, and with Mike and Rose in Manhattan. While he was here Jean went along with me to Atlantic City, New Jersey, where a C.I.O. meeting was being held. He met Michael Quill and other union officials. Although he worked in opulent establishments and observed much luxury living in France during peacetime, he was amazed at the relative prosperity of American workers and the lower middle class even so soon after the war.

Jean told us of the terrible experiences in the Maginot Line where he sat out most of the war before the surrender of France under Marechal Petain. When he was demobilized from the French army after the military collapse he returned to Bordeaux and spent part of the war in the unoccupied zone. After the Nazis overran the rest of France he lived under the German occupation. Paulette and he managed somehow. When he was tipped off that he had been denounced and that the police were coming after him he went into hiding and remained underground until Liberation.

Because of the injury and loss of smell caused by an explosion in the Raoul Pictet plant Jean had given up his job in the chemical factory due to his inability to work around sulphur. For a while before September, 1939 he worked as a waiter in cafes in Bordeaux and in some of the resorts on the Mediterranean. When he emerged from the underground he resumed such work and eventually Paulette and he ran a cafe for a man by the name of Jean Dussell who owned several such

establishments in Bordeaux. After the war the cafe business revived, partly with the help of patronage by American Air Force personnel stationed in the area. Jean picked up some English from them.

Although he died in a hospital, Jean was essentially a war casualty. A soldier in two of the bloodiest conflicts in history, persecuted by tyrants and their servants for no other reason that he was a human being, compelled to live under physical and mental deprivation, this sensitive, enterprising, creative worker and thinker was given little chance to enjoy life and to contribute significantly to society. Even apart from the other millions of war victims, Jean's martyrdom alone makes one cry out "no more wars, no more wars!"

The last time we saw Jean was when he left Christmas week, 1947, after his American visit.

Jean was a survivor, at least for a while. Aunt Bayla and Uncle Motl in Luninec, Uncle Aaron and Aunt Khava in Łódź, and most of the Lopatitskiys in Kiev were never heard from again and are assumed to have perished in the orgies of destruction and murder unleashed by the greed inherent in the system of ^{rival/} nation-states that seek domination and advantage instead of cooperation and sharing.

Abe and I took leave of Jean and the Caille family at the end of the summer of 1929 and left for Paris, where we spent about ten days roaming through our favorite arondissements. We lived mostly on bread, cheese and wine. From Paris we took a train to Antwerp, Belgium, where we once more presented ourselves to the United States consulate for our daily stipend of \$1.00 and passage home.

The few days in Antwerp we mostly walked the streets, watched workers breakfast on beer and Danish pastry while we sipped our coffee, lunched on fish and chips in basement restaurants, and observed hordes of laboring men and women in the hustle and bustle of the thriving maritime city move the commerce of the world as they extracted their

own livelihood. One day we made a side trip to Rotterdam and Amsterdam where we were enchanted by the canals, the windmills, the medieval architecture and the incredible art books with their full-color reproductions of the works of Dutch, Flemish and other masters. Their cleanliness was astonishing. We saw street car motormen and conductors at the end of the line, after consuming their lunches, proceed to polish the brass fittings and windows of their vehicles.

On a subsequent visit to the consulate an assistant told us that an American freighter was in port and we had a good chance of being taken on. He introduced us to Captain Alvin Anderson who assured us of passage to the United States even if the two job vacancies he anticipated on his ship did not materialize. He promised to take us on as "workaway," that is to let us work for a free trip across the Atlantic. Later on, during World War II I read a report in American newspapers that the ship in which we sailed from Antwerp in 1929, the S. S. Republic, while carrying ammunition for the Allies in North Africa, was torpedoed by an Axis submarine and that Captain Anderson went down with it somewhere in the Mediterranean.

As Captain Anderson expected, two of his crew members skipped in Antwerp and he signed us on as regular crew members, Abe as a deck hand and me as a wiper. My work consisted of crawling in the bilges under the deck plates in the engine room, scooping up the oil, water, grease, muck and stray refuse. The bilges, that is the space between the top plates and the deck underneath, were less than three feet high. I crawled through the labyrinthine expanse scooping up the slimy matter with a dustpan and rags and depositing it into a bucket, at times crouching, lying on my stomach, wriggling between struts and creeping on my elbows and knees. I used a flashlight to see in deep recesses. The slower I worked, the longer each stretch in my state of contortion under the plates lasted. The faster I worked, the more tired I was

when I emerged to empty the bucket.

Since I worked a straight day shift, it overlapped two engineers' watches, from eight to twelve and from noon to four. The First Assistant Engineer was a coffee hound and he broke the monotony and strain of my toil by repeatedly sending me to the galley for a pot of coffee with instructions to obtain some "and," which is the American expression for snacks that go with beverages. At first the chef, to whom the crew less formally refers to as the "meat burner," refused to give me the pastries but then he bargained wedges of pie, cake or cookies in exchange for my performing various cleaning chores which his assistants failed or refused to do. The engineer, who instructed me to get snacks "by hook or by crook," complimented me after each sortie.

The Second Assistant was more sympathetic. He shortened my periods in the bilges by assigning me tasks above the plates, such as polishing hand railings with emery cloth, wiping various instruments and gauges in the engine room and walking with the Oiler on watch to help him lubricate and inspect generators, pumps, refrigerators and other accessories on the floor and on the mezzanines. It was not only easier work but much more interesting than scooping up muck. Before we docked the Chief Engineer came down to inspect the bilges. He was so impressed with the clean, dry condition that he complimented the assistant on duty and told him to steam and rinse the lower plates until the bare steel glistened as it reflected the flashlight beams. I don't believe the S. S. Republic bilges were so clean since it was launched.

After we unloaded our cargo in Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, I was told there was an opening for Fireman on the four to eight watch, which meant I would be on duty for four hours and off eight twice in every twenty-four hours at sea. It also meant more pay. I signed up for another trip, as did Abe. We both wanted more time to think over our careers in the advertising art business and believed that another

^e stretch at sea would help us see our options clearer and also provide us with alternate occupations to fall back on.

That trip the S. S. Republic went to Antwerp, Bremerhaven and Hamburg, where we unloaded the cargo from the United States ports and took on lumber, potash and some other materials for the return trip to America. On the westbound voyage we reached Bremerhaven shortly after seven in the morning and by the time the ship tied up our shift was coming off duty. Several of us took advantage of the propitious landing time and went ashore for beer, for which Germany had a world-wide reputation but which at the time was illegal in the United States. Six of us wound up in Zum Lustigen Hermann, a well-appointed water-front cafe with a spacious bar, many tables covered with checkered cloths and even a grand piano. There were no patrons at that time.

As we walked in I noticed a pair of men's pigskin gloves on the piano so I picked them up and examined them. Two of the deck hands in our group were Texans and one was called "Slim Tex" and the other "Tall Tex," although both were over six feet, muscular and exuded that which in later years has come to be known as "macho." Slim Tex took the gloves from me, tried them on, declared they were just his size and thanked me for them. Tall Tex ordered Slim Tex to return the gloves to me since I found them and had the right to keep them or to turn them over to the waiter as I at first said I would. As we drank beer the conversation kept returning to the gloves, with Tall Tex repeating that Slim Tex better return them to "Slats" (that was my nickname due to my size and weight) and Slim Tex insisting that I had given him the gloves and that nobody in the cafe, or on the ship, or anywhere else in the world including Texas could make him give them up.

When we had enough beer drinking we returned to the ship. As soon as we were on board, Tall Tex ordered Slim Tex once more to return the gloves to Slats. There ensued the usual ~~retual~~ ritual of challenges

and defiance and the two Texans began to fight. As in a scene in a Western movie, the two giants struck, pounded, pummeled and slammed each over all over the backaft deck, with a growing circle of crew members watching them and closing in and retreating as the pair glirated over a wide area of the ship's stern. Their clothes tattered and faces bleeding they rolled exhausted on the deck. In the end they rose to their feet, albeit tottering, and Slim Tex shook Tall Tex's hand, declared everything had been done "fair and square" and turned over the gloves to me. I later surreptitiously gave the gloves to Slim and he accepted them when I showed him they were too big for me.

That trip I witnessed much ferocity by humans as well as nature. Besides the fighting by the two Texans, we had a fierce battle on the deck between the Deck Engineer and a seaman presumably because the Seaman called the Deck Engineer a "dirty Greek" and some other uncomplimentary names. The seaman was getting the better of the other, so the Deck Engineer swung at him with a length of heavy chain and split his skull. The Bosun rushed up to the bridge for help and a Mate came with a first aid kit. When Captain Anderson investigated he assigned the seaman to the ship's infirmary and had the Deck Engineer locked up in chains in the brig. When we reached Lake Charles, the Deck Engineer was turned over to the Louisiana State Police.

As a Fireman my work was not very hard on my second trip on the S. S. Republic, an oil burning ship. When we entered the English Channel, which you call La Manche, we knew we were going to have a rough westbound trip that December because we encountered high seas as soon as we left port and then were in the midst of a raging storm that tossed our ship as if it were a row boat. Our radio officer reported dally distress calls and sinkings over a wide area. As we entered the open Atlantic we saw a small freighter broken in half, its two portions bobbing in the water like aimless hunks of flotsam. There was no sign of life or radio response. At first we were able

to move on the deck with ropes tied around ^{our} waist and attached to a railing. Later we were ordered to go ^{back} and forth only through the propeller shaft tunnel below deck. When the ship was tossed up by a high wave the propeller would come out of the water and the vibration of the shaft would cause the entire vessel to tremble and groan.

Crew tempers grew short. Most off-duty time was spent playing cards for money. Later on, when a few sharps won most of the cash, the currency was packs of cigarettes which the crew was able to buy on credit in the ship's "slop chest," or commissary. There were many arguments over trifling matters and constant bantering, bickering and taunting. Abe and I held our participation in these group activities to a minimum by reading, writing, washing clothes and playing chess, especially after one of the more arrogant sailors began to call Abe "Rabbi" because of his name.

The time on duty, normally quite monotonous, changed during the storm to hours of tension. The tossing, rolling and vibrating of the ship made the strain on the turbines uneven and the gauges less reliable, so the Oilers had to be extra careful that the water in the boilers did not fall too low or that they were not overfilled. The same was true for the Firemen in maintaining even ^{temperatures} under the boilers.

The storm subsided when we reached the Mid-Atlantic sea lanes. It was then that a young man by the name of Donald Johnson appeared in the crew quarters backaft. He told us he was on another American ship docked in Antwerp that was eastbound when he was stricken by appendicitis and was transferred to the S. S. Republic which was taking him back to his home port of Galveston. He claimed that applying ice packs, resting and following a careful diet eased up the appendix attacks. Each time he came down from the infirmary cabin he probed various crew members and showed increased interest in me with each successive visit.

He told me he appreciated my articulateness in conversation, my placid manner and my concern for his plight. Every chance he had he spoke of his origin, upbringing, and occupations as if to impress me with his candor, aptitudes and trustworthiness.

During each tour of duty in the boiler room, each Fireman had to tend the three oil fires under the three boilers that generated the steam for the turbines and was also required to keep the deck plates and the bulkheads in the boiler room clean and paint the exterior of one of the boilers and repair the asbestos covers on the live steam pipes leading from the boiler to the steam turbines in the engine room. On one of my shifts, while painting on top of one of the boilers I swayed with the motion of the ship and, being dressed only in a pair of shorts during the extreme heat, my naked side struck an exposed portion of a steam pipe which burned my flesh and left a permanent mark.

By the time we reached the waters off the Florida Coast we ran into an absolute calm. No matter which way we turned the ventilators they did not catch any breeze. For four hours at a time while on duty nothing stirred. I worked in temperatures ranging from 35° to 50° Celcius. We splashed our bodies with water. We used towels, rags and handkerchiefs to absorb the sweat. Our faces and bodies were puffed and reddened. There was relief only when we went off duty; less comfort in the daytime, more at night.

We discharged our cargo in Lake Charles and in the Texas ports of Orange, Beaumont, Port Arthur and Galveston. In each place two gangs of longshoremen would show up, one black and one white. The boss stevedore of the white crew would be the first to pick the cargo he wanted his men to unload and leave the rest for the blacks, who were paid 15¢ an hour less than the whites. The lumber we brought was unloaded by the whites. The blacks worked exclusively on the potash which was stowed in bulk and was packed in by the moisture and

the tossing and swaying of the ship. They shoveled the chemical into wheelbarrows at the bottom of the hold, pushed them over to vats suspended on chains that hung from the derricks which hoisted the potash to the docks. There, other black men loaded it into railroad cars.

In each port we spent a few hours ashore and got a glimpse of the life led by the local population, both black and white. In Beaumont we even attended a "holy roller" revival meeting. It was attended by whites exclusively. The itinerant preacher exhorted the audience to accept salvation and to come back the next day for more, but not to forget to bring along their neighbors and further contributions. If they did not have cash, he told them, they could bring fowls, pigs, eggs, or anything loose around the house or the yard.

In Galveston we saw for the first time that the United States was in an economic downturn. Dozens of ships were tied up. Hundreds of sailors, "on the beach" without jobs, were milling around the shipping offices and transient hotels on "Monkeywrench Corner." When we were being paid off the Purser told us he could not sign us on until Captain Anderson got his orders, which very likely would be to tie up.

My inclination had been to continue shipping, especially since my watch engineer promised to recommend me for an oiler's job and also to sponsor my application for Assistant Engineer test. In those days the officers' jobs were monopolized by Free Masons and it was an unwritten law that unless an Engineer who belonged to a masonic order sponsored an applicant his application would get nowhere when presented to the U. S. Marine Licensing and Boiler Inspection Bureau. On the other hand, I was missing Bess and the Purser's view of our dim prospects for sailing again on the Republic tilted my decision in favor of staying on land and returning to New York, at least temporarily.

By that time I was quite friendly with Donald Johnson who clung to me from the moment we docked in Galveston. We decided to take a

bus to Houston and from there drive to New York, where he said he worked as an ambulance driver and was assured of a job in the same hospital whenever he showed up. That same^{day/}I bought a 1926 Hudson for \$60.00 out of my accumulated pay for the long sea voyage and we started out in the spring-like Gulf Coast weather headed for the Northeast.

By sundown the air became chilled. We had no winter clothes so we put on whatever sweaters and jackets we had. When we tried to close the door windows, no glass came up when we turned the handles. We got some cartons in a store and filled the openings with cardboard. It was painful to steer and shift gears with cold hands so we bought work gloves at one of the stops. Part of the day we drove through freezing rain and had to stop a few times because the car slid on the icy road. Late in the evening we reached Dallas where we checked in at a hotel with electric lights, central heat and a bath with running hot and cold water.

In the morning Johnson suggested that we have breakfast on the road. He said he would take care of the hotel and told me to go down to the car parked across the street and he would meet me there. As I sat in the Hudson with the engine running I saw Johnson walk down the stairs of the exterior fire escape of the hotel with the two valises in his hands. He tossed the luggage into the back seat, quickly got into the driver's seat by pushing me over to the seat on the right, and we were on our way. When I asked him how he took care of the hotel bill he told me that this was the same hotel that gypped him the last time he stayed there and that he now drew on that credit due him. My growing suspicion of Johnson's character and motives increased substantially after that incident. Anyway, I was stuck with him until we reached New York. Abe, who stayed on board until the S.S. Republic was tied up, later told me that the Customs and Coast Guard inspectors who came on board the ship the moment it reached Galveston had made a thorough search of the vessel during which they found some packages of

narcotics hidden in some ingenious places. Their only suspect was Donald Johnson ^{/ose} whose appendicitis attacks were deemed as pretenses for his ruse to cover his smuggling activities. I don't know whether he had any connection with that enterprise or whether he had any "dope" with him on our ride from Galveston to New York.

As we proceeded ~~n~~orth and East the weather and road conditions became steadily worse and the car's performance deteriorated correspondingly. On the Arkansas border the regular bridge was washed out at Texarkana and we had to take a detour, on which our car became stuck in the mud along with many others. Men with mules were on hand for what seemed a common procedure and we paid one of them \$5.00 for pulling us out of the quagmire onto the narrow road that led to a temporary pontoon bridge a few yards down the river over which the caravan of assorted vehicles crept across the flood-swollen stream.

That day we got only as far as Little Rock, where we voluntarily spent the night in jail without being locked up. Leaving Little Rock in the morning the car gave us an increasing amount of trouble, with the engine starting to knock and the clutch slipping more and more. A few times we stopped in road garages, had quick clutch adjustments and poured anti-knock fluid into the engine crank-case. Late in the evening of the third day we reached Haiti, Missouri, where snow was beginning to cover the roads and the Hudson refused to move any further. We pushed the car into the parking lot behind the City Hall where Johnson got permission from one of the guards for us to spend the night sleeping on desks in the mayor's office.

We pushed the car to a nearby garage where the mechanic told us it would take at least a week to get parts from Kansas City or St. Louis and he could not predict their cost or how much he would charge us for the repairs until he took it apart. We sold him the Hudson for \$15.00.

From Haiti we hitch-hiked to St. Louis where it snowed even

heavier. We found the Greyhound Bus terminal and when we sought to buy tickets to New York I was a few dollars short of the price and, of course, we would have had no money for eating on the way since Johnson claimed he did not have a cent. In this dilemma I had to figure out from whom in New York I could borrow some money which I would repay from the modest balance I left in a bank account. After scanning the range of friends and acquaintances who might respond to such a request I settled on Mrs. Florence Storer Stone, my boss's wife. It proved a realistic decision. Shortly after I sent her a telegram asking for a loan of fifty dollars because I was stranded in St. Louis a reply came from her asking that I name some mutual friends for identification, so she would know it was not a hoax or extortion attempt. Soon after I complied I received a money order for fifty dollar by telegraph.

Florence Stone was a very special person. Besides being a competent commercial artist in her husband's studios and a well-known illustrator of children's books, she was also an ardent advocate of civil liberties and progressive government and a supporter of citizen participatory action. She was one of the founding members of the American Civil Liberties Union. She supported and subscribed to many liberal and educational projects. Her interest in the young employees in Stone Van Dresser and the college friends of their daughters led her to open her house to gatherings and meetings in which she encouraged discussion of current events, historical developments and philosophical concepts. It was as part of these activities that she later formalized our meetings into weekly sessions of "Le Cercle Vendredi" which met in their living room and where every Friday a participant would raise a topic of interest for discussion by the entire group. She encouraged us to borrow books from their extensive private collection and steered us to titles in the public library. Needless to add, I not only repaid her the fifty dollars but I had the fun of explaining to her the

the series of adventures from the time I sailed to Europe the previous spring to my predicament in Missouri.

It snowed all the way from St. Louis through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. Johnson and I exchanged addresses and telephone numbers when we parted at the bus terminal. I have not seen him since.

From the Greyhound depot on West 34th Street it was a brisk walk to West 34th St, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near the Little Church Around the Corner. I climbed to the third floor apartment where Leon DeVos was living at the time and had his photographic studio. He was in one of his ebullient moods and greeted me with demonstrative hospitality by preparing one of his gourmet meals and marking the occasion with a bottle of smuggled French red wine.

1. Photo from my first U.S.A. passport obtained in 1927
 - * Maurice in bell-boy uniform abroad S. S. Coamo on way to Puerto Rico in March, 1927.
 - * Seimatsu Hamachi and John Rosmini outside the building housing the Stone Van Dresser Company in 1926.
2. * Seated: Jacques Dmitrinko, Marie Belly, Emma Dmitrinko and Paul Belly. Kneeling: Paulette Calle and Jean.
Photo taken by Maurice in Bordeaux July 1927.
 - * Marie Belly, Maurice with infant Huguet and Emma Dmitrinko in Bordeaux in 1929.
 - * Jean in France with Russian friend.
3. * Jean and Michael Quill in Atlantic City, 1947.
 - * Maurice, Jean and Quill
 - * Paulette behind bar in Bordeaux cafe, 1947.
4. * Paulette and Jean at bar in Cafe with clients, 1947.
 - * Patrons from U.S. Airforce station near Bordeaux after World War II seated at table with Jean and Paulette in background.



photograph bears the signature and is a likeness of the person to whom this passport is issued. In witness whereof, the seal of the Department of State is impressed thereon.

MY FIRST VISIT
TO FRANCE, 1927



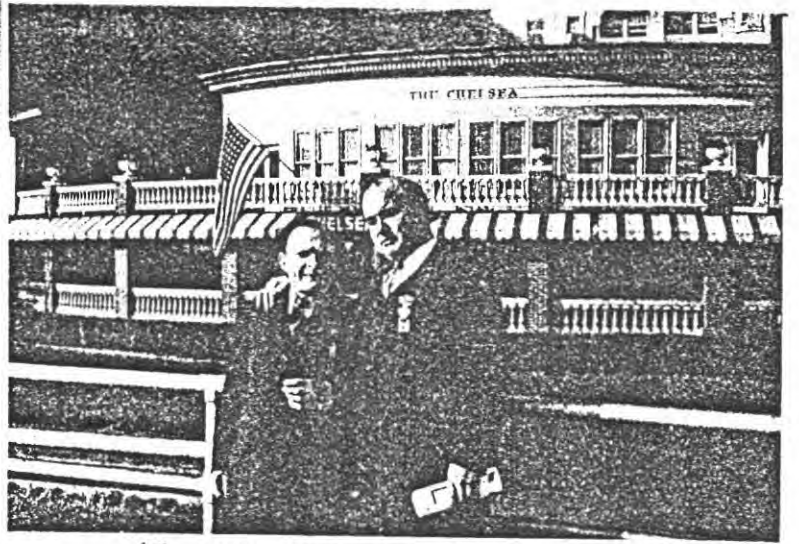
1927 S.S. COAMO



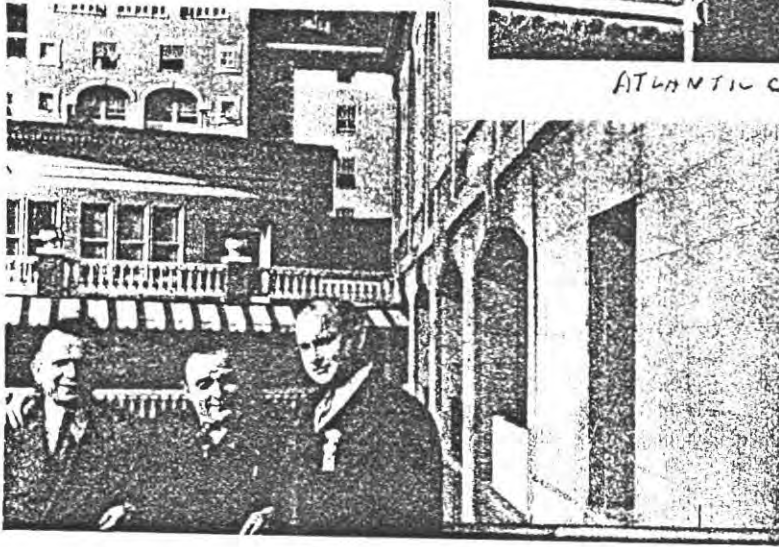


1927 - Jacques, Marie, Emma, Paul, Paule et Jean (Bordier)





ATLANTIC CITY, 1947





BESS

When I telephoned Bess she told me that the weather had been mild in New York until the beginning of January and the snow storm that preceded me was the first of the winter. We arranged to meet after her work that afternoon and were almost inseparable thereafter.

The New York of 1930 was dramatically different than the city I left the previous spring. Queues of people could be seen everywhere. Crowds, mostly of men, waited day and night outside churches, Salvation Army posts, charity institutions and municipal offices for jobs, a night's lodging or handouts of food or used clothing. Entire families milled at settlements and community houses. Factory and store employment offices were besieged by job-seekers. Each edition of the many newspapers then published in New York carried headlines and reports of cascading disturbances, disasters and uncertainty. The usual scandals and foibles were being crowded out by evictions, bankruptcies, suicides, migrations of farmers, sharecroppers and rural workers, riots, protest marches, bank failures, plant closings, wage reductions and payless paydays, with pleas from all sectors for calm, relief, action, patience, self-reliance, restraint, communal responsibility, radical reform and even revolution. Gone was the erstwhile confidence and smugness.

With DeVos I had shelter, food and companionship. The small balance in my bank account kept me going and I had no problem of swinging into his work, of which there seemed to be plenty. But I had to reassert my independence. Bess told me that Mr. Stone had sold his company to the ^{W.K.S.} ~~White~~ Company, a competitor located in the American Woolen Building next door, which had taken over the shrunken mail-order catalogue illustrating. Between the merger and the general economic falling most of the Stone Van Dresser staff was laid off. I fell back on the clubs where I had worked before my European interlude and found a part-time job in one of them at \$75.00 a month. Since food was included and the hours suited my work with DeVos, it was a good stop-gap.

The first few days I noticed that DeVos' wife Elizabeth was at his place for only short periods and telephoned frequently from elsewhere. He told me he had rented a one-room studio apartment on East 11th Street and Avenue A, the "poor man's Bohemia," where Elizabeth was living. With his bizarre logic he explained that their affection and intimacy were enhanced by having separate quarters whereby each visited the other at will or remained alone when they chose. At our first opportunity we went over to the Alley, as the residents called it, and I made a deposit on a top-floor room with a sky-light and wood-burning fire place. This building in the East Village, as it was then becoming known, had no central heat, but there was cold water, electricity for lighting and gas for cooking. We shared a water closet with the other tenant on the landing and a community shower room on the lower floor. Two front windows faced the court yard and a window in the rear gave out on an air shaft. The janitor, Jules Antonsen, promised to have the place ready in a week which was stretched to three.

The rest of that winter, spring and summer was one of the headiest periods in my life. Bess lost her job shortly after I returned. I was free all day Monday, worked only three hours on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Fridays, all evening Thursdays, all day Saturday, and Sunday afternoon. Helping him only when he had more work than he could handle, I went to DeVos at will. Bess helped me arrange and set up the room, which we divided into a sleeping portion separated by monks' cloth drapes which we sewed, a kitchen area set off with a folding screen, and the rest in which I installed my easel, a few chairs, a table and a couch. We recovered as many paintings as I could from friends with whom I had stored them and hung them on the walls. As I resumed painting, more oils and water colors covered the drab walls.

My place became a hangout for the many young people we had known before my travels and many more whom these brought along, with the

addition of Leon and his college mates from Long Island University which he was then attending. Many of them came to make their lunches before or after school, supplementing whatever they brought with what they found in my icebox. Some of them did their home-work there, used it as a rendez-vous with others who had no permanent lodgings, read, practiced musical instruments and carried on endless debates on every subject in the contemporary repertoire. Many of the other tenants in the Alley gravitated towards us as we did towards them and soon the place became a huge community of writers, singers, actors, musicians, students, painters vagabonds, windbags, fortunate possessors of employment and a bevy of persons who did not remain long enough even to be identified.

Long Island University was then in its early years. The student body started a publication called Sewanhaka and naturally Leon and his crowd were prominent in its editorial work. They initiated a column called "In A Nutshell" for which a group wrote from time to time. To disguise my contributions to it, since I was not a student, I wrote under the pseudonym "Quidnunc." I also drew maps, diagrams and charts for their history, economics and other studies and frequently supplied essays for some students who were hard pressed for time, some due to earning a living and others because they engaged in excessive extra-curricular activities. It was part of my continuing effort to become "the best educated ignoramus in town."

Upon my return Bess and I resumed our walks, attending lectures, ice-skating, visiting museums, exhibits and theatres, playing tennis, and photography. We even took on a few professional assignments and for a time were considering to make it our joint career but the Depression made that impractical because too few people could afford to have their portraits made and it would have taken a big investment in special equipment to go into commercial photography.

Shortly after I moved in the Alley, Jules Antonsen disclosed to

us that he was actually an unemployed cabinet maker and had a full set of hand and electric tools to turn out professional work. We began to design and order individual pieces of furniture which we improvised out of our own ideas of what functional furniture should be like and with the help of current applied arts magazines. In the course of the next two years he built us a bedstead, dressing table, chest of drawers, arm chair, radiator cover etagere and many other pieces including that solid oak bookcase which we gave to Joan and John Lepik when we gave up our house in Freeport. This bookcase and the birdseye maple pieces we still have in our apartment survived fifty years of continuous, and at times rough use, and have retained a pleasant appearance and sturdiness.

At the end of the summer I persuaded Bess that we ought to get married and so, on her 22nd birthday, a Sunny Friday, September 5, 1930 we rode down to City Hall in Henry Kroll's car. He and my cousin Murray Palmer acted as the required witnesses, and City Clerk Thomas Farley performed the ceremony with due solemnity.

Before and after our marriage Bess and I visited her family quite frequently and on several occasions we visited my father in Brooklyn. He later became ill and died shortly after Auguste was born.

In the spring of 1931 when we expected the birth of our child we rented a four-room studio apartment on East 6th Street between First and Second Avenues, also in Manhattan. It, too, was in a court but it had more space and such conveniences as running hot and cold water, central heating, a separate bathroom and a kitchen, and was neatly decorated. Because it also had a skylight it was on the top floor too. We moved there while Bess was in the Lying-in-Hospital where she gave birth to your father whom we named Auguste Bogdan, in our conviction that he would be noble in character and in gratitude for his and his mother's survival despite the unusually difficult birth. "Bogdan"

means "God-Given" in Russian, the equivalent of the French Dieudonné.

During the night of June 27 to June 28 Bess began to have labor pains and they persisted to early morning. When we telephoned Dr. Frank Smith, her obstetrician, he told us to proceed to the Lying-In, one of the most prestigious maternity hospitals of that era, where he was an attending physician.

The weather had been hot and humid for several days but early in the morning it was comparatively cool and pleasant on the streets. We walked in the direction of the hospital which was only about half a mile away on Second Avenue and 17th Street and watched for a taxi to come along. Although she was carrying very big, Bess felt no discomfort. We kept walking and chatting while waiting for a cab. But none came.

When we reached the hospital on foot, Bess was received and placed in a room to await Dr. Smith. I remained there until it was time for me to go to work. All day I kept telephoning from the club, which was on Central Park West and 88th Street, for word of progress. There wasn't any. When I arrived at the hospital Dr. Smith told me there were complications. I remained there until late in the evening and still no news. Dr. Smith came to the waiting room and had me sign a paper authorizing him to operate and giving him my consent to use his judgment if it became necessary to choose between saving the mother or the child.

Poor Grandmere was in distress all that time. To me it seemed that weeks and months had passed although it was still the same calendar day on which Bess and I started our leisurely walk on a distance that was no further than from the Trois Tours in Massy to Rue Anatole France in Antony. Late in the evening I walked out on the fire escape in the ventilation shaft where I could see the brightly lit blind that covered the large window of the operating room. The silhouettes of the doctor and nurses were bobbing up and moving across the blind like on a cinema screen. I could not endure looking at it and could

not pull myself away. Shortly before midnight on June 28, 1931, Dr. Smith came out to me with a pink baby suspended by its feet as he uncontrollably shouted to me that they were both in great shape. All I could see was that Auguste had large veins protruding on his forehead and that his face was screwed up as if in pain but I did not know whether it was usual because I had never seen a new-born baby. When I was finally allowed to see Bess in her room she was pale, inert and very remote. I could not believe she would survive because I never saw her like that and never until then could visualize that the sparkling, jovial person could be transformed so drastically, so suddenly.

Bess had to remain in the hospital four weeks, as did Auguste, of course. I visited them twice every day. Bess was gradually regaining her color and her energies and she began to smile. It was hard for me to keep from crying and I presume she felt the same way. All my life I experienced greatest distress when I witnessed suffering that was beyond my ability to prevent or ameliorate.

Auguste, who had to be bottle-fed, suffered from poor digestion. He lost weight during his first month. When he and his mother were discharged we took them to our new apartment on East 6th Street where the long trail of Granma's recuperation and Auguste's growth began. Bess remained bed-ridden. Auguste was unable to retain his food and showed considerable distress.

Soon Bess was up and about. We took Auguste to a local City baby clinic where an outstanding pediatrician by the name of Dr. Craig visited once a week. The doctor put Auguste on a formula with canned milk and under his care Auguste began to gain weight, his stomach pain ended, he slept soundly all night and most of the day, and became cheerful and playful. Everybody was happier.

When as a child I began to read and then to write letters and ciphers the year was 1911. For nine years thereafter, which was nearly

the entire span of my conscious life until then, the third numeral in each successive year was a "1" and I gave no thought to the idea that it would ever change. Then the year 1920 came. With startling suddenness the numeral "2" appeared as the third digit. It took me some time to become accustomed to it and I continued to feel that this change in the designation of the year, for some inexplicable reason, meant a change in the nature of the world around me. Here I am, writing to you in the year 1980, with the third numeral changed to "8" after seven such modifications. I cannot accept the notion that the mere change of a calendar date from December 31 of one decade to January 1 of the next alters the course of history or the life of an individual. Yet it is both fascinating and to a degree practical to look back on periods of time in one's life by decades.

In America, the 1920s, whether taken in precise chronological sequence of the calendar^{or} as a period of roughly ten years from the end of World War I to the onset of the Great Depression, had a decided flavor as it were. I, of course, brought with me a legacy of the war, the revolution, the civil strife, the famine and other experiences that were unlike those of most Americans with whom I mingled after 1923. Nevertheless I had merged with my surroundings which were a distillation of hope, confidence, some cynical acceptance of violence, corruption, injustice, inequality and self-delusion, and an abiding belief that with all its faults America was, as Muhammad Ali later phrased such superlative, "the greatest."

Did it cease to be "The Greatest" after the Stock Market crash and the protracted period of physical deprivation and mental anguish for most of the people of the United States? Hardly. It simply meant that people individually, society as a whole, and its class or group components as segments of the vast polity had inadequate understanding of America's greatness. Most of us had lost sight of the reality that

the European settlers had taken over a rich continent which a few million aborigines husbanded in a leisurely manner for tens of thousands of years and which the new Americans proceeded to occupy, cultivate and exploit a thousand times faster than the natives. The European Americans extracted from the continent in three hundred years more resources than those from whom they took the land did in three hundred thousand years. Nature was not given a chance to replenish the top soil, renew the forests, refresh the rivers and purify the air. Greed reaped its rewards and its punishments.

First with their nearly bare hands, then with primitive tools, mechanical devices, and finally with a technology of sophisticated energy machinery the new Americans belabored the vast continent from ocean to ocean and spilled over to Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, the Caribbean and beyond. As the home-stealers moved west, the entrepreneurs mobilized armies of laborers to trap furs, dig coal, ore, silver and gold; the shipping magnates had their vessels roam the coastlines for fish and whale and the ocean lanes for trade and profit; cheap human labor was brought here in chains from Africa and as willing slaves driven here by starvation and oppression elsewhere; and the speculators began to count their dollars in tens, hundreds, thousands, millions and billions. The earth grumbled and the economic indicators gave warnings but the hedonistic orgies initiated by the upper stratum was trickling down to the mass of the population in the 1920s. It had become the vogue, almost the religion, to seek the "Good Life" and few saw the dangers ahead.

The convulsions of the 1930s signaled the collapse of the unconscious assumption that we could have an intricately geared economy without society being organized in a way to insure that it was built for the intended purposes and that it ran according to the needs of its components.

It was no wonder that when the collapse came different voices

offered different advice, most of them motivated by what they considered their legitimate interests and what they had learned from their authoritative contemporaries or theoreticians of prior generations.

So the 1930s were different. Some of the glamor and pretense of the 1920s gave way to prudence and thrift. Even people who still had incomes, from employment or business, began to watch their pennies. There was an interruption in the mad race of "keeping up with the Joneses" primarily because there were few "Joneses" to keep up with. Conspicuous consumption and blatant hedonism went underground. Those like us who were only mildly affected by the "get rich quick" wave of the 1920s, adjusted with little pain to the grim 1930s, provided they could hold on to some income.

In our own case, we got by on our modest income. Food prices were very low. We could manage with whatever household goods and clothes we had and resorted to very little replacement. Our biggest financial obligation was the debt incurred for the hospital and doctor's bills after our savings were exhausted. With Bess's extraordinary capacity for maintaining a household with greatest benefits at the least cost we managed to live quite well and in a comparatively short time were able to repay the borrowed money and even to resume some modest saving. We seemed always to have shared with the proverbial middle class its article of faith which stressed thrift.

We were very happy with Auguste. Besides being our own child, he was also interesting in his development and actions. His sound sleep and efficiency in eating were constant blessings.

During Auguste's infancy we had little desire and almost no opportunity for outside cultural and recreational activities. We discontinued attending lectures, theatres, museums and movies, seldom played tennis or ice-skated and reduced visits even to the immediate family. Instead, Bess was occupied with Auguste and the domestic chores

with opportunities only for reading, listening to radio and occasional conversations with neighbors. Our evenings and my days off were also spent at home. I painted quite often, helped Bess with heavier household chores, especially during her recuperating period, and both of us used games for occasional recreation. Bridge had become a popular card game at the time and some friends used to come several times a week to play bridge with us.

In the remaining part of 1931 we were sitting on a sort of time-bomb. During our periodic visits to Dr. Smith for Bess's examinations he kept giving tentative opinions of the state of her healing. Just before Christmas that year Dr. Smith said Bess would require another operation to repair the internal damage that resulted from the extraordinary birth. She returned to the hospital shortly after New Year's and two weeks later she came home with another incision.

Apart from ~~from~~ the physical suffering endured by Bess and our mental anguish, her long stay in the hospital at the time of her confinement and the second operation and hospital stay proved much costlier than we anticipated as the cost of the birth of our child. The depletion of our prior savings and the additional debt provided us with vivid personal experience of what it meant in a complex society like ours for people not to have social insurance, even those who had the foresight to plan for such contingencies.

Auguste was a delight. Bess gradually recovered from her second operation and slowly regained her health and robustness. Our entire life revolved around the baby, whom not only we but our relatives and friends admired and were amused by. He was very active and began to give us scares at a very early age when most babies are reputed to be incapable of any autonomous movement. When he was about six months and was being diapered he rolled off the bed by his own effort. Three months later, while sleeping in his carriage in the alley, he

stood up, undid his harness straps, and was about to climb out. Bess and her sister Augusta, who was staying with us, were both upstairs and during one of their frequent periodic observations from the window they noticed his precarious position. While Bess remained at the window and kept calling to him and urging him to refrain from undoing his straps and to remain in the carriage, Augusta ran down the stairs and brought him up unharmed.

The neighborhood in which we lived was thoroughly urbanized with little vegetation between the rows of residential and business structures. So when the year's lease was up we moved to an apartment near Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx, on a little street called Review Place, where Auguste could have access to the outdoors with the nearby trees and lakes. At the same time the new location was better for my travel to and from work, which was on the upper West Side of Manhattan. Traveling from the Lower East Side involved taking a cross-town bus and then the subway, which meant a double fare in both directions. This move also saved us fifty cents a week.

Every day that the weather was favorable we took Auguste to Van Cortlandt Park. Bess went alone when I was working and on my day off we went together. Sometimes I sketched in the park. Many people came there with their children. One day we sat on a bench and a woman passed by with a baby. She looked at Auguste, at Bess and at me. For a while we thought perhaps we had met somewhere and she could not recall us, and we of course could not. Then the woman turned to me and spoke in Russian, telling me "what a true Slavic face you have" and asking me questions about where I came from. When I answered her in Russian and told her it was Kiev she was encouraged to carry on more conversation. She was thrilled at the name of the baby, Auguste Bogdan, and soon dropped Auguste and called him only Bogdan. She insisted that we come to her house for tea and biscuits.

They lived in a ground floor apartment reserved for the janitor, which duties her husband performed in addition to some outside menial job he held. Their name was Levchenko and they came from the Ukraine, which they left when the Soviets defeated the loyalist armies in which Levchenko was an officer. He might have been in a battle where Jean was fighting on the other side. The woman was very friendly and sentimental about families and showed great nostalgia for Russia and "the good old day." Her husband, who joined us after a while, was reticent to the point of morosiness and seemed not to approve of our visit, either on general principles or because he sensed we were not "his kind." We visited them only one more time during which she told us about her daughter who was nearing twenty and was becoming "Americanized" faster than they liked. She became a model and was posing under her professional name of Jenny Lee. Mrs. Levchenko told us their daughter wanted to marry an Englishman, which was not quite clear to us whether he was actually a man from Britain or an English-speaking non-Russian. While we were there Jenny arrived and her mother introduced her as "Zhenya," which made her squirm somewhat. She was quite good-looking and shapely.

One Sunday morning in our Review Place apartment, while Bess and I slept a little later than usual, Auguste climbed out of his crib and roamed in the living room without us hearing him. We were careless the previous evening by leaving some wine glasses on a serving table. He woke us with loud crying and when we ran into the other room we found Auguste with a deep gash in his right palm and one of the wine glasses broken in front of him. I ran out of the house in my pajamas, bathrobe and slippers with Auguste in my arms until I found a doctor's office. The doctor washed the wound and stitched the palm and gave Auguste an anti-tetanus injection. The hand healed without any defect.

In the span of the five years during which I spent various stretches of time in the club on West 88th Street until it folded, I met a variety of people and had many experiences which helped me better to understand America. To a great extent it prepared me for my participation in building the Transport Workers Union and gave me the opportunity to learn people's motivations and how to take into consideration diverse and even conflicting aims in the course of fusing them in pursuing a larger objective.

One of the men whom I came to know early in my club work was Michael Schluter, the night chef. He used to start work at five in the afternoon and thus took part in preparing and apportioning food during dinner service. After that he remained until midnight when he filled sandwich orders and special dishes for members in the card and billiard rooms, in the bowling alleys and in the other activities. When I was there only a few evenings he advised me not to have my main meal when I arrived, which was a natural inclination for one with my appetite, but to have a snack and then dine with him after the day crew left. The result was that he either served the two of us the choicest dishes left over from the day's menu or made up special courses. It was under Schluter's tutelage that I learned to eat and enjoy many dishes hitherto unknown or inaccessible to me, and that I acquired some dietary habits which I later had to unlearn for the sake of better health.

Schluter, or as he preferred to be called "Michel" (pronounced Mikhl in German) was a cook in the German Army from 1914 until its collapse at the end of World War I. When some normality was restored in his country he went to work as a cook on a liner that plied between his native Hamburg and New York. Without being precise on the matter when he recited his travels to me, he either jumped ship or otherwise arranged to remain in the United States and wound up

first as a cook and then as night chef in this Progress Club. He was not married, although at times he hinted the woman in Yorkville where he roomed was somewhat more than a landlady.

One of his obsessions was the New York Stock Market where he used to invest most of his savings, which were not inconsiderate since he led a very frugal existence that did not include any expense for food. To Michel, as to most others, I was one of the few "Americans" on the staff of the club. He sought my advice and judgment on the kind of shares that were good or bad risks, a subject on which, of course, I did not have the slightest idea. These discussions about stocks were more like a monologue during which he recited the virtues and drawbacks of the various corporations and the reliability of those who gave him "tips" on stocks. In the course of these conversations I corrected his English and he in turn taught me German.

Michel had a sardonic sense of humor and I learned a great deal from him about human psychology although he concerned himself specifically with insight into the attitudes and motivations of urban and rural Germans. When I returned to that club for my last stint in the institution it was after the 1929 stock market crash. While he boasted that he got out just in time, it was obvious that he suffered considerable financial losses and became a chastened speculator.

Regular and special functions at the club attracted many members and their guests. Occasionally some celebrities attended dances, card games or dining rooms, especially during mild weather when the roof garden terrace was in use. Well-known bankers, politicians, industrialists, publicists and even people from the arts came there. Among the most outstanding, judging by the admiration of the "regulars," were Jack Warner and his brothers of rising Hollywood fame. One evening I saw Haywood Broun's bearish hulk roaming on the dance floor with a stylish lady who whirled him in the steps of the then popular

dances. I was amused when I read reference to that incident in his "It Seems to Me" column in the New York World a few days later. A few of the celebrities I had seen at the club were later reported as suicides induced by business reverses from the financial crash.

A person who was very puzzling to me was the pastry chef, Thomas Dembinski. He baked cakes and pies like nobody else I had met before or since. Club members came to dine there just to eat his desserts and often purchased pastries to "take out." He was a slight man who had no distinct ethnic appearance and never failed to remind everybody that he was a German. Apparently he acquired his name from some Polish grandfather who intermingled with an otherwise "pure" Teutonic lineage, of which he was a fiercely proud scion. Early in the rise of Adolph Hitler he began to express his sympathies for the National Socialist movement, although he was discreet not to betray his political tendencies to anyone he considered Jewish. He was very friendly towards me and pressed me to meet his intended bride, a Bavarian named Lisl Mayer, who like himself was a Catholic. Bess and I invited both of them to our house and neither of us could reconcile their mild personal characteristics with their ferocious political and tribal obsessions.

Thomas remained a monumental challenge to my rationality. It seemed so illogical for a mild-mannered, industrious person, a Catholic whose religion the Nazis were castigating, who had no animosity toward any people around him, to become such a fanatical adherent to the Nazis. He even seemed to have no particular animosity towards Jews, except that he avoided discussing Hitler with them because they were "prejudiced" against the Fuhrer. He must have merely shared the intense resentment for the defeat Germany suffered in World War I and the disgrace of the onerous Versailles Treaty. He obviously shared the burning desire for revenge and restitution felt by many Germans. Just

before the club closed down for good he told me that Lisl and he were returning to Germany where they would enlist in the service of the Third Reich. They sailed on an Italian liner to stop off in Rome for a visit to St. Peters and an audience with the Pope after their wedding and then to proceed to Germany. We received one picture card from him from Europe and never heard from them again.

A young bus boy came to work evenings at the club sometime in 1931. He had rosy cheeks, wavy dark brown hair and, although a short time in the occupation, already shuffled with a waiter's flat feet. One of his problems was understanding and speaking English. He had come from Poland in 1923 and moved in circles where he was able to get by with his native languages which kept him from acquiring either a vocabulary or locution in the American language. Being in his middle twenties he was eager to become a full-time waiter so he could earn enough to get married and support a family. It did not take him long to find out that I knew English better than almost anybody else on the staff and that I was a sympathetic listener. I began gradually to correct his pronunciation and syntax and to teach him new words and get a more precise understanding of the meaning of words he learned previously. As I was teaching him English sentence structure he deflated by tutorial prowess by coming out with such monstrosities as "I got it by me in the pocket a watch" in literal translation of a Polish or Jewish idiom. I nevertheless persisted in my efforts until he left when the club closed, by which time he had made noticeable progress in reading and speaking.

Besides the sizeable number of Jewish, Irish and Scandinavian waiters, this club, like most of the others, had a varied representation of ethnic origins. The front service men were mostly Irish, the porters were mainly Germans, the pantrymen and dishwashers exclusively Hispanic, with the kitchen predominantly French. I had a

linguistic field day with all of them. While the master chef was French, the other cooks, apart from Michel, were split between two German Alsatians and two French Alsatians who displayed a surface solidarity over an underlying rivalry. This was most often revealed by their use of their preferred language, although they were all bi-lingual. I could not however detect any desire on the part of the German Alsatians to return their province to Germany.

The house barber was an Italian by the name of Paul Pizzolongo. I was fascinated by his knack for ingratiating himself with his clients, or patients as he called them. Each member entering his shop in the club basement was made to feel that his shaving mug and brush were treated with special loving care, that the razor was honed with extra tenderness and the hot towels, powders, lotions, combs, brushes and even the rear view mirror were somehow at their special service. He scraped and bowed before them but was not above referring to some of them as Mazza Cristo with a clownish wink.

Shortly after I started to work at the club he induced me to accept free haircuts from him in return for keeping a log of his clients' visits and then leaving cards in their mail boxes three days before the expiration of the customary spans between their hair-cuts to remind them to make their next appointment. He assured me that my services were worth an increase of at least 10% in his patronage and therefore in his commissions and tips. Whatever he did was always calculated to derive some extra gain for himself, such as his guiding members to the gym masseur who in turn lauded Paul's tonsorial excellence. It was the barber who suggested to me that I undertake to set up pins on bowling nights, for which we received extra pay, and recommended me to the masseur who was in charge of all physical culture activities. I not only earned \$5.00 a week extra for two evenings of setting pins, but learned to bowl by staying after hours and bowling with the other pin boys.

It was an incident in this club that was responsible for my getting Bess to learn sewing. A Canadian from Quebec who was the stationary engineer at the club was terminated when the administration shifted from generating steam on the premises to purchase of central steam from the Consolidated Edison Company. This man, Claude Martin, was raising funds to return to Quebec and was eager to sell some of his household effects. He offered me a portable electric Singer Sewing machine for \$15.00 so I bought it and brought it home. Bess was puzzled at first, since she never took advantage of her father's shop to learn the use of a sewing machine. But she gradually took to the machine and under my tutelage and her own agility she soon learned to sew clothes and has made many garments and household linens over the years.

UNION

Despite the spreading and sinking economic crisis, which later became known as the Great Depression, our family managed quite well. I had several promotions in my club job and accompanying pay raises, which were smaller than they would have been^{had/}the prosperity of the 1920s not come to an abrupt end. Millions of workers were without jobs and many of those who remained employed had their wages cut repeatedly or worked part time or only sporadically. Professionals were unable to find employment in their specialties. Government workers suffered from delayed paydays. Self-employed people had a hard time holding on to their businesses or clients. There was a flood of business bankruptcies, foreclosures and drastic reductions of production. Banks were failing. Farmers and home owners lost their properties when they were unable to make mortgage payments. Families were unable to keep their homes and many doubled up in smaller quarters. In the cities sidewalks were cluttered with belongings of people evicted for non-payment of rent. Breadlines, soup kitchens and flophouses, formerly believed to be institutions for misfits or unfortunates, became the only means for survival for millions of provident and enterprising Americans.

The suffering that resulted from the economic dislocations in the United States was more widespread, more intense and lasted longer than most people expected because our society was not prepared ~~with~~ ^{for} this new phenomenon. The philosophy underlying American political and economic institutions and practices and pursued by the dominant shapers of our society created among the majority of Americans an obsessive belief in "rugged individualism" which resulted in firm statutory protection of property and little or no legal security for people. As a consequence, we had no governmental mechanism with which to protect workers and farmers against the vicissitudes of loss of job,

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ill-health, crop failure, natural disasters, old age or any other deprivation that befell people through no fault of their own.

Bess and I often talked about these problems and discussed them with our friends. There was also a great deal of reporting, agitation and education in established and new publications, challenging the American society to examine its institutions, concepts and attitudes. In this atmosphere we suffered a devastating shock. I lost my job. What had appeared a solid institution supported by rich people who seemed unaffected by the economic storm, suddenly collapsed. We were each given a week's severance pay and were allowed to buy up whatever canned, packaged and fresh food was on hand. I got together with another employee who had a car and he and I each filled a barrel with as much stuff as each could afford and he dropped my share off at our apartment. Since he and I were dispensing the food sale we admittedly were quite magnanimous towards each other.

One day, while we were still resting from the whirlwind termination of my job and pondering over ways to find a new one, our door-bell rang and we had a visitor. Gunnar Ekbohm, a waiter I knew at the defunct club, came with the good news that he had a job for me. It was from a group of members from the old institution who undertook to form a smaller club in a Midtown hotel suite and who wanted me to run it. Thus, a week after losing my job and days of despair, I found myself in another which later proved even more remunerative.

This fortunate turn of events did not imbue me with a conceit that I was better than others, that I was somehow immune to the hazards of social dislocation or that I could ride out any economic storm because of my special personal attributes. On the contrary, this experience aroused in me a determination to do all I could to change our institutions and conditions so that people could have both economic and social security and individual rights, liberties and opportunities.

Shortly after I took this job we moved from the upper Bronx to Lower Harlem. It was a pleasant ground-floor apartment with large, high-ceilinged rooms on Morningside Avenue at the foot of Morningside Park and Columbia University. Auguste was beginning to talk and we had lots of fun with his erratic efforts and achievements. While we would have a hard time getting him to say "ma" or "pa" he would come out with such words as "radio," "Mee-mow" (for Mickey Mouse) and other multisyllables. We decided to let him choose his own vocabulary.

The club where I started my new job had limited kitchen facilities. Yet many of the members had a hankering for some of the culinary services they enjoyed in the old club house. They particularly missed the beef tongues, corned beef, chicken and other types of sandwiches served them before. When they pressured me to do something about it I talked it over with Bess and we came up with a plan. The club would order chickens and tongues as needed, to be delivered to our home. Bess would cook these and I would bring the parts suitable for sandwiches to the club. Bess and I would keep the soup and the parts of the fowls and meat unsuited for sandwiches and the club would reimburse us ten dollars a month for our cooking gas.

During that period the three of us and our guests consumed lots of chicken soup, fowl organs, tongue ends and meat trimmings. Our share diminished after a while when club members began to ask that we serve chicken soup, livers and gizzards.

We had an amusing incident with these sandwich meats. One day the supply house was late delivering the meats to Bess, and I had to leave for work without the cooked supply. We were short some of the cuts and so Bess brought them to the club that evening. As she sat in the lounge before going home, one of the members passed by on the way to the men's wash-room. Soon there was a parade of members to the bathroom just to take a look at the attractive woman in the lounge.

There were many red faces and much amazement when one of them finally asked who the lady was and I told them it was my wife who brought the sandwich meats that were not ready when I left for work.

During the 1932 presidential election campaign nearly all the members of the club supported President Herbert C. Hoover for re-election except for a small group, whom the others called the "whiskey crowd." Their ring-leader was Daniel Weiskopf, a vice-president of Shanley Distillers, ^{assisted by} ~~and~~ one of his sales managers, Edmund Schwartzhaupt. The majority were afraid of the "radical talking" Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Democratic nominee. But the Weiskopf group was interested in repeal of the Prohibition Amendment and the Volstead Act, under which the general sale of alcoholic beverages was outlawed. Of course, there was no shortage of whiskeys, wines and liqueurs for members of the club. Shanley's bonded warehouses had plenty of stock and cases of beverages used to be delivered to the club on doctors' prescriptions. Each member kept his stock in a locker and had drinks served to him by the help. I learned quite ^{a bit} about tending bar and mixing drinks.

After the inauguration of F. D. R. the "whiskey crowd" became very active lobbying for repeal. Weiskopf became an even more frequent visitor to the club and used it to make and receive telephone calls which he wished to keep out of his office. Usually he told us to switch the calls to the pantry for privacy. His conversations were mostly with his Washington lobbyists and at times with Senators and Representatives.

His words were usually emphatic and his tone commanding. One time, when talking to Senator Royal Copeland from New York he shouted "hey, Royal, what was my five thousand for, to pay for stalling?" When the last of the required states ratified the Twenty-First Amendment, Weiskopf had a case of imported scotch delivered to the club and gave a party to celebrate Repeal, even for those members whom he taunted for voting for "that dry-rot Hoover." That also marked ^{the end of} Weiskopf's enthusiasm for the New Deal ~~coming to an end~~.

Most workers were also glad to see Prohibition repealed. It vaguely held out hopes of more jobs, reduction of bootlegging and racketeering and a diminution of restrictive government policies. The staff of servers at the club could not escape the simple lesson of Weiskopf's naked lobbying and the contrast of the the politically aggressive rich with the passivity of most Americans. It revealed to us the imbalance between the few voters with organizational and money power who knew what they wanted and how to get it from Congress and the bulk of the voters whose influence waned after Election Day because they failed to pursue the representatives they chose or whom they permitted to be elected by default.

My rather prudish concepts and practices and my dislike of cruelty and unethical conduct were frequently jarred during my work in the various clubs. Many of the men kept women in apartments they maintained for them and used the clubs' employees to deliver food, gifts and surreptitious messages. Many of them flirted and philandered with each other's wives. We were constantly obliged to dodge and lie for them, telling their wives that they were not there when they were in and clearing call from their paramours and concubines.

Some of the members and guests also cheated at cards. One glaring incident was when we inadvertantly removed a deck of used cards from a bridge table at which a certain member always took them after each bridge game "for use at home." A card room attendant called my attention to nail scratches on the backs of these cards which were obviously coded according to suit and honor. This player always used strongly magnifying eye-glasses while playing and was able to recognize from his coded scratches who held the honor cards as each hand was dealt. The way we learned about his special galsses was when he left them on a card table one evening when he left in a hurry. He telephoned frantically to hold them for him. Between the time

he called and the time he returned to claim his glasses we had a good opportunity to examine them. Not usually a big tipper, he strengthened our suspicions when he gave us a five dollar tip.

My job was on West 59th Street in Manhattan, a convenient subway ride from Columbus Circle to West 116th Street station near us. Some days when the weather was pleasant I walked either to or from work. I was on day duty Saturdays and Sundays, off on Mondays and the other four days worked evenings. Most afternoons and evenings there were clusters of people in the old Columbus Circle, now covered by a web of traffic lanes, debating current events and arguing about political issues. Orators would set up "soap-boxes" from which they set forth their views and made their appeals. Hucksters sold newspapers and pamphlets on a wide variety of subjects ranging from an extreme wing of Communism, through reformist and religious groups, to outright Fascists and other bigots. I often bought some publications and frequently listened to the speakers and side-walk debaters.

Clearly, those who advocated organization of workers and unemployed, who proposed enactment of unemployment insurance laws and systems of old-age pensions and health insurance, who thought that small farmers should be protected against loss of their land and small bank depositors against the loss of their savings, and that no one should be evicted when unable to pay the rent on time, had both compassion and logic on their side. I became intensely interested in learning more about these issues and then in doing something to effect necessary reforms.

The new club where I worked offered activities such as bridge, pinochle, poker, backgammon and other games, as well as occasional social functions. It kept growing in membership as established clubs in the area with higher overheads succumbed under stress of continuing economic downturn. Due to this success the club bought a town house on West 51st Street with expanded activities and I was made manager. The enlarged facilities required additional help and that gave me an

opportunity to give jobs to several old acquaintances who had it rough during the Depression. Most of them had turned to radical ideas and we often discussed current events and exchanged radical literature dealing with the crisis. We decided to join a union and chose the Food Workers Industrial Union, organized by the Trade Union Unity League, successor to the Trade Union Educational League, through which the American Communist Party advanced its ideology and policies among unionized workers, and the unemployed and unorganized.

All of us agreed that it was impractical for us to attempt collective bargaining with our employer and that our joining the FWIU was largely a symbolic gesture and a display of solidarity with the rest of the working class. It was calculated to help the mass of the employees in hotels, large restaurants and other catering establishments who at that time were working for low pay and under oppressive conditions. The union officials took cognizance of our idealistic gesture and soon we were recruited into a cell of volunteers to help organize workers in other establishments as a means of demonstrating in practice what we had previously avowed.

We met weekly and were tutored in the theories and practices of labor organization. We were given assignments to distribute circulars at large hotels and were tutored in the art of engaging timid workers in conversation about their job problems. Among the instructors at our group meetings those who declared they were communists or whom we assumed to be, were among the most aggressive and seemed most logical in setting forth their methods and programs. While I was temperamentally a libertarian and valued freedom of thought, action and movement, and had a lingering vague resentment over what the Bolsheviks had done to Jean and some of our own trials and tribulations during the Russian revolution, I found no rational obstacle to my taking part in the wave of agitation and demand for reform that was sweeping the country.

It became clear to me that with the wealth of natural resources, burgeoning scientific discoveries, advanced technology, trained workers and vast industrial plants the United States productive and distributive processes could be so arranged, with the democratic consent of the mass of the people, as to eliminate excesses of wealth and privilege for a minority and insecurity, deprivation and poverty for the majority.

After a while there seemed no clear distinction between the T.U.U.L. and the Communist Party in the conduct of our volunteer group. At one of our cell meetings a young man gave us a long analysis of the economic crisis and the Communists' plan to resolve it as proposed in an Open Letter published by their General Secretary Earl Browder. He quoted extensively from that document and at the end of the session gave us each a copy.

It made sense. It pointed out that except for a relatively few craftsmen who belonged to small unions, the bulk of American workers were unorganized. Why they did not spontaneously get together in groups and act in concert appeared to be too complex a psychological and social mystery. In any event, they had no available means of protecting their wages, hours of work, working conditions, or seniority and were totally at the mercy of the employers who, good, bad or indifferent, were primarily concerned with running their business as profitably as possible. Furthermore, most wage-earners did not actively participate in politics and therefore Congress, state legislatures and municipal administrations came under little or no pressure to enact laws for the protection of working people. The clincher was that the wealthy grabbed the continent and its resources from the native Indians and now were monopolizing them for their own benefit and to the detriment of the rest of the population - red, black, yellow and white alike.

Browder proposed a concerted drive to unionize by concentrating on the basic industries, that is those that employed the largest number

of workers and produced essential goods and services, such as coal, steel, aluminum, energy, automobiles, communication, transportation, and so forth. In New York City, he indicated, one of the largest industries and the most important was public transportation - railroads, subways, trolleys, buses, taxis and, ultimately, trucks. Our group decided to help and adopted the I.R.T. subway and elevated system.

Looking back now, I realize that my enthusiasm, fascination and dedication for this undertaking caused me to begin to neglect Bess and Auguste who never ceased to mean to me more than anything else in my life. The idea of changing America for the better by altering the imbalance between the few mighty rich and the many powerless poor just swept me along. I plunged into this activity with all the energy left in me after work and I gave it whatever resourcefulness and talents I possessed and could muster ⁱⁿ/its pursuit.

Shy as I had been, I became a star recruiter for the new union and a vigorous campaigner for its program. My earlier attempts to write blossomed into a prolific output of leaflets, tracts and articles. Not to compromise my job, I took part in the activities and wrote under the name of M. H. Forge. After appearing at shop-gate meetings at various I.R.T. locations, in small meetings in workers' homes, and making contacts in restaurants, thousands of subway employees got to know me as Mr. Forge, the man who edited the Transport Bulletin of the organizing committee and which later became the official organ of the Transport Workers Union.

The landlord of our apartment on Morningside Avenue discretely asked us to move out because he was going to remodel the building. We later learned that he split the large apartments into smaller units and rented them at much higher prices to blacks who until then had been confined to a smaller part of Harlem. Where we lived was still a mixed neighborhood with whites and blacks, mostly of West

Indian extraction, living in the same building. We moved a few blocks away to West 112th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue where we remained until Bess's father became disabled and was compelled to give up his shop, which was then converted into an apartment for the three of us.

Our agitating and organizing in the various departments of the subway, elevated, street railway and bus systems soon produced an embryo of a union to the point where by 1935 we had two functioning union sections in the plants where our group was concentrating -- the 148th Street and 98th Street repair shops. It was difficult and soon became impossible to conduct the growing organization with a volunteer part-time staff. The steering committee asked me to become one of the full-time functionaries.

With my enthusiasm and dedication there was no room for me to doubt. But for Bess it was a very hard decision. My job in the club had become quite secure by then and my pay was very high for those Depression days. Food and clothing prices were quite low. Our rent was moderate. We not only lived comfortably but had paid up our debts and began to save money again.

The weekly pay of the first T.W.U. staff members was set at \$15.00 a week. Bess pondered the dilemma and, weighing the family's inevitable hardships against the appealing prospect of involvement in the unfolding social drama with its historic significance, she went along with this drastic change in our lives.

For twenty years of my life I was inextricably involved with the Transport Workers Union; fourteen of those as a paid officer, ranging from organizer and Bulletin editor to vice-president and director of the Air Transport Division. Just as I left an indelible mark on the union, so my activities and experiences in T.W.U. helped shape my character and my destiny.

1. An early group of T.W.U. pioneers at a social in the Forge home, with my oil painting in center background and a water color on the side.

Seated: Madlyn Hirsch, Marion Loos, Mary Santo, Molly Quill and Catherine MacMahon.

Standing: Leonard Loos, Henry Hirsch, John Santo, Michael Quill, Douglas MacMahon and Bess Forge.

I took the photograph. It was early in 1935.

2. Vouchers showing weekly pay of staff at beginning of T.W.U.



Payroll

J. Nolan	\$ 15.00 (office worker)
W. Forge	15.00
J. McCarthy	15.00
J. Santo	15.00
A. Hogan	15.00
M. Quill	15.00
D. MacMahon	15.00
	<u>105.00</u>

418

AMOUNT, \$	<u>105</u>	NO.	<u>418</u>
PETTY CASH RECEIPT			
FOR	<u>Aug 24 1925</u>		
CHARGE TO	<u>Payroll</u>		
	<u>wages</u>		
APPROVED BY	RECEIVED BY		
<u>Austin Hogan</u>			

PETTY CASH VOUCHER

Date _____ 19

PAID TO J. Nolan

FOR Wages

\$ 15 | 00 Cents

Signed J. Nolan

PETTY CASH VOUCHER

Date Aug. 24 1935

PAID TO M. Jorgé

FOR wages

\$ 15⁰⁰ | Cents

Signed Jorgé

PETTY CASH VOUCHER

Date Aug. 24 1935

PAID TO Jack McEntally

FOR Wages

\$ 15⁰⁰ | Cents

Signed Jack McEntally

PETTY CASH VOUCHER

Date Aug. 24 1935

PAID TO M. Quill

FOR wages

\$ 15.00 | Cents

Signed M. Quill

Payroll

Sept. 7

J. Nolan	15.00
W. Forge	20.00
J. McCarthy	20.00
D. MacMahon	20.00
J. Santo	20.00
M. Quill	20.00
A. Hogan	20.00
	<u>135.00</u>

449

AMOUNT, \$ 135.00

NO. 449

PETTY CASH RECEIPT

FOR Sept. 7 1925

FOR Payroll

CHARGE TO wages

APPROVED BY

RECEIVED BY

Austin Hogan

PETTY CASH VOUCHER

Date 19
Pay to J. Nolan
For wages
\$ 15 00 Cents
Signed J. Nolan

PETTY CASH VOUCHER

Date Sept. 7 1935
Pay to J. McCarthy
For wages
\$ 20 00 Cents
Signed Jack McCarthy

PETTY CASH VOUCHER

Date September 7 1935
Pay to W. Forge
For wages
\$ 20 00 Cents
Signed Forge

PETTY CASH VOUCHER

Date Sept. 7 1935
Pay to D. Macmahon
For wages
\$ 20 00 Cents
Signed D. Macmahon

VOICE FOR THE SILENCED

From the early days in the union I realized that my concept of the purposes of workers' organizations and the role of leaders within them was different than that held and practiced by most of the other early organizers, especially John Santo, Douglas MacMahon, Michael Quill and Austin Hogan.

I conceived of the unions as an institution which by bringing workers together in a firm bond of association would give them effective means to redress their grievances, establish equitable economic rewards between employed and employers, create a better balance between the governed and the governors, and promote more ethical relations by individuals towards each other, and greater equity within society as a whole. I saw the ultimate objective of harmony among all ethnic, racial, religious and national groupings of the world.

To earn the right to leadership in such a movement to me meant acquiring the knowledge with which to help the others to learn about the objectives, principles and issues involved and to become adept in the strategies, methods and tactics whereby the union's just aims would be attained. Thus, for most of my years in T.W.U. I studied and taught, analyzed and planned, showed the way and worked. My motto was to persist in the right direction with hard, consistent work.

The Santo approach was primarily to achieve manipulative control of the union through institutional design and preemptive leadership. Thereafter, to perpetuate domination by satisfying the members that the promises made by the officers in the course of formulating union demands on the employers have been fulfilled. Santo himself summed up this formula in the succinct phrase: "We bring home the bacon."

In the long run Santo's policies were dominant. He had more adherents among the leaders, since he had a major voice in recruiting them, his approach had more appeal because it appeared to make their

jobs more secure and their tasks much simpler. It also armed the leadership with rallying cries that had a greater immediate appeal to most workers who, for the lack of deeply-held ideals, only ask themselves "what's in it for me?" Santo's delicatessen-type unionism had a simple answer: "You pays your money (dues) and you gets your choice" (higher wages, pensions, privileges and benefits delivered by the leaders) without any concern for the consequences to the rest of society or even to the union members themselves in the long run.

The irony was that Quill later took over the store and flung Santo and his collaborators on the scrap-heap of history.

Despite the best-laid plans of the union leadership, life confronted the members with some painful moral choices and because they had not been prepared for the task they flunked most, some they dodged and on rare occasions came through with flying colors.

Once I was launched on a career of professional union organizer I dedicated myself so thoroughly that I often was described as a zealot. There were no hours set aside in the day, nor days in the week, nor weeks in the year that I was not "on duty" as it were. True, I came home some nights. Some Sundays, holidays and occasional Saturdays I did not go to headquarters, nor to canvass, nor to a printer, nor on some other mission. But at no time was I free from concern about the union and I do not recall one occasion when I was called in the midst of a family or social activity that I did not leave in response. Bess and Auguste must have been annoyed with me more than I realized although they only infrequently expressed their displeasure. But I kept doing it and they remained tolerant.

When I joined the union staff, T.W.U. occupied two small rooms in an old office building on Broadway and East 11th Street in Manhattan which served as headquarters for many left-wing and Communist-originated organizations. From that location we published our tracts

and the Bulletin. Dally we fanned out from there in search of leads and contacts and to pursue our own organizational initiatives. No group was too small or too large. Whatever the issue, complaint, inquiry or report, we responded. Of course, every encounter was punctuated with the single refrain: build a strong, independent, industrial union that will protect every one and fight for all.

One of our first and most urgent tasks was to raise funds with which to build the union. In the beginning our expenses could not be covered by the very modest dues payments from the growing but small membership. To close the gap between receipts and needs we relied on friendly left-wing groups, such as the International Workers Order, pro-Communist ethnic and language clubs, more established T.U.U.L. unions, and various vacation spots in New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania patronized largely by sympathizers from New York City. We would visit these places and make a pitch, projecting a vision of making New York a union town by adding a powerful industrial union to its very core. There were usually liberal responses in contributions from the audience, the administration, or both. These funds and occasional direct subsidies from the center made it possible for us to carry on until membership dues began to meet union expenses.

As more transit workers began to shed their fear and became willing to listen to union speakers we instituted lunch-time shopgate meetings at power houses, repair and maintenance barns and bus and trolley depots. We also visited repair gangs on location, locker rooms sub-stations, signal towers, station platforms and wherever else employees could be found. While most of the staff was good at it, Quill soon emerged as the star orator and propagandist. He did not shrink from using stark contrast in comparing the poverty and oppression of the workers with the wealth and power of the owners. To him facts were mere rhetorical symbols and he mingled them with colorful metaphor

whereby even inexact data and inconsequential circumstances assumed the drama of conflict and evoked an urge to respond with some action. There was hardly a shop meeting that did not result in our undercover solicitors getting one or more applications. Despite his ten years in the United States Quill retained a pronounced Irish accent, which he kept alive by his constant association with other Irish immigrants, particularly from his native County Kerry, and later by his deliberate cultivation of the brogue. His voice, his hyperboles, and his delivery had wide appeal to listeners of all backgrounds.

At first I found "soap-boxing" sheer torture. My shyness, my reluctance to over-state, my limited previous association with manual workers, and the mere strangeness of exposing myself to the scrutiny and judgment of thousands of strangers were further complicated by the return of my earlier stammering. When we started these meetings I confined myself to setting up the stand, unfurling and mounting the American flag, and then introducing another speaker. Some times I closed the meetings and thanked the audience for its attention. Once I lost my balance and stumbled off the stand when a feeling came over me that I had blundered in my presentation of an issue.

In due time I not only overcame my timidity but began to like the exhilaration of being a teacher and stimulator to action. I began to practice diction and voice modulation. Before each appearance I would think of the current topics in our campaign, choose the best formulations and then organize my talk so that after stating the problem I would explain the causes, the stakes to the audience, and then the logical remedies. I learned to throw staccato sentences at the audience, follow with a long, slow explanatory sentence, and wind up with a punch line that was either dramatic or amusing.

Audience response shaped my self-training. One way was to make eye contact with one or more listeners close to the stand then

watch their facial responses for sympathy or rejection.. I learned to vary volume and speed of speaking, at times proceeding in low tones, causing the audience to strain to hear me, and then breaking out in thunderous, near-hysterical shouts, which soon earned me the reputation as "the little guy with the big voice." Through the rest of my career in the union I became known as one of the best speakers in the movement and was invited to many large meetings and symposia where I shared platforms with outstanding public figures, such as First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt. When Mike Quill was not available I was usually the preferred second choice. While I often resorted to the use of rhetoric, I avoided distortions and inventions.

T.W.U. kept growing in membership and influence. This progress resulted not only from our persistent agitation and organizing, but also to bad and worsening conditions on the job. Wage-cuts, encouraged by the general economic conditions and by the drop in transit company revenues, and other declines in workers' incomes, job security and work practices stimulated more and more of them to seek a militant solution. This was further aided by management ineptness.

The Interborough Rapid Transit Company (I.R.T.) and most other transportation systems in those days had established so-called company unions. These organizations were initiated, financed and recognized by the management and were confined to the employees of one company. Whatever perfunctory dealings they had with their employees was through these company unions, whose leaders were selected on the basis of their known undeviating loyalty to company policies and wishes. Membership in the company union was compulsory for all operating employees and such membership became known as the "yellow dog contract."

Besides assailing the company union by merciless exposure and derision, criticizing their officials' condoning of wage-cuts, unfair suspensions and dismissals, manipulation of pension contributions and

disregard of safety and sanitary rules, T.W.U. also encouraged the rank and file to "bore from within" We openly called on employees to attend company union meetings and speak up. At the same time we coached some of our active members on how to bring up issues in these meetings and how to press for the T.W.U. program in the company union sessions. At the height of a dispute over a proposed cut in pension benefits, T.W.U. instigated such a huge attendance at a 98th Street Shop "Brotherhood" meeting that our union group was able to smuggle me in and I was able to participate without being detected.

The response of the companies and the company unions was to dismiss or suspend without pay those of the rebels who were most effective or most vocal. This was especially true of the I.R.T. and its I.R.T. Employees' Brotherhood. We countered with picketing, publicity, protest marches and press releases to metropolitan newspapers. These incidents fed the union's campaigns. The victims and their families provided emotional symbols of the plight of the workers and attested to the heartlessness of the management. The sympathy of ever-widening groups of transit workers was thereby aroused. The union took complaints over these firings to various city, state and federal agencies that were then springing up under the impetus of the New Deal legislation initiated by the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration. These boards nearly always declined jurisdiction on the ground that the status of the transit companies, most of them in federal receiverships, had not been decided.

Meanwhile our headquarters had become entirely unsuitable. Apart from being small, the location was far from any transit center, away from the neighborhoods where most transit workers lived, and the building so closely identified with radical institutions, that our address became a point of dispute. We found new offices in the Casa Galicia, a fraternal order of Spanish immigrants from the northwest

corner of the Iberian peninsula, located at 153 West 64th Street in Manhattan, a building constructed for the American Society of Automotive Engineers who occupied it until they lost it during the Depression. We took over the entire second floor which contained several offices and we also had the use of the ground floor auditorium and the basement meeting and recreation and restaurant facilities. It was a case of instant "rags to riches." Eventually T.W.U. bought the building and occupied all floors, including the rooms on the top story used for residence both under the Engineers and the Galicia management.

The gradual growth of the union in membership and influence which made the move to 64th Street both necessary and possible, was in turn given a new spurt. T.W.U. began to be looked upon as an institution of substance, durability and integrity. Columnies and insinuations about its origin, purposes and control seemed to bounce off the concrete and brick walls of its new home.

Many other unions, most of them also inspired by the T.U.U.L., were experiencing the same growth as T.W.U. They, too, were not part of the then only labor center, the American Federation of Labor. Some of them began to lean towards such affiliation. They were toning down their erstwhile denunciation of the A.F.L. as a bogus labor organization that was ideologically and functionally tied to the employers. On the contrary, they started vigorous advocacy of the advisability for all independent unions to get into the mainstream, to unify and enlarge the American labor movement, to make it more representative, more democratic, and hence more responsive to the needs and wishes of the mass of wage-earners and job-seekers.

This new approach by the unaffiliated unions was reinforced by another development. The old A.F.L. unions that had been virtually dormant and ignored workers in the mass industries, began to look longingly at the thousands of hitherto unorganized workers recruited by the new unions. Some of them started to make jurisdictional claims

for them, to raid the independent organizations, and even to undertake their own recruiting drives in the same industries.

There was in New York at that time another new union, the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, headed by an energetic and astute trio, Julius Emspak, Albert Fitzgerald and James Matles. They realized their vulnerability to raids and prepared to meet them with imagination and realism. They made overtures to one of the oldest and most conservative A.F. of L. craft unions, the International Association of Machinists, and eventually worked out an affiliation agreement. Using this trio as intermediaries, a similar deal was made by the T.W.U. with the I. A. of M. On March 1, 1936 we became Lodge No. 1547 of the Machinists. Subsequently I became one of the Grand Lodge representatives.

This affiliation added further impetus to T.W.U. It made its durability more credible to the members and more respectable to the companies and municipal authorities. There was more discipline in dues payments and more compliance with internal rule. But it was not without drawbacks. One of them was the opening sentence in the I.A. of M.'s Ritual for initiation proceedings, which read:

"Any eligible white candidate working at the trade and receiving the minimum wage paid in his locality may be admitted to membership in any local lodge after complying with the Constitution of the Grand Lodge and the By-Laws of the Local Lodge."

It was not very difficult to explain to the members that the union wage rate in our case was a matter of future reward and not a case of immediate compliance. We had somewhat greater difficulty in explaining to motormen, conductors, trainmen, bus drivers, porters, change-makers, platformmen, signalmen, trackmen, maintenance of way men and the various occupations in power houses, shops, barns, substations and switching towers that they were "working at the trade"

of machinist. That was overcome by our repeated declarations that the I. A. of M., like other craft unions, has seen the light and has come to recognize what we learned earlier, namely, that industrial unionism is the wave of the future.

It was the "eligible white candidate" that stuck like a bone in the union's throat. From its very inception T.W.U. had quite sincerely proclaimed our stand for equality, both in our literature and in frequent spoken assurances. There was hardly a person in all New York who had not by then heard Mike Quill's oft-repeated assertion that "whether you are white, black, yellow or red, Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, Buddhist, Mohammedan, or other religion, native or foreign-born, Democrat, Republican, Socialist, Communist, Anarchist, Prohibitionist, or even nudist, atheist or vegetarian, you are welcome in T.W.U." But was this a retreat? Were we now going to restrict applicants to "Caucasians only?"

The leaders assured questioners that this ritual provision, an anachronistic left-over from more backward days, has been waived by the I. A. of M. But why not in writing? Our answer was that the progressive Grand Lodge officers had to reckon with the large number of bigoted white members who at the time of the prior convention probably constituted a majority in the organization. The officers were pledged to eliminate this offensive and self-destructive provision at the earliest opportunity. We further offered as proof the fact that the I.A. of M. had already issued membership books to blacks and a few oriental who were members. We muddled through on this issue somehow. Our answers, while sounding lame to some workers, were essentially true and our attitude toward them realistic.

Then came the big blow-up in the American Federation of Labor. A group led by John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers proposed a program to organize workers in the mass industries into industrial

unions irrespective of craft. The majority of the A.F. of L. Executive Council, led by its President William Green, rejected the idea and insisted that each craft union had its jurisdiction that must not be violated. If employees in industry truly wanted unions they were there for the joining, the Executive Council said, but each worker had to join his appropriate craft organization and not a "dual" union.

Lewis and his more steadfast allies held their ground. In defiance of the A.F. of L. Council majority they formed a Committee for Industrial Organization and with funds and organizers from adhering unions they began their campaign. The C.I.O. infused its resources into the budding unions spontaneously formed by workers in many unorganized industries and created founding committees where none existed. It spread like water released by the opening of a dam, and employees of large, medium and small enterprises sopped it up. Entire local and national unions sprang up like oases all over the industrial landscape.

This development created new problems along with the advantages. The A.F. of L. retaliated by announcing that it would not recognize any national or local union that infringed on the craft jurisdiction of any of its affiliates. Clearly, as Lodge 1547 of the Machinists T.W.U. inevitably became vulnerable to claims by the A.F. of L.'s Amalgamated Association of Street Electric Railway and Motor Coach Employees (later renamed Amalgamated Transit Union) and other of its affiliates to parts of its membership and potential members.

This was not an insurmountable difficulty, but it was complicated by other pressures. After the landslide re-election of Roosevelt in November, 1936 and the renewed euphoria of the New Deal, the initials C.I.O. assumed a kind of magic meaning that symbolized for millions of workers the possibility or even imminence of instant delivery from insecurity, oppression and low pay. All they had to do was march with the C.I.O.

There was widespread and growing sentiment in T.W.U. ranks for the C.I.O. and especially for the colorful John L. Lewis. T.W.U. leaders not only were aware of these tendencies, they also shared the growing drive among officials of other former T.U.U.L. unions to do something about it. Officials of organizations that remained unaffiliated and those who joined some A.F.of L. affiliate veered ^{the/} toward/view that the rising C.I.O. was the American workers' best hope for economic liberation; that because of its potential it would match and even surpass the old federation and, by virtue of concentration on the major industries, it would become the dominant economic and political force in the United States. They favored leaving the A.F.of L. and going with the C.I.O.

At first I had misgivings and expressed them. One of my objections was rather technical, based on the C.I.O.'s claim that it was only a committee to bring millions of workers into the A.F.of L. Why get out to come back again? Another was that by accepting us the Machinists were abandoning their former craft union intransigence and that we should stay in to reinforce the tendency for its conversion to an industrial union (which, by the way, the I.A.of M. eventually became) and not retard and discourage it by our withdrawal. Finally, that our joining it was resulting in the I.A.of M. abandoning its racist character and that we should stay in to fortify and help assure its permanence.

But I was overwhelmed by the unanimity of the sentiment in favor of C.I.O., by the persuasiveness of their counter-arguments, and by the authoritative stands of other unions and the political guidance from the dormant T.U.U.L. I was convinced and accepted the majority stand.

The dramatic moment came on May 7, 1937 at a mass meeting of what was technically Lodge 1547 of the I.A.of M. where the members unanimously approved the recommendations of the officials to withdraw

from the Machinists and immediately affiliate with the Committee for Industrial Organizations.

The die was cast.

A representation election of I.R.T. employees was scheduled for Saturday, May 15, 1937, only eight days after the switch to the C.I.O. The voting was under the auspices of a special committee appointed by Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia. The company and all competing unions agreed to abide by the results. T.W.U. got 92 per cent of the votes. While the switch to the C.I.O. undoubtedly contributed to that lopsided result, it was a clear tribute to the massive T.W.U. organizing effort and its success in convincing the employees to have faith in its promise.

With this initial success and the ample favorable publicity it generated came increasing acceptance of the union and its leadership by the authorities. I.R.T. company resistance collapsed and within twelve days it signed its first labor agreement with a C.I.O. union.

The reluctance of the other transportation systems to deal with T.W.U. also diminished and a long string of representation votes followed, which T.W.U. almost invariably won. Most of them resulted in labor contracts with improvements in wages, conditions and security.

In October of that year the Transport Workers Union of America, C.I.O. held its first convention in New York City. The opening session was in Madison Square Garden, at that time located on Eighth Avenue and West 50th Street, where an array of speakers headed by C.I.O. President John L. Lewis helped celebrate the recent T.W.U. victories and to proclaim the demonstrated benefits of industrial unionism. The business meetings were held in the recently acquired Transport Hall on West 64th Street in Manhattan, which later became a part of the city of the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts.

The most effective way to control a convention, in addition to fixing the agenda and by the actions of the presiding officer, is

through the key committees. Santo chose for himself the chairmanship of the key Committee on Constitution, which was going to be written, debated and adopted at this first convention. He was thus in a position, by his control and persuasiveness, to make sure that the document that emerged provided efficient administration and adequate provisions for control of the union by the incoming officers who were unquestionably to come from the ranks of the founders. Chairmen for other committees were recommended by the leaders and approved by the delegates and also went to persons who were reliable, adequately competent for the task, and above all totally dedicated to the idea of continuing control by the original group.

The constitution adopted vested supreme authority between conventions in the International Executive Board. Most American unions like to call themselves "internationals" although none of them attempt to bring into their ranks workers outside the U.S.A. and are functionally and ideologically nationalistic and even chauvinistic. The only exception is Canada where some American firms have branch plants and whose proximity and whose English-speaking majority have somehow blurred in the minds of many Americans that it is an independent nation with a large Francophone population at that. Rightly or wrongly, Canadians by and large have accepted the sharing of jurisdiction by their Canadian Congress of Labor and the American federation without, until quite recently, much expression of resentment about impinging on their sovereignty.

Anyway, T.W.U. chose to be an "international." At that first convention representation was mostly from New York City, which accounted for 180 delegates, with only 13 from other cities. Some of the locals from outside New York were organized by the C.I.O. and transferred to us. A few were the results of spontaneous efforts in the feverish unionization that was sweeping the country and they came to us when they heard that the C.I.O. had chartered a national

union of transit workers. Several were embryonic locals that T.W.U. initiated when it suddenly emerged from the status of a local entity with a potential for becoming a continental union stretching from Maine to California and from Florida to Washington State.

By the time the first convention adjourned it had adopted a constitution, passed many resolutions expressing support or condemnation of various contemporary issues and causes, and elected international officers. These were Michael J. Quill, president; Douglas L. MacMahon, vice-president, John Santo, secretary-treasurer, and Maurice H. Forge, editor. These four, together with ten additional executive board members, were entrusted with managing the union for the next two years. The members had no direct voice in choosing the officers and they could only register their approval or disapproval of the officers' performance two years later when they would choose delegates to the next convention.

One of the highlights of the first convention was its endorsement of Quill's candidacy for New York City councilman on the American Labor Party ticket, thus giving tacit approval for political action by union officers, and implicitly by locals, as well as legitimizing recourse to new political parties other than the traditional Democratic and Republican groupings that have dominated U.S. politics through most of its history.

The harmony achieved at the convention was entrusted to the structural control of the union by the "founding fathers," as legislated in the constitution. The document provided none of the mechanism necessary to create membership understanding of solidarity and ways to achieve and maintain it. The integrity of the union was left entirely to continued harmony among the officials. In the halcyon days of that first convention it was not easy to foresee the strains on that harmony and its complete rupture only ten years

later. But, it was quite obvious even then that the fledgeling was provided with too weak a reed on which to lean as it tramped over the rough terrain that it would have to traverse in the stormy years ahead.

1. Machinists' Monthly Journal of September, 1937 at the time of T.W.U. affiliation as Lodge 1547.
2. Letter from I.A.of M. President A. O. Wharton designating Maurice For... business representative of Lodge 1547.
3. My membership Book No.C29052 in Lodge 1547 I.A.of M. My Credential Card as Grand Lodge Representative. The booklet containing Ritual and Initiation Procedure of the International Association of Machinists, A.F.of L. My business card as editor when affiliated with I.A.of M.
4. Membership resolution of May 7, 1937 authorizing withdrawal from I. A. of M. and affiliation with C.I.O.
5. Flyer reporting T.W.U. victory in I.R.T. and appealing to non-members to join.
6. New York Post feature article of July 2, 1937 about T.W.U. leaders.
7. Appeal to transit workers to join T.W.U., citing its achievements.
8. Brochure published by T.W.U. after it acquired the building housing Transport Hall, soliciting rentals of its catering and meeting facilities whereby union income was supplemented.
9. Admission ticket to opening session of first T.W.U. convention after affiliating with C.I.O., held in Madison Square Garden October 4, 1937.

VOL. XLVIII

NO. 9

MACHINISTS MONTHLY JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER
1936

MILWAUKEE CONVENTION NUMBER



NEW PFISTER HOTEL
CONVENTION
HEADQUARTERS



Official Organ

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MACHINISTS

FRED. HEWITT, EDITOR

C29052

M H FORGE

43-19 47TH ST
WOODSIDE L I N Y

1547

AFFILIATED WITH AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR

International Association of Machinists

FOUNDED IN THE CITY OF ATLANTA, GA., MAY 5, 1888

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS: MACHINISTS' BLDG., NINTH ST. AND MT. VERNON PLACE N. W.

A. O. WHARTON, INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT



OFFICE OF PRESIDENT

NO. 3-79
IN REPLY PLEASE REFER TO OUR FILE

Washington, D. C., April 30, 1937

Subj:-Credential - Bus. Rep. M. H. Forge -
Lodge #1547

Mr. M. H. Forge,
48-19 47th St.,
Woodside, L. I., N. Y.

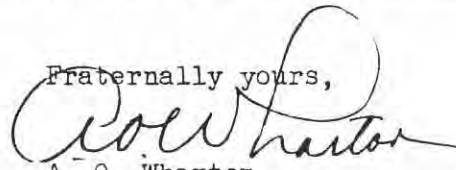
Dear Sir and Brother:

We have been advised by Recording Secretary Austin Hogan, Lodge #1547 that you have been selected to act as Business Representative for that lodge, effective May 1, 1937.

You will find credential issued in your behalf herewith inclosed.

Wishing you the best of luck in your endeavors,
I am

Fraternally yours,


A. O. Wharton
INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT.

/z

M. H. FORGE
EDITOR

TRANSPORT WORKERS' BULLETIN

PUBLISHED BY

TRANSPORT WORKERS' LODGE NO. 1547

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MACHINISTS, A.F. OF

V. 64TH ST., N. Y. C.

SUSQUEHANNA 7-2

Washington, D. C., 11/10/1930

This is to certify that the Brother's name appearing herein has been accepted on the above date from the *Transport Workers Union* Organization and this book has been issued by the Grand Lodge of the I. A. of M. in accordance with the Constitution at the request of Lodge No. *1547*

VOTED

E. L. Davidson
G. S. T.

HEADQUARTERS: MACHINISTS' BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

International Association of Machinists

TRANSFER
ACCOUNT
STAMP

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT

Name

M. H. Forge

Card No.

29052



IS MOST EXPERIENCED AT WORK,
and is entitled to the Rights and Privileges of Membership, as long as this book is stamped in accordance with the Constitution.

E. L. Davidson

President

E. L. Davidson

Fin'l Sec'y

PRINTED
IN U.S.A.



MAILED 10 Ledger Page 11

Line 2

REVISED AND ADOPTED BY
THE EIGHTEENTH CONVENTION IN ATLANTA, GA.
SEPTEMBER 17TH TO 27TH, 1928



affiliated with the American Federation of Labor

International Association of Machinists

Grand Lodge

Washington, D. C.

To whom it may concern:

No. 208



E. L. Davidson

GEN'L SEC'Y - REAS.

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RESOLUTION ADOPTED AT SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING
OF THE TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION AT ST. NICHOLAS ARENA
FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1937

WHEREAS, craft unions have always failed in such efforts as they have made to organize the traction workers of the City of New York; and

WHEREAS, the Transport Workers Union, the first industrial union to undertake the organization of traction workers in this City, has succeeded in a comparatively short time in organizing the overwhelming majority of workers on all transit lines in the City into one union, with the result that the Transport Workers Union is now in a position to secure for these workers higher wages, shorter hours and better working conditions, and

WHEREAS, various craft unions of the American Federation of Labor which, for more than 10 years, have done absolutely nothing toward organizing these workers, are now making jurisdictional claims over various sections of the workers organized by the Transport Workers Union, and

WHEREAS, recognition by the American Federation of Labor of these jurisdictional claims will divide the workers among a dozen or more craft unions, thereby destroying the organizational unity and strength which these workers have achieved after long years of yellow-dog contracts and company unions, and

WHEREAS, William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, has evinced his traditional disregard of the best interests of the rank and file by demanding of the Transport

Workers Union that it forthwith surrender a large and important section of its membership to one of the aforementioned craft unions, and

WHEREAS, the aforementioned action of William Green demonstrates that the Transport Workers Union cannot exist as an industrial union within the American Federation of Labor,

BE IT RESOLVED that the Transport Workers Lodge No. 1547, International Association of Machinists, immediately resign and withdraw from the International Association of Machinists and from the American Federation of Labor, and be it further

RESOLVED, that this union henceforth to be known as the Transport Workers Union, immediately affiliate with the Committee for Industrial Organization, and be it further

RESOLVED, that the officers of the Transport Workers Lodge, No. 1547, International Association of Machinists are hereby continued as officers, in their same positions, of the Transport Workers Union; and be it

FURTHER RESOLVED, that the officers of the Transport Workers Union are hereby authorized to take such action as may be necessary to carry through the foregoing resolutions.

Ten to One--- Make It Unanimous

Detailed Result of I. R. T. Referendum Vote held on Saturday, May 15, 1937

TOTAL VOTES	11,585
TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION	10,638
B. of L. E.	307
B. R. S. of A.	147
Independent Railway Union	311
Our Own Group	120
No Organization At All	62

Group No.	DEPARTMENTS	T.W.U.	B. of L.E.	B.R.S. of A.	Independ-ent	Own Group	No Union
1.	Motormen and Switchmen, Subway Division	621	124	—	4	5	6
2.	Conductors and Guards, Subway Division	1,074	—	—	24	14	7
3.	Station Agents, Platform Men, Special Officers and Porters, Subway Division	1,452	—	—	40	18	11
4.	Shops, Storetenders and Inspection Barns, Subway Division	1,962	—	—	32	9	3
5.	Motormen and Switchmen, Manhattan Division	317	183	—	3	0	2
6.	Conductors and Guards, Manhattan Division	802	—	—	26	15	12
7.	Station Agents, Platform Men, Special Officers and Porters, Manhattan Division	701	—	—	9	21	5
8.	Shops, Storetenders and Inspection Barns, Manhattan Division	698	—	—	96	9	—
9.	59th St. Powerhouse, 74th St. Powerhouse, Sub-Stns. and Cable Department, Subway and Manhattan Divs.	699	—	—	20	13	5
10.	Towermen and Signal Department, Subway and Manhattan Divisions	460	—	147	8	4	3
11.	Main. of Way Men, Tel. and Lighting, Con. Rail, Es. and Bridge Men, Misc. Workmen, Drainage, Structure Dept., Track Dept., Subway and Manhattan Divisions	1,679	—	—	39	10	7
12.	Stationary Engineers (Car Equipment Dept.), Car Insprs., Lampmen, Turnstlemen, Sub. and Man. Divs.	173	—	—	10	2	1
TOTALS		10,638	307	147	311	120	62

10,638 I. R. T. employees cast their ballots for the TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION in one of the most outstanding labor victories in the country. Your negotiating Committee and your Executive Board now go to the management of the railroad armed with the mandate and the full backing of 92 per cent. of the workers who are union men and who want union conditions on their jobs.

This great victory is yours, thanks to the perseverance, to the unswerving loyalty and the good sense of the Union men who for three years marched on in face of all obstacles. Each week, each day, each hour more and more I. R. T. men were convinced that their place is in the Transport Workers' Union and that their future depends on its success.

No one can doubt that final success is ours. The management of the I. R. T. will respect the impressive numbers who back the Union and that vote will dictate the terms of the agreement which is being presented.

IT IS NOW THE JUSTIFIED AIM OF THE TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION TO SECURE A CLOSED SHOP SO THAT THE JOB OF EACH AND EVERY MEMBER MAY BE PERMANENTLY SAFEGUARDED. WE APPEAL TO THOSE FEW WHO HAVE NOT THUS FAR JOINED THE UNION TO SET ASIDE THEIR HESITATION AND THEIR DOUBTS AND MAKE THE SUPPORT FOR THE TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION ONE HUNDRED PER CENT.

ONE I. R. T. MAN SHOULD EXCLUDE HIMSELF FROM THE BENEFITS TO BE DERIVED
 HAVING ONE POWERFUL INDUSTRIAL LABOR UNION OF ALL TRANSIT EMPLOYEES.
 IF YOU ARE NOT A MEMBER, AVAIL YOURSELF OF THE LAST CHANCE TO JOIN UP WITH
 THE UNION THAT WAS BUILT FOR YOU AND FOR YOUR WELFARE.

THESE FELLOWS JUST THRIVE ON TROUBLE

It Took Much Courage and Ganniness to Cement Transport Workers Into Strong Organization

By DAVID DAVIDSON

Dozens of times between 1926 and 1935 you pushed a dime or a quarter into one of the change booths at the Grand Central station of the I. R. T. and a broad-shouldered fellow with a green shamrock tie-pin shoved nickels back at you.

You were in a hurry and you never looked at him twice, unless you were the fluttery matron who became confused when they first installed magnifying glasses on the turnstiles and rushed back to wail: "Dear me, I've dropped in a half-dollar piece."

Or if you were the foggy fellow who asked, "Tell me, is this the other side?"

Then you heard a rich and energetic brogue that made a little more impression. But behind the glass there was nothing distinctive about Badge No. 3855, who worked eighty-four hours a week for \$27.72 and whose healthy beef-eater's face was turning underground pale.

Busy Man-on-Wheels

It was Michael J. Quill you were overlooking, the man who today is president and board chairman of the Transport Workers' Union, which is going like a house afire and signing up every kind of worker on wheels—subway men, busmen, trolley men and cabbies.

"It was a hell of a place to put a farmer's son—behind the bars of a cage," Mike Quill muses today.

There were half a dozen names on the union roster back in April, 1934. Most of them were of men under thirty. Transit was running a wide-open shop in New York. The men were working twelve hours a day, seven days a week, with no vacations. Spies, beakies, finks, nobles had crushed two strikes, smothered all unions—seemingly forever.

Today the Transport Workers' Union has 43,000 members in New York out of a potential 80,000—and new thousands are signing weekly. They have captured every major line in New York, won every collective bargaining election held.

They have signed the I. R. T. to the first subway contract in history, the Terminal Taxicab System to the first cab contract, are talking with the New York Omnibus Company about the first bus contract.

One Room to Thirty

Wages have been increased by millions, hours cut down to forty-eight a week, vacations won for subway men and cabbies for the first time.

Twenty thousand have signed up in other cities and new thousands are clamoring for charters.

An office of one room at 80 East Eleventh Street has grown to a suite of thirty rooms, four meeting halls and an auditorium of 2,000 seats in a new building at 153 West Sixty-fourth Street.

A one-page bulletin of 600 copies has grown to a bi-weekly of sixteen pages and 100,000 copies.

All this in three years.

Who did the trick? The Big Five led by Mike Quill, five among the men at the first secret meetings, of whom the oldest is now thirty-six, who ate, slept and lived in one another's homes and planned every inch of the way together.

They are: Michael Quill, thirty-six, president and chairman of the executive board, who learned how to fight in the Irish Republican Army and left Ireland when the Free State won, who learned how to talk to people while seeing Roman Catholic religious wares. Big, brawny, getting bald and blessed with the gift of speech.

Their Biographies

Austin Hogan, thirty-one, his lean comrade in arms from Ireland. Slim, blondish, handsome, soft spoken and scholarly. Civil engineer from Cork University. Student of the writings of the late Jim Connolly, sainted labor leader and rebel. Called "the oldest head among us." Chief of the I. R. T. organization campaign, general secretary of the union.

John Santo, thirty-one, Hungarian-born machinist, a little chip of a black-haired man with burning eyes. Like Hogan, his friend, he was working on a construction job when Quill asked if he could borrow their names as front men for the secret organization because regular subway workers feared they would be fired. They have never left the union since. General business manager.

Douglas L. MacMahon, thirty, grandson of Methodist missionaries to India. Neat earnest ex-clerk of the Stock Exchange. The depression sent him to work in the I. R. T. machine shops as a laborer, put grease on his hands, a fiery tongue in his mouth. The men elected him vice-president of the I. R. T. company union. He promptly led them out into a real union, Commander of the B. M. T. campaign.

Job of preparing all union literature. Office manager and editor.

All Men of Action

To their number lately have been added:

Joseph B. English, thirty-seven, quiet South Carolinian with an all-steel backbone, who wears white socks and smokes an amber-stem pipe. An old railroad union man, he became a car repairer for the Independent Subway, was fired by the Board of Transportation for organizing a civil service "forum" among workers. Retaliated by bringing 3,300 of the 4,500 Independent Subway men into the union.

Eugene Connolly, ex-bond salesman, ex-manager of the Twelfth Street Bookshop, ex-leader of the new Union Knickerbocker Democrats, sometimes called "Reds." Big and dapper. The A. F. of L. canned him as an organizer because he picketed the B. M. T. In charge of the cab drive. Has signed about 10,000 of the 16,000 cabbies in major fleets by storming a shop at a time with all his forty organizers.

It's not accurate to separate the seven. All are speakers, organizers, strategists. Every campaign is collective. Their hours? Sometimes right around the clock. Their pay? A flat \$150 month for each. There's a move to raise them to \$200 a month, same as motormen. They frown on it.

How did they do the trick? It was dangerous. They were being watched twenty-four hours a day. Spies followed them from home, observed them day-long at work, trailed them home again to see where they stopped and to whom they spoke.

Consider Michael Quill

"John sends word not to approach him on the street again. Too risky. If you have anything to say to him, mingle with him in the crowd at the Sunday mass in Our Lady of Lourdes."

Stool pigeons tried to steal in. "But here is one man you need not fear. We were boys together and I dragged him once from a mill-race."

Conspirators? Conspiring to do what? Overthrow Hitler? Dynamite the British out of Ireland?

"It was as bad, my friend, as in the days of the Black and Tans," says Michael Quill, who has a bullet-riddled left hip among his souvenirs of Ireland. "But all we were trying to do was organize a union, and the I. R. T. would have none of it."

"I hardly felt at home, to tell the truth, when I sat down across a table the other day with Thomas Murray, the I. R. T. receiver, to sign a contract. I wasn't used to dealing with him peacefully."

Traditional Methods

The first trick was underground organization. For three solid years in the Irish Republican Army, Quill and Hogan had managed to outwit Scotland Yard itself. With the I. R. T. they used the same system—a technique which, unbeknownst to them, had been devised a century before by Louis Blanqui, ace of conspirators, to overthrow a monarchy.

"The original half-dozen members met in saloons, restaurants, parks and on rooftops," Quill recalls, "and decided that each was to build his own little group of five or six. Each man was picked only after long deliberation. Members of each cell knew only their leader and fellow cell members. They were not told the names of men in other groups."

"In three weeks we had forty-five chipped in, took an office and started our day with Hogan's and



JOHN SANTO

DOUGLAS MACMAHON

MAURICE FORGE

JOSEPH B. ENGLISH

At top, Michael Quill, president of the Transport Workers' Union; just under him, Austin Hogan, general secretary. These unionists, veterans of the Irish civil wars, have been indefatigable workers in

building up their organization, as have all. They started under extremely adverse circumstances, but through courage, triumphing over oppo-

came a delegates' council, meeting once in three weeks.

"In time each of the forty-five set out to build up new secret groups. The I. R. T. secret service got wind of it. They started suspending men for minor infractions like opening the door of a ticket booth to get air for a few minutes, or not going to the turnstile on the very dot of the hour to get the figures.

Fear Ruled the Workers

"That didn't break our spirit. Some of us had to take cover and stay away from meetings for weeks, but new men kept coming in. By the end of 1934 we had 560 members and were working out in the open."

"It was not hard to convince the men their lot was bad. But they were afraid of joining anything but the company union, the Brotherhood of I. R. T. Employees."

"We had tried in the company union, asking for such small things as fans and comfortable chairs in the ticket booths. We nearly always failed. The men knew they needed a real union, but all attempts before to organize and strike had failed."

"We knew from the start that the proper line was to build an industrial union, Jim Connolly, Lord of the soil, had preached that very message in New York in 1908. We saw we must take in everybody—Negroes, foreign born, people of all political beliefs."

"We preached that if fellows were good enough to sweat together, they were good enough to organize together—Catholics, Protestants and Jews. We showed that the 1916 strike was broken because only the shops were organized, that the 1926 strike was broken because only motormen were organized. There was no end of hostility amongst departments, encouraged by the company. Did you know that once El men wouldn't speak to subway men?"

Value of a Brogue

"Another thing we preached was that the union had to belong to the members, not the top leaders—that the men must choose the leaders and must be able to fire the leaders."

"Another problem—in Ireland, the Irish are strong trade unionists, but in New York they appeared slow and reluctant to organize. Why? Does something happen to them on the ocean?"

"No. In Ireland unionism had been carried only to cities and towns, where the workers live, not to the farms. And the immigrant boys who became transport workers were mostly farmers and farmers' sons. They had to learn from the ground up. I in their native tongue. Hogan's brogue didn't do any harm in reaching their hearts."

in. "He has twice the brogue of Austin Hogan."

"Be quiet man," said Quill, carrying on a pretended feud of fifteen years' standing. "You're only from County Cork."

"Cork has outdone Kerry from the beginning of history," said Hogan.

"Ach! As soon as we had an organization we started soap-box meetings at the shop gates," Quill went on. "But the men were afraid. We had to trick them."

Growth Slow but Sure

"For instance, at the Ninety-eighth Street shops we'd wait until the kids were coming from the near-by school at the lunch recess. Then one of us would get up on the box and the kids would gather around. Soon a few men in overalls would saunter over from the shops to see what was up. We always got them to hear a few words before they'd run away."

"Of course we'd take an empty store for a meeting. There might only be fifteen of us, but every man of the fifteen would crowd outside the door to give the impression there was a terrible big mob inside."

"Our going to church did no harm either. Many a fellow who thought I was a dangerous agitator found me more to his taste after meeting up with me at the Paulist Fathers on Columbus Avenue."

By the end of 1935 the 560 had grown to 3,200. Quill and the others quit their subway jobs to take full-time positions as organizers—"at \$15 a week, when we had it." Another year's work and at the end of 1936 there were 8,000 members.

"The men lost their fear at last, and this past May we stood at 14,000," Quill went on. "Then, because we could not abide the path into which the A. F. of L. had

drifted and because our hearts were with industrial unionism, we affiliated with the C. I. O.

They've Used No Force

"Since then we have forced a number of elections and won them all. The name C. I. O. is like Mes-siah. In two months we have added 29,000 members. Our work is only beginning. There are 750,000 transport workers throughout the country and we want them all."

The union has never minced words—nor strike words either. But happily enough, they have seldom needed to take any drastic action.

On a couple of occasions they sat-in at B. M. T. power houses but let the lines run—just to show what they could do, if they were forced. But, actually, the full extent of strike action has been a two-day walkout when they called sixty-six workers from the Jerome Avenue car barns and got a number of men reinstated.

Mike Quill fingers his shamrock pin, leans on his blackthorn stick to ease the lameness of his hip and recalls another pleasant circumstance:

"It's strange how the union has served to unite the Irish amongst themselves. There had always been bitter feuds between the Free Staters and the Republicans. But

when William... grabbed... we were... day we... But... day we... What... election... been... pendent... about... Hus... come...

"A... Mor... 883

JANE, PLEASE TELL ME WHAT KIND OF TOMATO JUICE YOU SERVED LAST NIGHT. JOHN SIMPSON RAVED ABOUT IT.



IT'S WELCH'S TOMATO JUICE. WE'VE NEVER FOUND ANOTHER BRAND THAT COMPARES WITH IT IN FLAVOR AND RICHNESS.

FRESCO LINES
a good name to remember for finest LINES

A vast and aromatic trail of the West Indies. Fresco Limes are individually wrapped in specially treated waxed paper, packed in 12's and sold at Penn. Drug, Walgreens, Lof's, Lippert's, Daniel Hebe and all good fruit stores and food stores.

FREE FRESCO LIME SQUEEZER Details in Carton of Fresco Limes Exclusive Importers American Lime Corp., N. Y.

A SINGLE GLASS TOMATO JUICE YOU TO IT FOR

ELLOWS JUST THRIVE ON TROUBLE

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aire and signing up every
men, busmen, trolley men

of preparing all union literature,
co manager and editor.

All Men of Action
ever number lately have been

teph B. English, thirty-seven,
South Carolinian with an all-
backbone, who wears white
and smokes an amber-stem pipe.
on railroad union man, he be-
a car repairer for the Indepen-
subway, was fired by the Board
transportation for organizing a
service "forum" among work-
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500 Independent Subway
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rown on it.

ow did they do the trick?
as dangerous. They were being
red twenty-four hours a day,
s followed them from home, ob-
s them day-long at work,
ed them home again to see
they stopped and to whom
spoke.

Consider Michael Quill
ohn sends word not to approach
on the street again. Too risky,
ve have anything to say to
mingle with him in the crowd
e Sunday mass in Our Lady of
aces."

ool pigeons tried to steal in.
ut here is one man you need
fear. We were boys together
I dragged him once from a mill-

inspirators? Conspiring to do
? Overthrow Hitler? Dyna-
the British out of Ireland?

was as bad, my friend, as in
s of the Black and Tans,"
ael Quill, who has a bul-
d left hip among his sou-
re of Ireland. "But all we were
to do was to organize a union,
the I. R. T. would have none

hardly felt at home, to tell the
y, when I sat down across a
the other day with Thomas
ay, the I. R. T. receiver, to sign
tract. I wasn't used to dealing
him peacefully."

Traditional Methods

he first trick was underground
nization. For three solid years
he Irish Republican Army, Quill
ad managed to outwit
ard itself. With the
used the same system
e which, unbeknownst
been devised, a gen-
y Louis Blanqui, ace of
to overthrow a mon-

al half-dozen members
ns, restaurants, parks
ps," Quill recalls, "and
each was to build his
roup of five or six,
as picked only after
ion. Members of each
nly their leader and
members. They were
names of men in other

weeks we had forty-



JOHN SANTO

DOUGLAS MACMAHON

MAURICE FORGE

JOSEPH B. ENGLISH

EUGENE CONNOLLY

At top, Michael Quill, president of the Transport Workers Union; just under him, Austin Hogan, general secretary. These unionists, veterans of the Irish civil wars, have been indefatigable workers in

building up their organization, as have the others pictured here. They started under extremely adverse circumstances, winning their way through courage, triumphing over opposition of the employers.

came a delegates' council, meeting
once in three weeks.

"In time each of the forty-five set
out to build up new secret groups.
The I. R. T. secret service got wind
of it. They started suspending men
for minor infractions like opening
the door of a ticket booth to get
air for a few minutes, or not going
to the turnstile on the very dot of
the hour to get the figures.

Fear Ruled the Workers

"That didn't break our spirit.
Some of us had to take cover and
stay away from meetings for weeks,
but new men kept coming in. By
the end of 1934 we had 560 mem-
bers and were working out in the
open.

"It was not hard to convince the
men their lot was bad. But they
were afraid of joining anything but
the company union, the Brotherhood
of I. R. T. Employees.

"We had tried in the company
union, asking for such small things
as fans and comfortable chairs in
the ticket booths. We nearly always
failed. The men knew they needed
a real union, but all attempts before
to organize and strike had failed.

"We knew from the start that
the proper line was to build an in-
dustrial union. Jim Connolly, Lord
rest his soul, had preached that
very message in New York in 1908.
We saw we must take in every-
body—Negroes, foreign born, people
of all political beliefs.

"We preached that if fellows were
good enough to sweat together, they
were good enough to organize to-
gether—Catholics, Protestants and
Jews. We showed that the 1916
strike was broken because only the
shops were organized, that the 1926
strike was broken because only mo-
tormen were organized. There was
no end of hostility amongst de-
partments, encouraged by the com-
pany. Did you know that once El-
men wouldn't speak to subway men?

Value of a Brogue

"Another thing we preached was
that the union had to belong to the
members, not the top leaders—that
the men must choose the leaders
and must be able to fire the leaders.

"Another problem—in Ireland, the
Irish are strong trade unionists, but
in New York they appeared slow
and reluctant to organize. Why?
Does something happen to them on
the ocean?

"No. In Ireland unionism had
been carried only to cities and
towns, where the workers live, not
to the farms. And the immigrant
boys who became transport work-
ers were mostly farmers and farm-
ers' sons. They had to learn from
the ground up in their native

in. "He has twice the brogue of
Austin Hogan."

"Be quiet man," said Quill, car-
rying on a pretended feud of fifteen
years' standing. "You're only from
County Cork."

"Cork has outdone Kerry from
the beginning of history," said
Hogan.

"Ach... As soon as we had an or-
ganization we started soap-box
meetings at the shop gates," Quill
went on. "But the men were afraid.
We had to trick them.

Growth Slow but Sure

"For instance, at the Ninety-eighth
Street shops we'd wait until the
kids were coming from the near-by
school at the lunch recess. Then
one of us would get up on the box
and the kids would gather around.
Soon a few men in overalls would
saunter over from the shops to see
what was up. We always got them
to hear a few words before they'd
run away.

"Of... we'd take an empty store
for a meeting. There might only be
fifteen of us, but every man of the
fifteen would crowd outside the
door to give the impression there
was a terrible big mob inside.

"Our going to church did no harm
either. Many a fellow who thought
I was a dangerous agitator found
me more to his taste after meeting
up with me at the Paulist Fathers
on Columbus Avenue."

By the end of 1935 the 560 had
grown to 3,200. Quill and the others
quit their subway jobs to take full-
time positions as organizers—"at \$15
a week, when we had it." Another
year's work and at the end of 1936
there were 8,000 members.

"The men lost their fear at last,
and this past May we stood at
14,000," Quill went on. "Then, be-
cause we could not abide the path
into which the A. F. of L. had

drifted and because our hearts were
with industrial unionism, we affili-
ated with the C. I. O.

They've Used No Force

"Since then we have forced a
number of elections and won them
all. The name C. I. O. is like Mes-
siah. In two months we have added
29,000 members. Our work is only
beginning. There are 750,000 trans-
port workers throughout the coun-
try and we want them all."

The union has never minced
words—nor strike words either. But
happily enough, they have seldom
needed to take any drastic action.

On a couple of occasions they
sat-in at B-M. T. power houses but
let the lines run—just to show what
they could do, if they were forced.
But, actually, the full extent of
strike action has been a two-day
walkout when they called sixty-six
workers from the Jerome Avenue
car barns and got a number of men
reinstated.

Mike Quill fingers his shamrock
pin, leans on his blackthorn stick
to ease the lameness of his hip and
recalls another pleasant circum-
stance:

"It's strange how the union has
served to unite the Irish amongst
themselves. There had always been
bitter feuds between the Free
Staters and the Republicans. But

when we called that sit-down in the
Williamsburg power house, a ma-
chinist, his face covered with grease,
grabbed my hand. The last time we
met was fifteen years ago. Then
we were shooting at each other. To-
day we are both on the right side.

"But for the union we would hear
bitter quarrels in the subways to-
day over the coming Irish elections.
What we hear now is discussion of
elections for collective bargaining
on the B-M. T., where we have
been talking terms, on the Inde-
pendent, where they are being stiff
about it, and on the Fifth Avenue
Bus Company, where they have
come around to our way."

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NIGHT. JOHN SIMPLY
RAVED ABOUT IT.

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JUICE. WE'VE NEVER
FOUND ANOTHER
BRAND TO
COMPARE WITH
IT IN FLAVOR
AND RICHNESS

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remember for finest

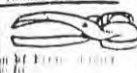
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QUITTEN



A SINGLE GLASS OF THIS
TOMATO JUICE WILL WIN
YOU TO IT FOR LIFE

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STRIVING FOR EQUITY

At the time I undertook the T.W.U. assignment we were living in the house owned by Bess's mother and father on East 111th Street in Manhattan. The parlor floor in these town houses had spacious rooms with high ceilings, marble fireplaces and large windows. It had been used by her father as fitting and work rooms before he became ill. With the installation of a kitchen the apartment was quite convenient and afforded us privacy. But after a while the neighborhood became dirty and rough. Auguste could not safely play outside or even in our own back yard.

By 1936 my weekly pay in the union had gradually been raised to \$35.00 and so we decided to move. We found an apartment of four rooms several blocks south of Queens Boulevard in the Long Island City section of Queens, a short subway ride from T.W.U. headquarters.

Although it was quiet and clean, the neighborhood turned out quite oppressive, especially for Bess who was home with Auguste all day. The inhabitants were mostly first and second generation European immigrants many of whom were at the time under the influence of various movements founded by bigots. The preachings of Father Charles Coughlin, Gerald L. K. Smith and various exponents of intolerance and violence, such as Nazis, Christian Fronters and America Firsters," created unfriendly attitudes. There was much of what later, with the popularization of the television series "All in the Family," became known as the Archie Bunker mentality. When our year's lease was up we moved to Skillman Avenue and 47th Street, north of Queens Boulevard in the Sunnyside part of that section.

Shortly after moving to Queens we bought a used car and were able to visit parks, beaches and pools on Long Island and occasionally family members and friends in Washington and elsewhere.

Most of my time, however, was taken up by T.W.U. where every

success brought more and more work. I frequently brought drafts of speeches and articles home, and Bess, who is a very good typist and has good command of English and sound judgment, frequently helped with this work, especially in emergencies. These were almost weekly occurrences. We also held small meetings in our house, either for privacy or convenience, and that meant Bess would provide food and drink and clean up after them.

We were particularly busy at the time T.W.U. disaffiliated from the I.A.of M. and joined the C.I.O., with the succession of representation elections and contract negotiations, soon followed by the first convention and the campaign to elect Mike Quill to the City Council.

On top of my other duties, I had become the union's staff photographer. At first I used my own cameras. When T.W.U. had some spare funds we bought a Speed-Graphic press camera with flash light. With these cameras I recorded most of the union events from 1934 on in thousands of photographs, many of which appeared in T.W.U. brochures, leaflets and newspapers. Many were released to the public press and found their way in an assortment of publications coast to coast.

The period after the first convention brought many humdrum tasks. At the same time we began introducing some significant innovations with which we hoped to raise the workers' understanding of the social purposes of their organization. In the country as a whole and abroad events were unfolding which later brought tragedy and disaster to the whole world.

There were the daily "housekeeping" chores of handling grievances, adjusting disputes among members, following up on organizing drives, and assisting various groups in forming credit unions, holding social functions, resolving community problems and so forth. Because I never said "no", I found myself in many activities which by no stretch of the imagination could be classified as the duties of an editor or even

a member of the executive board. Every loose end wound up on my desk.

It was thus, for instance, that I became involved in leading a strike of about eighty bus drivers and shop employees of the Avenue B and East Broadway Transit Company on the Lower East Side of Manhattan. This group had been trying on their own to get a contract with their employer but each time they failed, even when they were helped by another union. Finally they went on strike and enrolled in T.W.U. With a strike on my hands which I was not even given a chance to avoid through negotiations, I stuck with them for ten weeks, helped them raise a strike fund, kept up their morale on the picket line, and finally in concluding their first contract, which took place in the Summer City Hall in Flushing on September 1, 1939, the day the German armies under Adolph Hitler invaded Poland.

The group held a victory dinner after the strike and presented me with a Bell & Howell 16-MM motion picture camera. From then on I was not only the T.W.U. chronicler and still photographer, but also became its movie producer.

Throughout that period and even after the Hitler-Stalin non-aggression treaty and the partition of Poland by Germany and the Soviet Union, T.W.U. clung to the policy of neutrality and in favor of America staying out of "Europe's" quarrels. Since the dominant group in T.W.U. at that time were Irish immigrants, the peace policy pursued by the leadership on ideological grounds was supported by most of the members on the basis of antagonism towards Great Britain, on whose side they would unavoidably find themselves if they openly opposed Germany, whether imperial, social-democratic or Nazi.

The events during the two post-recognition years are fairly well reflected in the report of proceedings of the Second Biennial T.W.U. Convention held in Atlantic City, New Jersey, in September 1939, where we retained our peace and neutrality position towards world

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events and resolved our support for various good causes and condemned reactionary and regressive trends. It also showed that the union was making progress in contract negotiations, enrolling additional members in more cities and in more small companies in New York, and gaining wider acceptance in the communities and political prestige.

There were some initiatives in creating bonds of sympathy between the members of the union, who were public servants, and the public whom they served, highlighted in the "Safety-Courtesy" campaign in connection with the 1939 New York World's Fair. Efforts were also made to introduce adult education in basic schooling, unionism and occupational skills, for which an educational department was set up, which later added sports, theatrical and recreational activities. Needless to add, I became involved in most of these programs to lesser or greater degrees, both by choice and demands for my help.

The ominous developments within the United States were the creeping movements for repression and attempts to undo the liberating effects of the New Deal legislation. Most vicious was the Congressional Committee headed by Congressman Martin Dies of Texas, which bore the title House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC). Ostensibly its function was to examine conditions in the country that required appropriate legislation to safeguard American institutions. Instead, this committee hounded and persecuted thousands of people and organizations which had been formed to give freer expression to people's aspirations for greater intellectual freedom and material security. This HUAC remained on the American scene for many years. Later it served as the political vehicle for the inconspicuous California Republican Congressman Richard M. Nixon to catapult himself onto the national and world scenes. Improving on Dies' inquisitorial techniques, Nixon gained notoriety and power with which he rose to United States Senator, Vice-President and later President. It is a tribute to the basic soundness of American democracy and its people's

attachment to decency that Nixon was finally driven from office and disgraced, although his repressive, exploitative and murderous career was tolerated for many years during which he caused suffering, death and destruction to countless numbers of human beings.

T.W.U. came in for its share of malice from HUAC. Mike Quill appeared before it and despite his vigorous denunciation and satirical scorn for its efforts, a residue of suspicions remained. Though the immediate effects were barely discernable, the Dies accusations were later used to disrupt T.W.U. and in the long run the Dies Committee had a powerful effect in converting it into an unmitigated "delicatessen store" union where the shop-keeper officers are under constant pressure to bring home more and fatter "bacon" without regard to social or ecological consequences. Selfish, power-hungry political leaders always want unions to limit themselves to "bread-and-butter" issues and to leave such "extraneous" matters as peace, freedom, equity and ethics to them. If all these vital issues were left to uns^{cr}upulous politicians the common people would not only have less freedom, less justice, less cooperation with other nations for world peace and mutual assistance, more fierce competition internally by groups for advantages over others, and less concern for the environment, but even the pursuit of "bread-and-butter" issues would be chimerical under a repressive government because it can easily take away in higher taxes and prices whatever gains are made by "delicatessen-store" union methods.

One of the best things the union started in New York was its own medical plan under which members obtained preventive, diagnostic and therapeutic services from a large panel of general practitioners and specialists. Many of the doctors were recent refugees from Europe and young native physicians who found it hard to build up a practice under Depression conditions. The T.W.U. plan pioneered in group

health protection, providing the best available treatment at extremely low cost. It was abandoned during the war when most of the doctors were taken by the armed forces and rising costs made its continuation impossible.

Holding its second convention in the oceanfront resort of Atlantic City was an experiment in bringing the union into the "good life" that was being toyed with by other unions and by some of the top T.W.U. officers. The original Spartan austerity, practiced by the organizers both out of necessity and as a mark of identity with the material poverty of those whom the union sought to represent and serve, slowly began to give way to indulgences in conveniences and luxuries. They regarded these as perquisites of their positions.

Quill, Santo, MacMahon and Hogan began the practice of being provided by the union with their own automobiles, doing an increasing amount of travel to dubious destinations at union expense, entertaining and being entertained by officials of other unions, political figures, company officials and sympathetic celebrities. Because of my frequent policy disagreements and criticism of personal indulgences, Bess and I were never included in the social life that was growing up, except when these were strictly on T.W.U. business. Santo always made sure there was a distance between me and the other top officials.

Prior to all conventions Santo used to maneuver behind the scenes to abolish the position of Editor as an elective office and thus to make me a "hired hand" subject to removal by the officers. Quill resisted these attempts. At one of the conventions Santo became so insistent that Quill had to use the ultimate weapon of refusing to continue as President unless I was also re-elected Editor. In most union documents over which Santo had control as Secretary-Treasurer my name was usually omitted in the listing of officers and was either relegated among the executive board members or entirely left out.

During 1939 there was a great deal of interest in the New York World Fair in Flushing Meadows Park. Some people had special interests. One of them was an iron workers in the I.R.T. Structure Department by the name of Lewis Azzopardi. He and his wife had one daughter who had a chronic ailment that kept her from attending school. She was tutored at home. The disease was discovered when she was an infant and Azzopardi undertook to entertain her and to mitigate his own confinement to the house by building a miniature elevated railroad in the basement of his house. He often spoke to me of it.

In the course of our conversations he raised the possibility of getting a sponsor to exhibit the model railroad in one of the World's Fair pavillions. We arranged for me to visit their home in Brooklyn to photograph the miniature structures which were replicas of I.R.T. facilities so he could show them to prospective exhibitors.

One cold day in the winter of 1939 Auguste, Bess and I loaded our car with cameras, film, tripod and lights and drove to the Azzopardis where we spent an entire Sunday. Auguste was fascinated. He pressed buttons which made trains go and stop, opened and closed draw-bridges, switched cars from one track to another, worked the signals and soon mastered the whole miniature system. He was reluctant to leave and we stayed there longer than at any time before in a stranger's house. Mrs. Azzopardi served lasagna, roasts, salads, pastries and all sorts of other dishes which she prepared and said were in the style of her native Island of Malta.

The letdown came when the prospective exhibitor refused to stand the expense of dismantling and reassembling the miniature railroad. Azzopardi had no idea of ever moving it from his basement and in the course of the years he built it had added on to the base and made it many times larger than the basement window.

In the summer of 1940 I was again involved in a small skirmish

on behalf of a group of busmen. (There were no women in the industry in those days). The Triangle Bus Corp. was operating several buses on the Lower East Side of Manhattan and when the forty employees joined T.W.U. the owners were unable or unwilling to meet the union demands and a strike ensued. Neither side had much leverage, since the bus line was not essential and created little hardship for its former riders. The two sides allowed the strike to drag on.

On July 18, in an apparent effort to break the stalemate, the owner drove a bus from the company garage over the route. The strikers thought up a novel counterattack. They boarded the bus with their picket signs and filled it to the exclusion of any other passengers. They further harassed the owner by each of them giving him a dollar and demanding 95 cents change, which he of course did not have. In desperation, he drove the bus load of strikers to the local police station where he attempted to file charges against them. A news photographer from the newspaper PM covered the entire episode and published scenes on the bus, outside the bus and inside the police precinct, where we are shown facing the desk sergeant. Since no law or ordinance was violated, no charges were accepted and no arrests made, but the resulting publicity helped settle the strike.

Two momentous events took place in 1941. One was the German invasion of the Soviet Union on the 22nd of June. In two years Hitler had completed the conquest of Central and Eastern Europe and defeated France and the other countries to Germany's west and north. The attempted invasion of the United Kingdom was stalled. After taking on the world's largest country in June, he was preparing to turn on the strongest and richest - the United States of America - with the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor later that year.

At the third T.W.U. convention in September, 1941 the officers deftly abandoned the posture of neutrality and pacifism and joined the

movement for vigorous support of all nations fighting the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis. A substantial bloc of the membership and delegates to the convention clung to their hatred of Great Britain and fear of Communism and vigorously resisted the policy changes. The leaders, however, were much more aware that the earlier, easy analysis of the war in Europe as the mere resumption of the imperialist wranglings of World War I, no longer applied, if it ever did, and that there was need to re-evaluate our estimates and abandon the previous attitudes. For some time the cumulative events of the genocidal extermination of Jews, Slavs, Gypsies, handicapped and other "undesirables," the concentration camps, the savage terror in the countries overrun by the armies of Germany, Italy and Japan made it difficult to continue rationalizing that it was a "family quarrel" among capitalist imperialists. Hitler's invasion of the U.S.S.R. pulled the carpet from under our feet. T.W.U. officers, along with those of other pacifist unions, took the hair-pin turn at that convention and prevailed upon a majority of the delegates to execute what at the time was called the "flip-flop."

The other development, not as momentous nor as universal, struck home and was more recognizable. Confronted with unionized staffs and hence with limited options for solving the increasing financial problems, the transit companies and municipal authorities adopted a new course. They revived the idea of unification, that is merging the privately owned I.R.T. and B.M.T. with the municipally-operated IND into one combined operation. This time it was proposed to make it a city operation under the then existing Board of Transportation that would bring all employees of the two private systems into the civil service. Even under the best conditions, such a move would mean that the fledgling union would face new problems and new situations in which it had not yet been tested.

Despite T.W.U. opposition and the doubts expressed by many civic organizations, the unification plan was adopted by the New York State Legislature under the promptings from Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia and the banking interests that still held the bonds of the transit systems. The new state laws provided for the issuance of municipal bonds to compensate the stockholders of the private transit lines and to exchange for the outstanding bonds. Companion laws were enacted to authorize the City Board of Transportation to take over the operation of the two private lines and to blanket their employees into the civil service. Under existing law this meant limiting the rights of the workers to act through the union and of the unions to maintain contracts with closed shop provisions, that is compulsory union membership, and, of course, the right to strike. The legal euphemism for these limitations was the provision that all rights were retained that were "not inconsistent with constitutional and statutory provisions."

Based on their experience with the Board of Transportation on the Independent lines, where T.W.U. had no success in getting the Commissioners to bargain with them, let alone sign a contract, the union leaders knew they faced difficult times. With the union's bargaining power weakened by its new status and its weakness exposed through the reactions of large numbers of employees when membership once more became voluntary, it passed through many critical stages. In the course of its attempts to regain its right to bargain on the municipally-owned lines T.W.U. was pulled deeper and deeper into the "delicatessen-store" syndrome as the loyalty of the membership was constantly won and rewon by "bringing home the bacon."

1. Souvenir folder from Second Biennial Convention in Atlantic City, New Jersey, September, 1939.
2. Page from New York PM daily featuring scenes from the 1940 strike in the Triangle Bus Lines.
3. Photograph of Auguster manipulating miniature electric model railroad and transit facilities in the basement of Lewis Azzopardi in Brooklyn.
4. Letterhead of Committee of One Thousand to Re-elect Michael J. Quill of which I was an officer.

Press card to the Third C.I.O. convention in 1940.

Credential to the 1940 New York State Committee of the American Labor Party held April 13 in New York City.

TESTIMONIAL BANQUET

— TO THE —

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— SECOND BIENNIAL CONVENTION —



CHELSEA HOTEL . ATLANTIC CITY . NEW JERSEY

SATURDAY EVENING . SEPTEMBER 23 . 1939



TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION OF AMERICA

Officers

Michael J. Quill, President
Douglas MacMahon, Vice-Pres.
John Santo, Secretary-Treas.
Austin Hogan
William Grogan
James E. Gahagan
Joseph Fody
Warren G. Horie
Matthias Kearns
Michael Clune
M. H. Forge
A. L. Calhoun
Joseph B. English

Honorary Guests

Rev. John P. Boland
Jacob Potofsky
Elmer Brown
James B. Carey
Hon. Charles Belous
William J. Carney
Allan S. Haywood
Morris Muster
James Lustig
Harry Sacher
Mrs. Miriam Murphy

Committee

James E. Gahagan, Chairman
Saul Mills, Director
Michael Kelly
Matthew Allen
James Gold
George Rogers
William Novak
Robert McElroy
Michael Lyons
Joseph Mullins
Patrick J. Ryan
Vincent Romeo
Joseph Sanchez
Joseph Carroll
A. Andreozzi

menu

PERSIAN MELON

* * *

QUEEN OLIVES

CUCUMBER RINGS

RED RADISHES

* * *

CREAM OF TOMATO AUX CROUTONS

* * *

ROAST DELAWARE TURKEY, STUFFED

CRANBERRIES JELLIED

GREEN PEAS

CANDIED YAMS

* * *

SALAD SAISON

* * *

GLACE TRI COLEUR

* * *

FANCY CAKES

CAFE





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TRANSIT WORKERS

Join the CIO Victory Parade

Calendar of Achievements

In less than three months since the Transport Workers Union became affiliated with the Committee for Industrial Organization, it has achieved for the transit workers of Greater New York the following:

MAY 10th, 1937—TWU receives international charter from the CIO.

MAY 15th, 1937—92 percent of IRT workers elect TWU sole bargaining agent.

MAY 27th, 1937—TWU signs closed shop agreement with IRT Company, winning 10 percent wage increases, vacations with pay, shorter hours and other improvements in general working conditions for 14,000 IRT workers.

JUNE 4th, 1937—Third Avenue Railway trolley and bus workers elect TWU as bargaining agent by 80 percent vote.

JUNE 11th, 1937—TWU wins 87 percent victory in National Labor Relations Board poll of 1100 Terminal taxi employees.

JUNE 22nd, 1937—New York City Omnibus employees vote 83 percent for the TWU.

JUNE 23rd, 1937—Terminal Taxi Company signs closed shop agreement with TWU setting guaranteed weekly wage, shorter hours, vacations with pay and other improvements for taxi drivers. Contract was first of its type in the taxi industry.

JULY 1st, 1937—TWU wins wage increases up to 12½ percent, vacations, fewer swing runs and closed shop for 3,200 Third Avenue Railway workers.

JULY 1st, 1937—TWU elected sole bargaining agency for 6,000 Sunshine-Radio taxi employees by 93 percent and 4,000 Atlas-Liberty taxi workers by 92 percent.

JULY 9th, 1937—TWU selected by 97 percent of Bell Taxi Transportation System employees as sole bargaining agency. Negotiations for closed shop agreement on behalf of 1,000 Bell taxi workers start immediately.

JULY 21st, 1937—Fifth Avenue Coach Company, traditional foe of organized labor, bows to TWU when its 1,200 employees vote 82 percent for the CIO. Negotiations for closed shop agreement begin immediately.

JULY 27th, 1937—TWU wins three-year fight to scrap unsound IRT pension fund. The company submits to the union's request and will return two million dollars (\$2,000,000) to IRT workers immediately. New pension plan with TWU representative on pension board is set up. Employees are not required to contribute to new plan. Company will be only contributor and guarantees pension payment to IRT workers for the next thirty years. Elimination of employee contributions to IRT pension is tantamount to additional three percent increase in wages.

JULY 28th, 1937—Closed shop agreement signed between TWU and New York City Omnibus Corporation brings wage increases of 10 to 18 percent, time-and-a-half for overtime, vacations, and other improvements to 1,800 Manhattan bus drivers and mechanics. "New York Times" points out contract sets new high of 82 cents for bus drivers in the 5c fare field as compared to top 70 cent hourly rate for BMT bus drivers.

JULY 29th, 1937—49 taxi fleet operators associated with the Sunshine-Radio and Atlas-Liberty systems sign closed shop agreements with TWU, setting new wage and commission levels for 10,000 taxi employees, also granting wage increases, shorter hours, vacations and conditions to "stabilize" chaotic taxi industry.

JULY 31st, 1937—BMT employees voting at Brooklyn Technical High School for collective bargaining agency. TWU victory held certainty, in view of union's record.

**Transport Workers Union
of America**

Affiliated with the
Committee for Industrial Organization
153 WEST 64th ST. NEW YORK CITY
TRafalgar 4-5780

M. H. Forge Editor
Gerald J. McLellan Associate Editor
Henry Hoornweg Advertising Manager

SEPTEMBER 1937

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EXECUTIVE BOARD: Above is photo of the Executive Board Members of the T.W.U.-of A. Seated, left to Right: Vice-Pres. James E. Gahagan; Editor M.H. Forge; Organizer Joseph J. Fody; General Business Representative John Santo; William Grogan, President Michael J. Quill, Organizer Edward Pollack, General Secretary Austin Hogan, James J. Fitzsimon and Business Representative Douglas L. MacMahon. Standing, Left to Right: Treasurer Gustave Faber, Financial Secretary Michael Clune, J. D. Garrison, Michael J. Lynch, Vice-President William Zuidema, Daniel Mannion and Joseph Sanchez. — Our Photographer, who naturally blames the camera, failed to catch Brothers John J. Teahan, Clarence King, Joseph B. English Michael Gillen and Patrick J. McCarthy, who were seated to the right.

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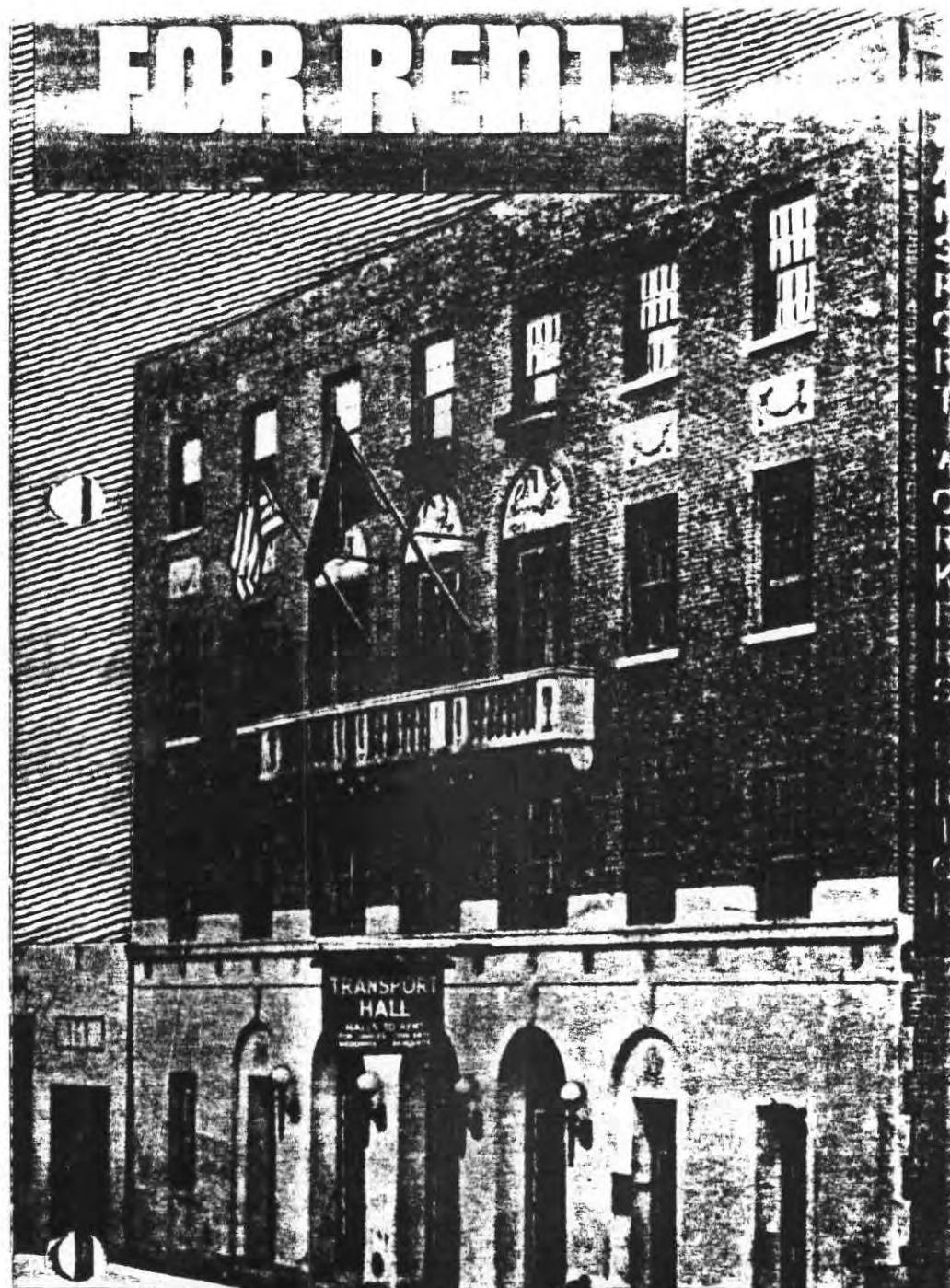
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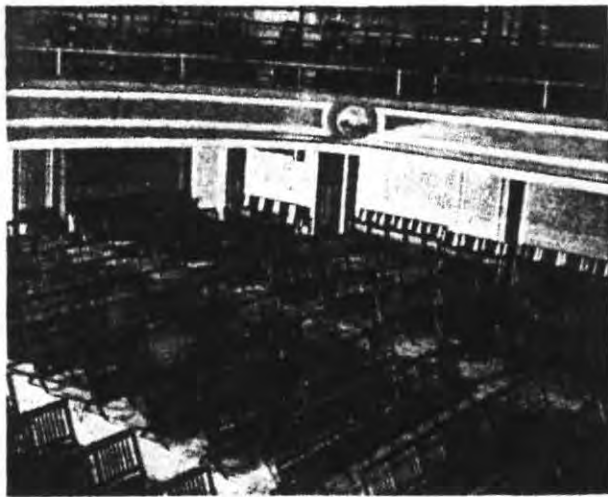
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PLATFORM

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During the summer of 1939 Auguste, Bess and I spent some time with the family in Maryland. We used to drive down on a week-end. I would stay with them a day or two, go back to New York and then return the following week-end to pick them up. We enjoyed working with them in their vegetable garden, picking berries, swimming in their community pool, clipping their hedges, mowing the lawn and other chores, as well as hiking in the nearby woods and going fishing or picnicking to Chesapeake Bay.

While on one of the visits in Maryland Bess became ill and then was stricken with a severe case of pneumonia. After she recuperated we drove home but the effects of the ailment left her weak and it took a long time to regain her normal health. As I said earlier, the Fall of 1939 saw very intense activity in the union and in the campaign to re-elect Quill to the City Council. Because of the adverse effect of the Dies Committee publicity and the general attack by political groups opposed to independent political action by workers, Quill's earlier supporters were reduced in numbers and the spirits of the remaining ranks were not so high. Quill was not re-elected.

Those of us who worked in that campaign came out exhausted, physically and emotionally. Bess and I decided to take our first vacation. Auguste remained in the apartment and we went off with another couple to a Catskill Mountain resort where we relaxed with winter sports hikes, indoor recreation and without union or domestic chores to do.

During our absence none of the problems facing the union went away. Using the arguments of rising labor costs and obsolete structures and equipment, the transit systems began to abandon the elevated railroad lines, demolish them and sell the dismantled roadways as scrap iron. That brought the problem of protecting the seniority and jobs of displaced train and station crews and shop and maintenance staff.

At the same time the automotive industry launched an assault on the electric surface lines, commonly called the trolley cars. It was later disclosed that this campaign was actually the result of a conspiracy by automobile companies, who were then putting on a drive for bus production, together with petroleum, rubber, chemical and highway construction interests to "motorize," which was a fancy name for replacing the non-polluting, efficient, comfortable and economical light railways with buses. It was a variation on the general campaign to convert Americans into individual travelers in energy-wasting, polluting and congesting private automobiles. The same interests plotted the extravagant interstate highway system which brought the decline of the magnificent railroad network in the United States.

This wasteful motorization was aided and abetted by other "delicatessen-store" unions, in the industries where the owners were pushing motorization, in their short-sighted attraction by immediate gains in membership and power. They disregarded the long-term harm to the American environment, to the cities and to the farmlands that were being paved over for excessive highways and suburban sprawl. The officials of these unions were enticed by the "get-rich-quick" opportunities and disregarded the accelerated exhaustion of petroleum reserves and non-renewable metals and minerals, the decline of our railroads and urban mass transit systems, and the creation of slums by luring the more affluent city population away to the suburbs. In the 1940s and 1950s these leaders failed to foresee the nearly insoluble problems they were helping create for the 1970's and 1980s.

For us in T.W.U. motorization brought another problem of protecting jobs and seniority. Again we had to fight for retention of trolley motormen and training them to drive buses. Trackmen and repairmen had to be retrained as internal combustion engine mechanics and as bus maintainers. It took much perseverance and frequent confrontation until all displaced electric car employees were in bus jobs.

Early in 1940 some C.I.O. representatives in Virginia reported to Quill that they had some indications of interest for unionization among bus drivers and maintenance employees of the transportation division of Virginia Electric Power Company which maintained state-wide facilities for power generation and bus routes. When Quill discussed this with Santo he proposed that I be assigned to that job. They directed me to proceed to Richmond, Norfolk, Suffolk and other locations in Virginia where these contacts came from.

My instructions were to go down there, rent an office, and concentrate on processing cases filed with the National Labor Relations Board over allegations of unfair labor practices by VEPCO. I left New York April 18, 1940 and in a few days accomplished these simple technical and procedural moves. Then I settled down to the basic task of searching out the available contacts and finding additional ones for the organizational campaign that would be necessary for the establishment of a union local in the VEPCO properties.

One of my more interesting and informative experiences during my stay in Virginia was my brief visit in Suffolk, where the C.I.O. was involved in organizing Planter's and other Virginia peanut growers and packers. This was yet another segment of American society with which I had no previous contact. There, in the midst of entrenched bigotry, racism and unquestioned white supremacy, groups of black and white people were undertaking genuine cooperation in seeking to improve the balance of equity between owners and have-nots of both races.

Within a month I contacted all the people on the list I brought with me from headquarters and others whose names were given me when I came. I reviewed the cases pending before the N.L.R.B. regional office. I made periodic reports to Quill and Santo. It was quite evident that the vast majority of VEPCO employees had not reached the level of union sympathy to respond quickly to perfunctory appeals

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to join, let alone take to spontaneous unionization. A few names that Quill gave me were either personal friends of C.I.O. members in other industries or isolated advanced thinkers who were not typical of the general body of VEPCO employees. Some were alcoholics or some other kind of unadjusted persons who had trouble on the job and turned their personal plight into claims of special "victimization." Some were no longer employed with VEPCO. Hardly any were representative of the mass of employees who would turn to unionism to improve their wages, working conditions, benefits, job security and humanization of the work processes. It was my judgment that the situation called for either a massive drive, well financed and sustained by a large staff, or a very modest "boring from within" effort through a few reliable contacts whose efforts T.W.U. would subsidize. The least effective approach would be a puny overt one-man campaign by a lone New York radical.

When I reported these findings to headquarters, Quill ordered me back to New York. He later confided to me that my assignment to Virginia was another chapter in Santo's persistent attempt to get rid of me. He had already lined up a successor for editor of the Transport Bulletin and the other publications who was about to take over. Had I remained longer in Virginia and returned after a likely colossal flop, Santo would have little trouble either disposing of me altogether or relegating me to some inconsequential post in the union. I was neither astonished nor alarmed and I told Quill that had I failed I would have taken my "medicine" as any voluntary organizer should.

During that period Bess and I became very close to Quill and his wife, the former Mollie O'Neill. When she gave birth to a son, John Daniel, we often visited their home in the northwest Bronx. We were at John's christening and at many other family and social functions. Quill invited us over when he had Tom Mooney at his house and we spent a very interesting afternoon. Listening to this man who spent

most of his adult life in a prison for his alleged complicity in the 1917 San Francisco Preparedness Day bombing was like having a rendez-vous with history. Apart from the conclusive evidence produced by his defenders that he had no part in that atrocious crime, talking with Mooney convinced me that an intelligent, kind and reasonable person like him could not conceivably use bombs to advance his purposes in life and his ideals. It was gratifying that in the liberating atmosphere of the New Deal the then Governor of California had the wisdom and the courage to pardon Tom Mooney. His co-defendant, Warren Billings, was subsequently also freed.

I also met Earl Browder, then the general secretary of the American Communist Party, in Quill's house and found him a very reasonable and resourceful person. He spoke as a man who would like to improve society and the lot of individual people but would not seek to impose his ideas on any one. He seemed to have a compulsive drive to teach and convince others that what he advocated was fair, practical and beneficial for all and would harm none. No wonder that during the period he led the Communists that party was in the mainstream of American politics and had great influence in the organizational progress of labor and advanced civic groups. When he was ousted by William Z. Foster the American Communist Party entered a period of rigid Stalinism and reverted to the status of an insignificant sect without relevance to the domestic scene or world events.

The Quills' son was born St. Valentine's Day, February 14. Each year on John D.'s birthday we took movies of the party which we showed at the celebration the following year. One February 14 when Bess, Auguste and I were scheduled to attend the Quill party a severe snow storm developed early in the day and by the afternoon had the making of a blizzard. My cameras, projector and screen were in my car and I was all set to go. Bess and I kept in touch by telephone all day

and she wisely decided that she should not come out with Auguste by subway and then the three of us drive together to the Bronx. She left to me whether I should go by myself, but urged me to be prudent.

Mike Quill had gone to Washington that morning and parked his car in a garage near Pennsylvania Station with the intention to leave it there and when he returned by train that evening to take the subway.

Not letting a little thing like a blizzard interfere with John D's birthday, I undertook to make my cautious pilgrimage to the Bronx. I allowed ~~sufficient~~ time for the trip by leaving earlier than I would normally, driving from West 64th Street north on Broadway through traffic in order to be able to get help from the many service stations along the route should the bad weather make it necessary. But the car, whipped by strong wind gusts, kept sliding over the partly exposed trolley tracks and skidded in all directions. It was impossible to make safe stops by applying the brakes. I decided to switch to the West Side Highway where there were no pedestrians.

There I found close rows of traffic creeping and stopping as blinding snow swirled around them and reduced the poor visibility through the frosted windshields and windows. The driven snow kept filtering in under the hood of my car, causing the engine to sputter. I accelerated the idle and enriched the fuel mixture but even that did not help much. Then the car stalled and I could no re-start the engine. With the heater off, the interior of the car cooled and after a while the inside temperature was below freezing. It did not take long for the drifting snow to cover the blue Plymouth and it became just another rise in the long row of white mounds lining the parkway.

There was no choice but to abandon the car and trudge to the nearest subway station before I froze to death. As I made sure that all windows and doors were locked and stepped out of my car, another vehicle stopped alongside with its headlights flashing at me. It was

Quill's Dodge and I heard him yell "Hey, Forgie !" as in a dream. We quickly transferred the photographic equipment from my trunk to his car and we were off to the Bronx. It turned out that Quill changed his mind when he returned to Pennsylvania Station and decided to drive home after all. The day after the storm a group from T.W.U. came with me and we dug out the car from under several feet of snow.

None of the others showed up for the party. Mike, Mollie, John and I had the roast ham and all the goodies to ourselves. I showed the previous year's movies to the four of us and I passed the night on a couch in their living room. Mollie saved most of the food and later in the week the children and the adults had a delayed birthday celebration where I again showed the film.

In March of 1941 the T.W.U. negotiating committee was unable to persuade the management of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company and New York Omnibus Corporation, which were commonly owned, to agree to terms of a new contract. There were not only the usual issues of wages, hours of work and benefits, but there was the additional complication of Fifth Avenue Coach wishing to eliminate the conductors from the double-decker "Queen Mary" buses and have the drivers collect the fares.

Since I was not on the negotiating committee I made sure that I received daily and at times hourly briefings from Quill on the progress or lack of it. The reason for my anxiety was that I was convinced that unless the union conceded on some issues or else found some persuasive arguments to move John Ritchie, chairman of the parent company that owned both, there would be a strike. Quill shared that fear. We both realized that T.W.U. had never conducted a major strike, which a walkout by four thousand men would be. Quill told me that the negotiating committee had given no thought to the problems of a potential strike and were pre occupied with rhetorical display and militant posturing before the representatives of the

workers. My experience with the two small strikes in 1939 and 1940 taught me that they take a lot of organization, preparation and constant attention to details. Quill advised me to go ahead on the assumption that there would be a strike and if it were avoided the unused material would make good souvenirs.

The first thing I did was order picket signs. These would take the longest to prepare by a union sign maker and were indispensable for any strike. Then I telephoned the section chairmen at all Omnibus and Fifth Avenue terminals and garages and asked them to arrange with nearby lunch places to stay open all night in the event of a strike and to allow us to use one of their tables to transact strike business. To the owners of these eating establishments extra trade like this during those lean years would be a bonanza.

Instructions to strike captains and pickets were outlined in special circulars. I also prepared a draft of an official strike call. While I was out to lunch I bought several dozen school note books in which those in charge at each strike headquarters would keep detailed logs of all incidents and routine procedures. We printed strike duty cards which would be issued to strikers in exchange for their union membership books so that everyone's participation in the action could be authenticated. When the T.W.U. negotiators walked out of the conference and thus precipitated the strike previously authorized by the membership, everything was ready. Only Quill and I knew how the preparations came to be. Santo, Hogan and Matthias Kearns, the nominal leader of the strike, acted as if they believed these materials and organizational procedures normally ran from water pipes when spigots were turned on and went home to sleep.

Mike Quill rented a room in a nearby YMCA. I remained at headquarters all night implementing the arrangements and supervising the distribution of the materials. Early in the morning I slept a few hours on top of my desk and then went over to the YMCA to shower,

shave and have breakfast with Quill. For the rest of the strike I made frequent rounds of the garages and adjoining luncheonettes, checking supplies, taking photographs, and seeing to it that literature was distributed and that procedures were being followed. On St. Patrick's Day I covered the parade on Fifth Avenue in which a large contingent of strikers marched and I took still photographs and many reels of motion picture films.

During the eleven days of the strike I went home only three nights to get restful sleep and change clothes. The other nights I slept on tops of desks, or in Quill's YMCA room, or dispensed with sleep altogether.

Shortly thereafter the union commissioned Leo Huberman, a well-known Socialist writer, to chronicle the events. It was prepared under the supervision of John Santo and was published in May, 1941, as a soft cover book titled "The Great Bus Strike."

When Austin Hogan, then the president of Local 100 to which the strikers belonged, was given a set of proofs he invited me to go over them with him. It was probably because of my physical presence with him, I believe, that he realized that in all the 167 pages filled mostly with statistics, facts and materials which I had prepared or took part in arranging, my name was not even mentioned in the book. Hogan by then knew, of course, what part I had played in preparing and conducting the strike. Although Hogan was deferential towards Santo, he had quite a row with him over this falsification of history. In the published text Huberman added the following four-line paragraph, omitting any mention of my role in the strike:

"Maurice Forge is editor of the Transport Bulletin which, since T.W.U. was founded, has been a vehicle for driving home the Union's message. Whenever there is a leaflet to write, a picture to be taken, movies to be shot or shown, the call comes-'Let Forge do it'"

During that period Auguste had developed great interest in sports and literature and a lively curiosity about life around him. He constantly questioned us about facts, events and the past. He would ask us what was the tallest building in the world, the next, the next, and so on. Whenever an opportunity arose we used to make trips to landmarks and museums. On December 7, 1941, a Sunday, we made a trip to Philadelphia, known as the "cradle of liberty."

We visited Independence Hall and other institutions, sights and monuments of the colonial and post-independence eras and we photographed Auguste in front of Statues and buildings. Daylight being short that time of year we started for home in mid-afternoon. There were no expressways or limited-access highways between the two cities so we drove along Route U.S.1 with its many traffic lights and circles. When we reached Elizabeth, New Jersey and were stopped by a red signal we heard indistinct but tense-sounding news bulletins from nearby stopped cars. Our own car radio was not working. With our aroused curiosity we kept maneuvering at each red traffic light to wind up alongside a car with a radio. Finally we caught up with a car whose radio was blasting the dramatic news. We lowered our window and inquired. They told us excitedly that the Japanese had attacked the U.S. fleet and installations at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

We were at war. Now it was truly a global conflict. Twenty years after I left the war-torn Ukraine there was a second world war.

When we returned home we found our community somber and buzzing with the tragic events. Yet many persons, myself among them after a while, felt relieved. Could America have stayed out of such a war?

By that time Japan had either occupied or paralyzed most of the Asian continent. The Nazi armies had overrun most of Europe and were deep inside Western Russia. France and most of its colonies were immobilized. Britain was like a wounded giant besieged on its own island homeland with only tenuous control over its vast empire.

Metropolitan Portugal and Spain and their empires were "neutral" in favor of the Axis, whose junior partner, Italy drew on its conquests of Ethiopia, Libya, Somalia and elsewhere to bolster the fascist war machine. How long could the U.S.A. have stood by? Or, from the Axis calculations, could they afford to have the American giant stay out, arm itself with its most advanced technology, and then be in a position to take on the exhausted, thinly-spread fascist legions who by then would have their hands full ruling embittered, rebellious, vengeful hundreds of millions of people whose lands they occupied, whose resources they plundered, whose cultures they desecrated?

We had already had registration for the military draft since October of the previous year. With the country at war, military service became a factor in family considerations and in the union a problem of meeting the consequences of staff reductions by voluntary enlistments and draft call-ups of officials and rank-and-file members.

An entire new repertory of concerns was grafted on to our busy lives. As many others, I was catapulted into new kinds of war-related activities and became coordinator for such things as war-bond sales, blood donation, morale building, and convincing a minority of recalcitrant union members that strikes were out for the duration.

At about the same time I was becoming increasingly more active in the American Labor Party, both in pursuit of T.W.U. policy and by my own conviction that the country needed a political forum dedicated to more rapid and more decisive reforms in taxing and regulating policies of the United States government than the two major parties would pursue on their own. Since we lived in Queens I was involved in our Second Assembly District and in the county-wide A.L.P. organization in which I was at one point elected a county vice-president. The leadership and constituency of the Queens A.L.P. were somewhat more reserved than in the three major boroughs and I was able to work quite harmoniously with all factions.

Because he was a widower at the time, Hogan was drafted early in the war. Shortly thereafter John Santo, who was divorced, also entered the army. Several lower echelon officers of the union were drafted too or volunteered, such as James E. Gahagan, an executive board member, who was a veteran of the "Sea-Bees" of World War One and re-enlisted. Naturally, a greater burden fell on the remaining officials. In some respects, however, it was easier. Quill, MacMahon and I constituted the remaining "triumverate" of the original "gang." Quill and I always got along well because we had developed a relationship of mutual trust and respect. There was not a shred of rivalry between us.

Although MacMahon had a more distant personality, soon we too became mutually complementary. He was quite egotistical and tended to overrate his own importance, capabilities and contribution to the progress of the union. In his dual capacities of Local 100 President, which he took on in Hogan's absence, and International Secretary-Treasurer, he saw himself as the union, and regarded Quill more or less as a figure-head of great ceremonial and ornamental value but an organizational and intellectual light-weight. He miscalculated, of course, because when Quill decided in 1948 to take over the union as his private preserve he unceremoniously tossed out all those who chose to oppose him, with MacMahon topping the list.

In addition to my formal duties as editor and the many extra-curricular activities I normally carried on, the war-time staff reductions placed more burdens on me. Among the many other extra assignments I became the representative of all T.W.U. sections in Queens, Nassau and Suffolk counties. It meant negotiating, grievance handling and administering for the membership in about ten bus companies. Despite all this we managed to take a few days' vacation now and then, attend a play or concert once in a while, and even an

occasional baseball or football game for which Auguste was quite eager.

I smoked a great deal at that time. As a consequence I was subject to frequent bronchial disorders. Despite Bess's pleas and suggestions from doctors that I give up cigarettes, I convinced myself that I could not quit smoking and that in any case, tobacco had nothing to do with my occasional respiratory attacks. One day in the spring of 1943, after an especially hectic week of activities, I felt one of my periodic discomforts coming on. Unfortunately it was at a very inconvenient time. I was putting the Bulletin "to bed" that day, there was a mass meeting of transit workers in the Manhattan Center auditorium that evening, and my attendance was imperative at an urgent midnight meeting in Rockville Centre, Long Island, where a sizeable group of Bee Line bus employees threatened to strike over a very long delay by the War Labor Board in approving wage increases we had negotiated in a new contract with the employer.

With the Bulletin make-up finished and the presses rolling, I went to Manhattan Center and helped with the proceedings there. Quite conveniently, this hall was on West 34th Street, only two blocks from Pennsylvania Station. Since I gave up my car as soon as the war started, I took the Long Island Railroad to Rockville Centre. The section officers met me there and briefed me on the latest status.

In addition to the understandable impatience of the drivers and shop men over the very long delay in getting their raises, there was an organized effort to inflame this discontent. Harold Patterson, a Bee Line driver and shop steward, had developed some theories of why the War Labor Board had not acted and he won over a group of members to his views. Their insinuations and circumlocutions could be translated to the very simple proposition that T.W.U. top officials were more interested in saving the Russians and devoted more time and energy to the war effort than to prodding the W.L.B. In the meantime, they stressed, the boss had the free use of the workers' money while

their families were deprived of necessities. Ironically, Patterson was working a second job in the U. S. Post Office and certainly was less pinched for income than the majority of workers who held one job.

The midnight meeting attracted nearly all the members because only a handful of drivers drove "night hawks" and a skeleton crew covered the shop at that hour. The large crowd showed up early in anticipation of a "show-down" between the rebels and the ins. Many of them stopped off on the way for a few beers. The tobacco smoke in the hall was thick enough to cut with a knife. While a substantial number showed their usual friendliness when we arrived, there was a chilling, antagonistic, almost surly attitude discernable among clusters of members gathered throughout the hall.

No sooner did the chairman open the meeting when a motion was made and seconded that they go on strike that morning. A clamor of "vote, vote", obviously orchestrated by the instigators, came from all directions. When section officers attempted to speak they were howled down. I rose and told the assembly that I had something to say and asked them to quiet down so they could hear my reports and comments. Gradually order was established and I began to speak in a low voice, which was not difficult at that point because the bronchitis attack was making me weak and feverish. I recited the dates when negotiations were completed, brought out copies of documents showing when the timely applications were submitted to the War Labor Board, the arguments the union presented in advocating approval, and the frequent periodic written follow-ups and prods.

There were a few hecklers whom I subdued with the help of the bulk of the audience who were eager to hear the facts. I wrote figures on the blackboard to illustrate why this case was such that the W.L.B., generally behind schedule anyway, was even more tardy in approving these raises. I reminded them they were among the latest to join T.W.U. and that consequently their wages lagged substantially behind

those in New York City and even groups on Long Island who joined earlier. Since general wage increases were barred during the war under wage and price controls, the union used arguments that the Bee Line employees were entitled to parity under the equity principle in order to justify the substantial increases in rates of pay and reduction in the number of daily and weekly hours of work when overtime calculations begin. I reminded the audience that it is always easy to get a quick "no" answer from the W.L.B. It takes patience and resourcefulness to win approval.

The meeting lasted until dawn. The arguments were irrefutable in favor of waiting as long as necessary and against hurting the war effort by a useless stoppage directed solely against the War Labor Board, since the employer has already agreed to the new contract and is ready to pay the higher wages as soon as approved. I assured them that I meant every word I said but that they nevertheless had a right to express dissenting views and I urged them to state their opposite ideas so that the members could weigh both sides before voting on the issue.

Contrary to our expectation that he would be the first to speak up, Patterson remained silent. Several men spoke up but merely to express resentment against the long wait, assuring the audience that they had no wish to hurt the war effort. Finding his case weakened, Patterson finally spoke up. The gist of his argument was that the war was only an excuse, that the money for the raises belonged to the employees and that they wanted it now. I watched the faces in the crowd and I could see that each phrase helped destroy his case a little more. The chairman called for a vote on the motion and asked all those in favor of strike that morning to stand up and raise their hands. A few of the dissenters looked in all directions. No one stood up and no hands were raised. There was an outburst of

applause and stamping of feet. The vote against strike was unanimous.

I had difficulty in reaching the station which was only a few blocks away. My whole body ached and I had discomfort walking, sitting or standing. Finally a train came. It was a local that stopped every few minutes. By the time I reached the Woodside station I was shaking with flashes of chills and fever. There were no buses or taxis. I walked the fifteen blocks along Roosevelt Avenue and Skillman Avenue holding on to walls and store windows until I reached 46-13. Once in our living room, I lay down on the couch and fell asleep.

When Bess awakened she led me to the bed and I slept again until I was roused by a violent fit of coughing and oral hemorrhage. Dr. Aaron Karish, the union medical plan general practitioner, came promptly, examined me and after getting a recital of the events that led to the episode he advised that I go to a hospital. He indicated it might be tuberculosis or worse and once again chided me for smoking, winding up with a warning that if I didn't ^{stop/} I may die in two years.

A few hours after Bess called her brother for assistance, I was in a private ambulance, with her aboard, headed for Bellevue Hospital in Manhattan. I was kept in a hallway for a while and then was placed in an emergency room. Bess later told me that when a nurse asked me how I felt I told her I was hungry and she brought me food.

The next morning three of the emergency room patients were dead. I was transferred to the pulmonary ward. The first series of X-rays and other tests indicated that I probably had tuberculosis. But a Chinese doctor on the staff disagreed. A second and more elaborate series of tests were conclusive and showed I had bronchitis or bronchial pneumonia. The scarred tissues on one of my lungs were found to be over twenty years old and not active. By that time I had been in Bellevue over two weeks and extremely impatient.

When I was told I could go home I persuaded Bess, who had just

come to visit me, to go back to Queens, come back with my clothes, and I would go home with her.

Weakened and chastened, I complied with orders to stay in bed and follow a strict regime. But after a while I wanted to smoke again. When I lit up a cigarette and inhaled the smoke produced a furious fit of coughing. It was then that I decided never to smoke again. It has been thirty-six years since tobacco touched my lips. If Doctor Karush was right, I already have lived thirty-four years longer than he predicted I would had I continued the cigarette habit. My experience made me a militant opponent of smoking, an attitude that has been fortified over the years by an increasing amount of medical information on the debilitating effects of tobacco.

While I was recuperating, Julia Condon, the Bulletin editorial assistant, visited our home and I resumed directing the publication and some of my other activities. Mike Quill kept in touch by telephone and by sending material with Julia which kept me informed of development in T.W.U. After several weeks of convalescence I returned full time to the union, more vigorous than before my latest bronchial attack. Except for an occasional head cold or influenza epidemic, I have had no respiratory problems since I stopped smoking. I gradually resumed swimming, playing tennis and ping-pong, bicycling, long-distance walking and other vigorous activities which I had abandoned because of my earlier increasingly difficult breathing. Even now, in my seventy fourth year, I ride a bicycle, swim, play table tennis and walk whenever I get a chance. Except for bicycling, Bess also engages in these activities and does volunteer work every week.

On June 14th of that year T.W.U. concluded its first written agreement with the New York City Board of Transportation. I missed a good part of the action at the climax of that campaign because of my hospital stay and convalescence. But I was back in time to write

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a report of that episode, "Victory Without Strike," which was published under MacMahon's name.

The Fourth Biennial T.W.U. Convention was held in October, 1943. Although the heavy-handed control of Santo was missing, this convention was in many respects patterned after the three preceeding gatherings. T.W.U. had acquired certain routines and institutional characteristics and had adopted procedural patterns for coordinating its overall policies with other Left unions and the basic ideas projected by the Communist Party. There was an assumption that the party's policies were best suited for the popular-front objectives of that period. Nevertheless, the T.W.U. leadership sought not to stray too far from the sensibilities and opinions on important issues held by the bulk of the membership. Despite the war-time restraints on wages and benefits, this convention projected goals and held out hopes and promises for progressive benefits and improvements. "Delivering the goods" had become the bond between the "shepherds" in union headquarters and the "flock" out in the transportation properties. The delegates felt safe and comfortable with the cautiously aggressive positions taken by the top leaders who did not take them too far or too abruptly from their familiar attitudes and accepted concepts. Yet the novelty of some of the stands gave them a sense of pioneering.

This was the first T.W.U. convention that Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia came to address. It was a testimonial to the union's partial recovery from the set-backs it sustained by the City's takeover of the two private transit systems and from the unpleasantness of the Dies Committee's clawing at it, a procedure that seemed to indicate that Congress was trying to force transit employees back to the days when they were mute and helpless. Although he came to the T.W.U. convention, LaGuardia had not agreed to endorse Quill's candidacy for City Council, for which he was making a third try.

Quill wanted the Mayor's endorsement. It would help him get votes in the Bronx middle-class neighborhoods. A nod from LaGuardia would help blur the "Red Mike" label that rankled him, despite his platform bravado about preferring "to be called a Red by the rats than a rat by the Reds." So we made some preparations. We had a placard painted with a legend concisely endorsing Quill's candidacy for councilman from the Bronx and attached it to the lectern. Its explicit approval was quite appropriate for the stage of a T.W.U. convention. As the mayor spoke I photographed him gesticulating behind the stand with the placard in front. In a few days the photograph was reproduced on hundreds of thousands of election cards without any further captions. A few days before Election Day LaGuardia endorsed Quill's candidacy. After a four year hiatus, Quill was back in the Council.

One of the outgrowths of the 1943 convention was the decision to intensify efforts to complete organizing the Philadelphia transportation workers into T.W.U. Jim Fitzsimon, an I.R.T. motorman and an early T.W.U. adherent, was in charge. But progress was slow. I was assigned to help him by giving as much time as was possible for me to be away from my other duties. Other officers and organizers made periodic visits to Philadelphia. A full-scale drive was under way

I established myself in a room in the Robert Morris Hotel in Philadelphia and shuttled back and forth between that city and New York. Bess and Auguste spent a few week-ends there with me and the three of us frequently went out with Fitzsimon and his son James, Jr. who was about Auguste's age. Jim's two daughters, who were older, were away in boarding school. Their mother died a few years earlier.

It was a gruelling campaign. At first we contended only with the company union which had strong backing from the Mitten Management of Philadelphia Transportation Corporation. Then the A.F. of L. Amalgamated Transit Union entered the contest. That made the competitio.

even more ferocious. While the company union's appeal was mainly to leave well enough alone, the two rivals representing the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O. justified the virulent partisanship by each one citing its greater effectiveness and by denigrating the other's motives and record. Despite this rationalization it was essentially little more than two bidders for a lucrative contract; in this case the P.T.C. workers were the stakes.

As was inevitable, the Amalgamated used the Communist issue. They drew upon the Dies Committee proceedings, primarily the testimony of Thomas H. O'Shea, as well as periodic newspaper exposés. After a bruising campaign, T.W.U. defeated both the company union and the Amalgamated and has since then remained the collective bargaining representative in the South East Pennsylvania Transit Authority (SEPTA) into which the P.T.C. and several minor systems were later incorporated.

O'Shea's role in T.W.U. started early in its history. He was one of the large group of Irish immigrants who came to the United States after the suppression of the 1916 Easter Rebellion which, though crushed by the British forces, eventually resulted in the establishment first of the Irish Free State and later the Republic of Ireland in the twenty-six predominantly Catholic counties of the island nation. Michael Quill was also one of them.

These immigrants were either participants in the fight for independence and were persecuted after their defeat by the British military, who were called the "Black and Tan" by the Irish, or simply could not earn a living in the unfavorable economic conditions in Ireland during World War One and after "the trouble" as they called it.

At the time T.W.U. was started, O'Shea was a turnstile maintainer on the I.R.T. By the nature of his job he circulated through the various elevated and subway stations whenever turnstiles were reported out of order. Both because of his rebellious background and his easy

and frequent contact with clandestine union promoters, he joined the formative groups quite early. He was a rather talkative person and tended not to be as prudent as prevailing conditions dictated. One day while on duty he met a lighting maintainer by the name of Jim Garrison and the pair went above-ground for a break. Company undercovermen had them under observation. They were reported to their respective supervisors who dismissed them for deserting their posts and drinking while on duty. "Drinking" in transportation language meant imbibing alcoholic beverages.

Garrison and O'Shea countered by claiming they were on their lunch break, that they visited not a saloon but a lunch room next door where no alcohol was served or consumed, and that they transacted union business on their own time and off company property. They branded the "Beakies", the popular name for the I.R.T. police and undercover agents, plain liars.

The fledgling union had no choice but to stand by O'Shea and Garrison, who by then were widely known as active T.W.U. members. Their offense, whether as alleged in the Company version or the victims' recital, certainly did not justify dismissal. Simple justice as well as the union's need to prove that it could safeguard the jobs of its organizers and members dictated that it come to the defense of the pair. The circumstances produced a dramatic scenario. Since T.W.U. at that time had no publicly-known officers, being in effect only an organizing committee with the full-time staff the de facto administrators, Quill came up with a suitable plan. After a brief discussion the announcement was made that the dismissal was a desperate effort by the I.R.T. management to destroy the budding union by beheading it. Quill asserted that O'Shea had secretly been elected T.W.U. president and Garrison its secretary and that the company learned of this secret through its planted "stool pigeons" in the union's ranks.

Internally it was a good joke which nourished our self-satisfaction at matching the Company "Goliath's" strength with our ingenious wile. To the outside world it was a plausible story. From then on whenever we held any meeting O'Shea presided and Garrison took notes, with Quill, Santo and the others at their sides to make sure they did not go haywire. Our protest picketing, circulars and press publicity centered on the theme that the pair represented the top union leadership which the I.R.T. sought to stifle by intimidation. We also appealed to various governmental boards to declare the I.R.T. guilty of some unfair labor practice or a violation of human rights and to order the Receiver to reinstate them.

The personality of the federal receiver was helpful. He was an outstanding inventor, industrialist, lay Catholic and active Democrat and was sensitive to accusations of "union-busting." Eventually Garrison and O'Shea were re-instated to their jobs. While Garrison gladly dropped the impersonation and resumed his job in the subway, O'Shea wanted to eat his cake and have it too. He had grown to like the idea of being president and insisted that the charade be made legal and his usurpation a functional reality.

The members of the union, most of whom were still undercover at the time, knew who the real leaders were and the staff had no difficulty in holding an election in which ^{Quill/} was chosen president and all other positions were filled without providing an office for O'Shea, who had no substantial constituency and was not even elected shop steward by his fellow-turnstile-maintainers.

Undoubtedly, O'Shea was disgruntled and apparently bided his time when he could retaliate. That opportunity arose when we affiliated with the I.A. of M. Under our arrangements with the Grand Lodge (that is the Machinists' union's governing body) they agreed to pay the salaries of a number of business agents in proportion to the monthly per capita tax we transmitted to them. At the time we

received our charter we were entitled to two paid representatives and the names of Douglas MacMahon and John Santo were submitted. Word came back from the Grand Lodge that business agents had to be elected by secret ballot of the members they represented.

There being no choice but to comply with I.A.of M. rules we proceeded in a rather perfunctory way to hold the required election. The ballot was to carry the names of MacMahon and Santo who by then had been nominated by the executive committee. A few days before the scheduled vote O'Shea appeared with a stack of petitions nominating him for the position of business agent in opposition to John Santo. The election board whose task up to that moment was regarded as a mere ritual to preside over a predetermined outcome suddenly assumed the role of arbitrator of a high-level contest. A ballot box was hastily acquired and the election board, under prodding from the staff, modified the voting procedure to provide secret balloting at two sessions - in the evening and the next morning, so that workers on all shifts would have an opportunity to vote.

Quill master-minded the whole thing. He bought two hasps and two locks so that it would take two persons to open the ballot box. The key to one lock was given to the chairman and for the other lock to the secretary of the election board, both of whom were reputed to be trustworthy. When the evening balloting was over the slot in the ballot box was taped and initialed by the chairman and secretary. Each of them tested his key to make sure that neither could open the other's lock. The box was deposited in an inner office closet and everybody left satisfied.

I remained in my office to finish some writing. Quill walked out with the crowd and came back after a while. His return was quite legitimate. Shortly after the union leased the offices from Casa Galicia, Quill rented one of the residence rooms which had been used for that purpose when it was the Engineers' Club, a practice kept

up by the Spaniards. The arrangement suited Quill well since he avoided travelling to and from the office each day. He lived in that room until he married Mollie O'Neill.

Before I left for the night I walked up to Quill's room for a last minute exchange of impressions and to say good night. When he opened to my knock I found the ballot box on his bed, the lid open and a pile of blank ballots at the side. He broke into one of his roars of laughter and then explained to me that it was essential that Santo be assured of election and he was seeing to its happening.

When I protested that it was "not cricket" and, besides, since when had he become so enamored of Santo, he explained that O'Shea was a dangerous man and had the makings of an informer. Early in my contacts with the Irish I learned that to them there was no greater crime than being an informer and no fouler sin than being suspected of informing. Anyway, he kept marking crosses next to Santo's name on a substantial number of blank ballots and depositing them in the box. When he was done he replaced the locks and returned the box to the inner office on the floor below where the election board left it. Quill had kept one of the two keys that usually go with each lock and therefore had no need to tamper with the signed tape on the slot.

After the morning voting the ballot count showed Santo the winner by a small margin. At first Santo rationalized O'Shea's near win on sentimental grounds because some workers had sympathy for his earlier victimization. When Quill revealed to him the arithmetic of the supplemental voting he did the night before, Santo was crushed. From then on he was going to see to it that no risks would be taken with the control of the union. O'Shea was livid. Most of the observers took it as an expression of the usual displeasure of a loser. O'Shea expressed vehement incredulity and hinted there was foul play. In asides to some of his rooters he promised revenge.

We did not have to wait long for the other shoe to drop. Soon articles began to appear in Catholic and Christian Front publications containing revelations of the origin of T.W.U. and its continuing connections with the Communist Party. At first the sources were anonymous. Then O'Shea's name appeared. Finally he broke into headlines with his appearance before the Dies Committee. Since I was never in the places he mentioned in his testimony nor took part in the secret actions he reported, I cannot say whether they were obtained from hearsay or he was actually a participant in the Communist meetings and activities relating to the formation of T.W.U. O'Shea's revelations, whether fact or fiction, were quite disruptive because he cited events and not opinions. Quill claimed complete vindication.

To me Quill's rationale was not conclusive because I had strong feelings that no matter how noble the ends they did not justify foul means. The O'Shea ballot-stuffing was merely one dramatic incident in a long chain of practices undertaken or condoned on the assumption that any means short of murder or severe bodily injury to people were justified in pursuing our beneficial ends, that is the emancipation of the workers in accordance with our adopted concepts. Quill and I frequently discussed the question whether the morality of methods was independent of the objective for which they were used. He was very persuasive about the cardinal value of our ends and the necessity of being pragmatic about the means. When I indicated to him that my scruples at times pushed me to the point of getting out, Quill gently but firmly pressed me into a position of choosing between compromise and desertion. It was beyond me to consider being a quitter. In such circumstances I always strengthened my resolve to convince my associates that winning over people's minds was more honest, and in the long run actually easier, than resorting to unethical means. My success was extremely limited.

Another occasion when we had to condone technical fraud was when Quill ran for the City Council the first time. The Bronx was chosen as his constituency because the Manhattan field was already preempted by an American Labor Party candidate, Louis Hollander of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, and by Benjamin Davis, Jr. who was running on the Communist Party ticket and who was believed to attract many radicals and progressives to vote for him. Besides, the Bronx had a larger population of transit workers and other Irish.

In filing his legal documents with the Board of Elections Quill, who continued to live in the room in the T.W.U. building, gave an address with some friends in the Bronx. When he won, the Democratic majority in the City Council refused to seat him on the ground of non-residence in the borough. Quill countered with cries of "persecution" and "discrimination" and part of a plot by Tammany Hall to frustrate the will of the electorate. Tammany Hall was the building where the Manhattan Democratic Party, the most powerful in New York at that time, had its headquarters and was used as a symbol of corrupt machine politics.

In the end Quill was seated but not on the merits of his resident claims. A deal was struck between the Council Minority (which then consisted of Communist, Fusion, Labor and Republican councilmen) and the two dissident Queens Democrats whose election was also questioned.

These gnawing problems came up time and again in my life and often made me feel as lacking in principle and steadfastness. In each case, practicality, loyalty to the cause, and partisanship had to be summoned to make the choice for an expedient step as against a principled stand. It was during such crises of conscience that I became moody and non-communicative and Bess chided me for my unpleasant behavior at home. Occasionally I confided in her and she either remained neutral or kidded me about being so fiercely partisan about

about the union that I condoned deeds to benefit the organization which I never would countenance for the benefit of the family or myself. My usual plea was that I would not lie or cheat for personal gain or advantage, but that I would if family safety or survival were at stake.

During one of the many taxi strikes in which T.W.U. became involved, prospects for favorable settlement were extremely dim. Gustave Faber, the Local Secretary-Treasurer, undertook to rescue the strike by "direct action." He paid some strikers to pour emery dust in taxi engines, splash paint on them and commit other acts of vandalism. Faber himself went out at night and slashed taxi tires. He and a few of his accomplices were caught. The union leaders' response was that the arrests were "frame-ups," thus they condoned the violence and destruction. To my knowledge these were not widespread practices. Nevertheless I felt guilty about being even remotely connected with them by my passivity.

In the Philadelphia contest, the Amalgamated Transit Union attempted to catch up with the front-runner T.W.U. by a fierce anti-Red campaign against the union, featuring the various O'Shea statements which they reprinted in lurid pamphlets. These brochures were later used by other unions which conducted raids on T.W.U. in the airlines. With this anti-Communist campaign the Amalgamated and the company union began to gnaw away at our Philadelphia following. For a while we felt beleaguered. The staff began to doubt whether we could retain the advantageous position we had achieved by our persistent campaign and win a majority vote in the forthcoming representation election. It was then decided to respond with a pamphlet that constituted a ferocious attack on the Amalgamated. We called the brochure "TREASON". By quoting assorted documents, reports and allegations about its misdeeds in representing their members, the booklet accused the

Amalgamated of disloyalty to its own membership, to the labor movement in general, and, by extension, to the U.S.A. and its war effort.

The pamphlet was printed. But it was agreed that the copies would not be distributed unless the outlook was desperate. Our soundings the week before the official balloting convinced us that we had maintained the core of T.W.U. supporters and that we had gained a clear majority of P.T.C. employees eligible to vote. The pamphlet, which had been kept locked, was destroyed. The Pennsylvania State Labor Board held the election March 13, 1944. T.W.U. won.

On two occasions, one of which I have a record as October 26, 1946, I submitted my resignation because of the pressure by Santo and others on me to take steps that I considered unethical or against the interests of the membership. Both times Quill dissuaded me with the argument that my quitting will not make matters better and that eventually "we will clean up the mess."

One of the problems was the Bulletin. Nominally it was the official organ of T.W.U. under the general direction of the Executive Board and with me in practical control. From the beginning I sought frequent consultation with the board and on an informal basis with individual officers as well as with the full-time staff. Santo invariably side-tracked these discussions when I brought Bulletin matters to meetings by shunting them into informal channels with such remarks as "we'll talk it over later," which meant in effect that he would lay down the line to me in private.

Santo acted as the political officer of T.W.U.; that is, the more equal of a group of equals. I did not mind it in principle, but I found it intolerable to submit to his judgment or caprice in the many disagreements I had with him on policy or procedure, with him insisting to have things his way simply because he was Santo. As a consequence, it was a continual process of sparring and of me

confronting him with accomplished facts or vice versa. Occasionally there were formal decisions.

Early in 1940 when Santo persuaded Quill to exile me on an organizing assignment to Virginia we had one of those contests. In anticipation of my departure Santo sent me a memo on January 11, 1940 containing some suggestions. Regardless of their merits, I did not wish them to be automatically adopted on his sole authority and I held over the memo to present to the next staff meeting. Nine days later when he was going out of town he followed up his memo with some additional "must" instructions. Before I left for Virginia, however, I prepared a memorandum which I circulated to the entire staff and thus made it a matter for collective consideration and decision instead of another Santo decree.

One of Santo's objectives was to replace me with one of his proteges, a professional journalist, and thereby gain complete personal control of the Bulletin. My preference was to train and cultivate workers from the union ranks to fill these technical assignments. They had a much better grasp of the aspirations and potentialities of the membership. Such recruits from the union ranks who possessed the natural talents and had a wholesome attitude towards society, could develop insight and leadership ability to guide the membership in the long struggle to attain equity for themselves and ethical standards of action for dealing with domestic and world problems. It was my view that adept transit workers could, like myself, learn the journalistic craft to adequate levels by on-the-job training.

From the early T.W.U. days I cultivated an I.R.T. station agent by the name of Gerald McLellan to help in preparing the Bulletin who eventually became accepted as an assistant editor while remaining on his subway job. He had good writing ability, was very conscientious, had a commendable capacity for balancing individual desires with the common good, and put in a lot of time on the Bulletin for which

he did not ask pay except when he was required to lose time on his agent's booth assignment. McLellan was a devout Catholic and outspokenly anti-Communist although he knew many T.W.U. leaders were Communists. I saw no threat to the union's policies or efforts in his active participation on the Bulletin. On the contrary, he strengthened our ability to understand our constituency and to gear our plans in more realistic unison with the workers' level of understanding. Santo disliked the idea of McLellan being in line for Bulletin editor, both for the reason that he wanted his own man to replace me and that McLellan was not "safe." By proposing his name in my memorandum dated April 14, 1940 I made this a formal issue and ^{the staff/} I felt/could only concur because it was the decent and practical thing to do and was best for the union. In any event, McLellan's tenure was brief. I soon returned and he resumed the assistantship.

In the end Santo had his way. When I became involved in the airline organizing and absented myself for long periods of time he persuaded the rest of the staff that a professional editor should be hired. Gradually the editorial office was staffed with outside hired hands. McLellan and lesser volunteers from the ranks were pushed aside.

When I think back of those years in T.W.U. and reread some of the old publications, documents, diaries and other records, I find it difficult to understand how it was possible to be involved in so much activity at one time and to accomplish so much. It was not only the Transport Bulletin and other publications, the internal administrative routine, and tending to the grievances, disputes and negotiations on about a dozen transit properties. There were also the frequent spectacular events, such as the Quill and other election campaigns, my own function as an officer of the Queens American Labor Party, the periodic raids by outside unions, and the gigantic struggle around unification of the transit lines. There were outside speaking engagements to be filled. With American involvement in the war we

had bond-selling drives, blood donation appeals, rallies to stimulate war production, and the involved procedures of processing wage settlements through the War Labor Board. There was no end.

One of the problems most neglected by T.W.U. was the plight of the negroes. The transit companies traditionally hired blacks only in the most menial jobs, such as porters. During our organizing drives when a black man came in we knew he was a broom-pusher. T.W.U. had promised the negroes justice. Yet years after winning its first contract there were no black/employees in any but the lowest jobs. The only exception was the Independent Subway which came under civil service rules and where black men and women began to be hired by passing competitive examinations and to fill higher positions by passing promotion tests. Years later, when the previously private B.M.T. and I.R.T. were taken over by the City, blacks in those two systems began to filter up into better jobs on their own merit. By 1980 blacks, Asians and Hispanics were nearing majority status in the New York City Transit Authority and were to be found in all positions including top administrative and executive positions; not because of T.W.U. but often despite it.

The real shame was in the then private lines where drivers on the buses were exclusively white while passengers, especially in such areas as Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant, were increasingly black. T.W.U. leaders evaded the issue. They continued to delay facing it with claims that the time was not opportune and that the predominantly white male membership was not prepared to accept blacks as equals.

To me it increasingly grew as a matter of conscience and a rejection of the proposition that the union could justify its failure to discharge its duties and evade the outrageous violations of equity and ethics. I could not accept the proposition that society had the right to deny some people equal opportunity to work at available occupations simply because they were not caucasian, or were female, or otherwise differed from the privileged majority. Certainly a union that repeatedly pro-

claimed its adherence to the principle that all workers, regardless of race, creed, color, sex or origin, had equal rights, could not justify not making an effort to redress the obvious injustices. It was cowardly to hide behind the backwardness, real or imaginary, of the white members.

My repeated raising of the black employment issue at staff meetings produced no results. An opportunity finally came. Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. a Negro minister who had been elected City Councilman at the same time as Quill, had made a drive for Congress in the district that included Harlem. When a request for union support came to T.W.U. I volunteered for the Negro Labor Victory Committee, one of the organizations that was backing Powell and was spearheading his various campaign, among them the demand for bus driver jobs for blacks.

As his drive for bus jobs reached feverish pitch, Reverend Powell called a public meeting in the Abyssinian Baptist Church for the express purpose of putting pressure on the major bus companies, on the Mayor and on the Union. Advance press announcements carried stories that LaGuardia, Quill and the bus company presidents had been invited.

Quill discovered the last minute that he had an urgent meeting out of town and assigned me to represent him at the rally where I was to proceed to the best of my judgment. When I arrived at the church it was packed to the rafters. A representative group of black leaders sat on the rostrum in back of three vacant chairs marked with signs that they were reserved for LaGuardia, McCarthy and Quill. A reporter and photographer from the newspaper PM were there.

After a few preliminary remarks by others, Reverend Powell launched a bitter attack on the white establishment and worked the audience up to a frenzy of indignation over the injustices inflicted on blacks generally and in the case of denying them bus jobs in particular. Pointing to the empty chairs one by one, he first castigated the

liberal mayor for his failure to attend. Then he denounced McCarthy and all other bus company officials for their discriminatory hiring. When he reached Quill's turn and began to build up about the hypocritical friends of the Negro people, I stepped forward and announced that I represented Quill.

The meeting turned around. Having no authority to commit either Quill or the union, I cautiously undertook to do our share in a common endeavor. Since Powell knew me from the Negro Labor Victory Committee, my pledge was credible. But he took no chances. He appointed me to a committee whose members were delegated by the meeting to approach Fifth Avenue Coach and New York Omnibus, the two major bus lines, with the demand that they immediately begin hiring black drivers. I accepted

In subsequent meetings of this committee I steered them to transform the drive from an abstract fight for rights to the demand that they hire specific applicants. Instead of letting the union repeat its claims that it was not responsible for the discriminatory practices, since the companies did the hiring, and the companies' equal assertion that it was the white employees' opposition that tied their hands, we decided to get about a dozen qualified, personable candidates for bus driver and let them apply for employment. The companies would then have the choice of refusing to process these applicants or agree to treat them as any other job seekers. The white drivers would then have the option of refusing to break in the black men taken on by the companies as trainees or even to drive buses on a route where other buses were going to be driven by blacks whom some white drivers broke in.

Within a week Powell gathered ten young black men. They all had chauffeur licenses and were privately tested to make sure they were competent drivers. Their credentials were gone over minutely so that they would not be tripped up on character qualifications or references. Powell marched them into the omnibus personnel office and asked that they be given job applications. Apparently prepared by upper management

the personnel clerks handled them in a matter of fact way, gave them the routine tests, assigned to physical examinations by the company physician and told them they would be informed of the next steps.

Rumors then spread among the exclusively white bus drivers that a move was under foot to bring in "them guys," one of the code phrases for blacks. It is to the credit of Quill and other T.W.U. staff members and active workers whose energetic campaign of education and explanation in the midst of a rising opposition, defused the issue. The union informally pressured the management to assign the least bigoted instructors to break in the black recruits. The generally peaceful break-down of the racial barriers on the private bus lines was also helped by the fact that large numbers of white bus employees, with due respect for reality, resigned themselves to the inevitable. They saw the influx of blacks and Hispanics into the municipally-run transit system without any catastrophic consequences. Many of them were also aware of the threats to their personal safety from the growing indignation, at times resulting in ugly and violent outbursts, shown by blacks in the streets and on the buses where they were accepted as paying passengers but were denied the right to work.

Santo occasionally tried to set other staff members against me. He told some of them that he saw in my house books by Leon Trotsky and other non-orthodox radical and bourgeois authors, or that I painted in a style non consistent with "socialist realism."

I did read a great deal, including such authors as Karl Kautsky, Vladimir Lenin, Rosa Luxemburg, Joseph Stalin, Walter Lipmann, Henry George and other contemporary and classical writers on social change and political economy. Above all I was fascinated by Karl Marx's dialectics, which I have taken to mean a method for analyzing causes and effects on a primarily materialist foundation, and of exploring historical events and current conditions in order to find solutions;

that is, remove the conditions that cause undesirable effects and introduce or create those calculated to produce benign effects.

I could not accept the idea that there were immutable dogmas, engraved in granite, that were fixed for all time, all places and were applicable to all conditions and situations. The conflicts between individuals within a group and of groups against each other and among themselves required constant examination, balancing and accomodation. I saw as the main objective to harness the independent needs of the group or class on whose behalf I undertook to act in the service of the general need to bring equilibrium to the interdepent contending groups, each of which affected all others by its attitudes and actions. The logic of my outlook was essentially class-collaborationist and, on a world scale, pacifist, within our country and on a world scale, without overlooking or submerging the needs and interests of one's own class or nation.

My general aversion for strikes and confrontation, except when demonstrably unavoidable, were also pointed to by Santo as proof that "Forgie is soft on the bosses." However, Santo did not see the irony in his own advocacy that the union support a bill in the New York State Legislature to repeal the utility tax in order to enable the B.M.T. and I.R.T. to grant wage increases in the second round of labor negtoations with T.W.U. Adroit avoidance of strikes is much more beneficial to workers than shifting a tax burden from utilities to consumers, a proposal definitely "soft on bosses."

I was particularly opposed to personal attacks. At one point the staff embarked on a campaign to picket the homes of company executives and political leaders whose actions impeded the union's progress and recalcitrant transit workers who refused to join the T.W.U. or opposed it vociferously. I objected to such tactics as misdirected demonstrations of the workers' economic, political and moral strength and refused to participate in them. The rest of the staff was not

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convinced as I was that enduring success can only result from our convincing the majority of the transit employees that our course was in their interests and to create favorable public opinion to press politicians and transit executives to do the right thing, but they glossed over my dissidence . They probably ascribed it to my esthetic quirks and intellectual scruples.

All around me I saw evidence that people who derive their livelihood in modern society by working for wages do not differ much in their attitude towards others than the rest of society. From their infancy they are taught by indoctrination and example that everyone has to look out for oneself and one's own. The degree to which individuals guide their actions by consideration of their consequences to others differ widely. Between the extreme moralists, who would rather martyr themselves than hurt another person, and the outright hedonists and gangsters, there is the vast human mass who vaguely subscribe to the concept of "live and let live" but who are daily too preoccupied with looking out for themselves to be concerned much with the hardships and travails of others.

The concept of humanism appealed to me most. It was essential to learn and teach that all men and women have equal worth and equal rights and deserve equal opportunity to develop and thrive in a friendly environment without undue restraints and without unnecessarily burdening others. This concept helps people acquire standards of ethical behavior. Bigotry, on the contrary, provides an ideological veil for naked selfishness. A person who is concerned solely with "looking out for ~~number~~ one" finds it easier in a hateful social climate to exploit, cheat or even kill someone who is branded inferior or perhaps not even quite human.

As World War II was progressing to the point where we could see an end to hostilities with the defeat of the Axis powers, many of us began to contemplate and discuss the post-war period. Our community

was part of the Second Assembly District of Queens. I was active in the Parent-Teacher Association, while Auguste attended school in the area. Bess enrolled as a volunteer in the Civil Defense Corps. For a time I was chairman of the District A.L.P. in addition to being County vice-chairman. The Second was an all-white district and was composed^{of/} distinct geographical neighborhoods and socially cohesive groups that were clustered around the Catholic, Jewish and Protestant houses of worship. These enclaves also tended to gravitate towards disparate political organizations and to respond to diverse ideological strains. The clear issues that emerged during the anti-fascist war and the joint activities in which the various groups participated in common, lowered some of the barriers that previously insulated them from each other. Some of us thought that the end of the war would bring new divisive problems and we feared that polarization would become even more extreme than before.

It seemed to me that as war-time opportunities for contact and cooperation began to diminish we should prepare substitute channels for peacetime activities. I was able to persuade a substantial number of leaders in the various groups to form a community center in the district on the basis of their agreement that such an institution would be helpful in composing differences and in promoting a spirit of neighborly harmony, especially if it appealed and catered to the youth who would be emerging from a childhood dominated by war, and the returning veterans needing help for integration into civilian life.

The Center was set up in a location easily accessible to all constituent neighborhoods and in a few months it was a flourishing community institution, attracting a growing number of participants of all ages and religious, ethnic and ideological diversity. It held out a promise that the center could help diminish destructive divisiveness and promote cooperation among the diverse elements.

At the height of the Center's success, when it was reaching a degree of self-support, several early backers headed by the chairman of the finance committee announced they were withdrawing from it. It was at the time of the publication of the "Duclos Letter," a Stalinist attack by the French Communist Party secretary against Earl Browder and the American Communist Party which he led. William Z. Foster, whose main fame was advocacy of a "Soviet America," was taking over the party to return the movement to orthodoxy, which meant resumption of sectarian practices and withdrawal to "pure" ideology.

Having declared the Sunnyside-Woodside Community Center a heresy and daubed it "Forge's revisionist baby," this group not only pulled out but influenced their substantial following to drop out. The ripple effect resulted in the loss of many active ardent supporters. We were forced to dissolve the Center for lack of funds and volunteers.

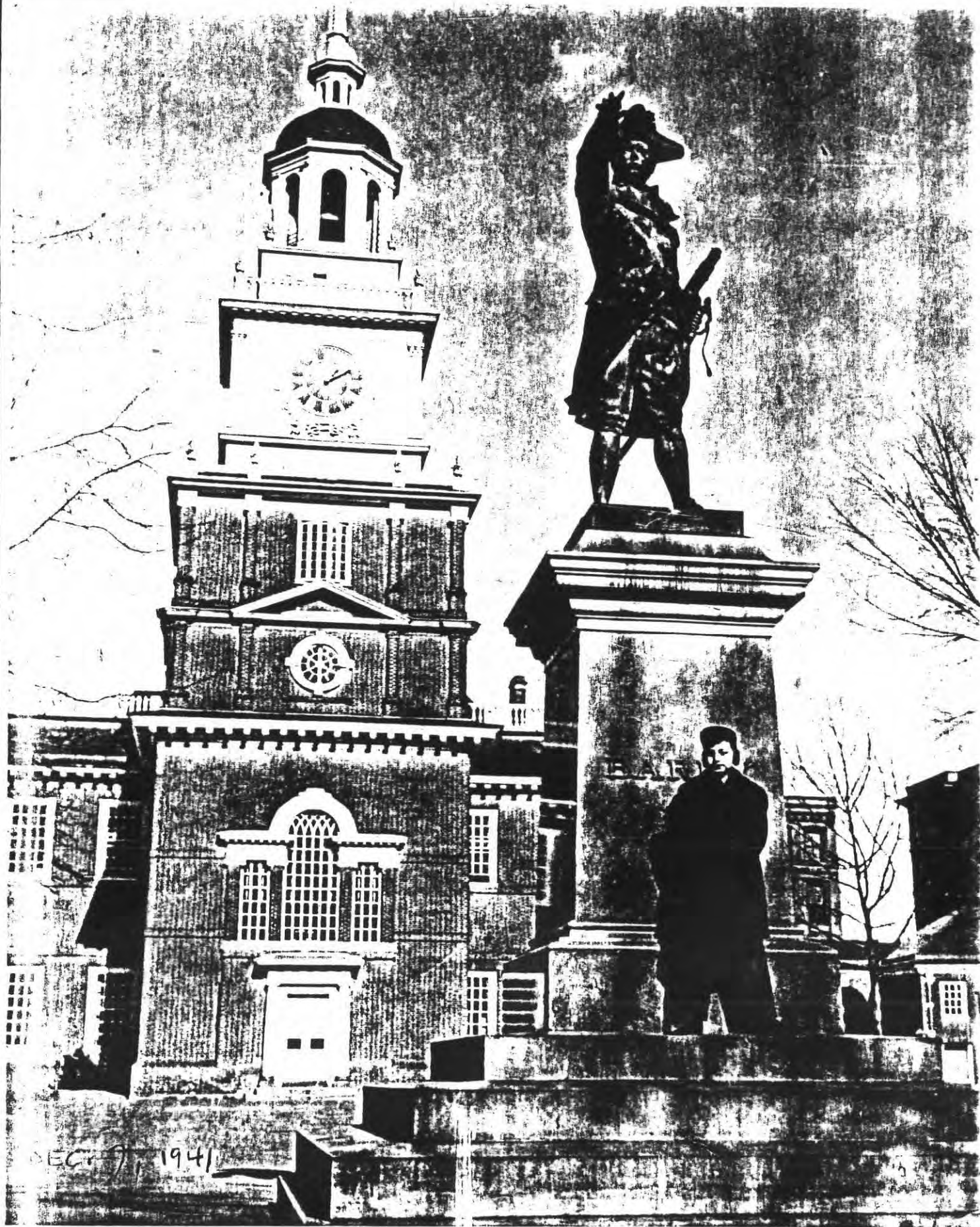
We lost an opportunity to contribute to the cohesion of our community; a contribution though minute in itself would have had a significant cumulative effect if repeated in other communities instead of being aborted. I believe that if thousands of neighborhoods throughout the United States had prepared themselves with community centers such as we formed and lost, they would have served as forums where the problems created by the Depression and the war years could have been discussed and the issues evaluated, and that thereby they would have produced popular actions that would have resulted in more democratic consequences of the costly struggle against fascism. The post-war period might not have been dominated by Senator Joseph McCarthy, the Dulles Brothers, Henry Luce's dream of an "American Century, and all those others who seek power and wealth by using deception, repression, exploitation and violence.

It is characteristic of immature American idealists that they are fascinated by the glamorous appeals of "revolution," spectacular

demonstrations which are not followed up by channeling people's aspirations into effective activities, and by "fixes" for "instant utopia." They reject the demonstrated reality that basic and lasting reforms can only be achieved under peaceful, stable conditions by dogged perseverance and effective permanent organization of the people. They rationalize and attempt to explain away the disastrous results of the most spectacular, idealistic revolutions, particularly the "Ten Days that Shook the World" in Russia where so many of us thought "we saw the future and it worked" and where as in France, Hungary, China, Cuba, Iran and other countries the task of creating an equitable society is as far away as during the days of the prior tyrants they replaced.

While much of the world has in the post-war period been fascinated by the American tendency to launch "get rich quick" projects and to pursue with great vigor any chosen course, no matter how destructive its direction, increasing numbers of Americans and many more in other countries are learning that the road to security and satisfaction of human needs lies in choosing the right direction and not in the speed with which a wrong road is traversed. As has been said so many times, no matter how fast you travel in the opposite direction you will never reach your goal.

1. Auguste in Philadelphia December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor Day.
2. The pamphlet VICTORY WITHOUT STRIKE prepared by Maurice for MacMahon.
3. Pamphlet reporting T.W.U. progress in Transit Authority.
4. "Exposé" containing O'Shea testimony used in various campaigns.
5. Montage of clippings from the Philadelphia Record, Inquirer and Evening Bulletin of March 15, 1944 giving results of PTC election.
6. James Gahagan and his daughter, a Women's Army Corps member, with Bess and Maurice at night club when they were both on furlough.
7. Three citations for Maurice's World War II bond campaign activities.
8. Auguste and Bess with Augusta, Leon and Celia during visit in Greenboro. A memento of the campaign to support the Chinese revolution.
9. Maurice addressing one of the T.W.U. conventions.
10. The poem "I Sit on the Fence and Survey" by Gerald McLellan.
11. John Santo's memo about Bulletin.
12. Santo's follow-up about Bulletin.
13. Maurice's counter-memo about Bulletin.
14. Bess's letter to Maurice while he was in Virginia.
15. One of the Committees that supported Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.
16. A.L.P. announcement of 1944 election campaign meeting.
17. Maurice outside A.L.P. campaign headquarters in Sunnyside store-front.
18. Material used in starting Sunnyside-Woodside Community Center.
19. Business cards, bus passes, draft card and A.L.P. membership card.
20. Three photos in Quill's house, TWU headquarters, Gordon Barrager and Maurice, and group, including Bess, at TWU meeting on Brigantine, N.J.
21. Maurice's letter of resignation which was not accepted.
22. Passes for PAA, LaGuardia Airport parking pass, Memorial Meeting for Heywood Broun, one of Maurice's ANG membership cards and Withdrawal.
23. CIO Industrial Union Council delegate's card, TWU credentials, membership cards in P.A.L. and P.T.A., the People's Committee and Freedom Rally, Michael Quill's business card and membership card in Santo Defense Committee.
24. Tenth Anniversary Journal celebrating the 1934-1944 decade of T.W.U. which Maurice prepared. Most of the photographs in it and the entire text was written by him.



DEC 7, 1941

VICTORY WITHOUT STRIKE

The story of the Transport Workers
Union victory on the New York City
Transit System — without a strike.

By

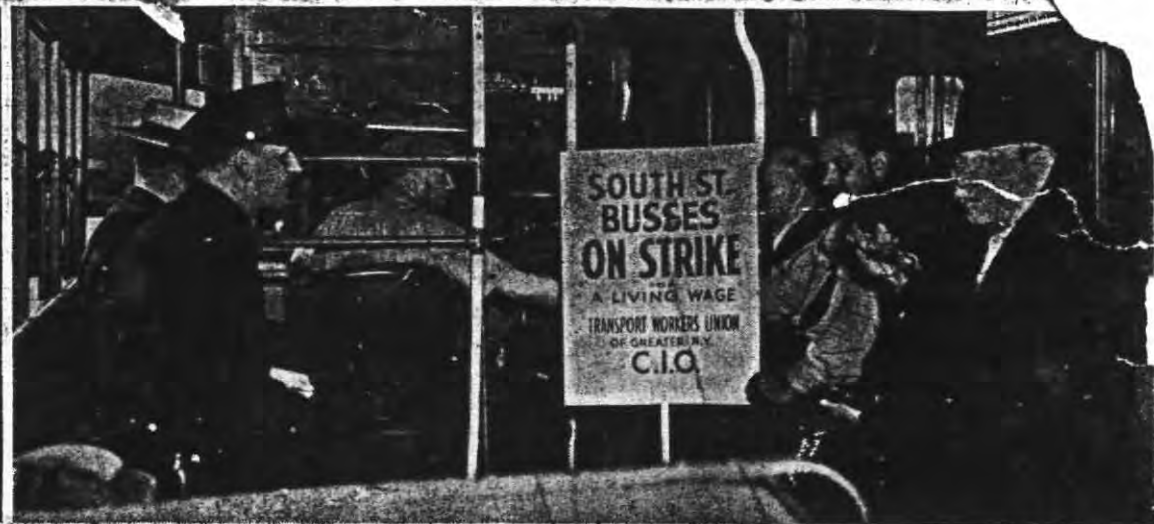
Douglas L. MacMahon

Issued by Transport Workers Union, C.I.O.

153 West 64th St.

New York, N. Y.

Striking Busmen Take Employer's Holiday



Isadore Hagler, president of the struck Triangle Bus Corp., decides that if his 40 workers won't take bus out he will use strikebreakers.

Pickets think it a good idea to picket inside a bus. It's against the law to refuse to carry passengers, so Mr. Hagler can't stop them. When other passengers leave (only ones on trip), Mr. Hagler wants to call it a day. Picket shouts, "I insist on being taken to my destination." Mr. Hagler had to go to the end of the route, West St., and lost his way. A motorcycle cop, sent along for protection acted as guide. Pickets were posted from East River to the Hudson.



At each bus stop on night pickets pile out of five cars, surround the bus, and shout: "How does it feel to sweat for 58 cents an hour?" A union lawyer accompanied the pickets, giving them on-the-spot legal advice. Rush hour crowds gathered, but didn't get on.

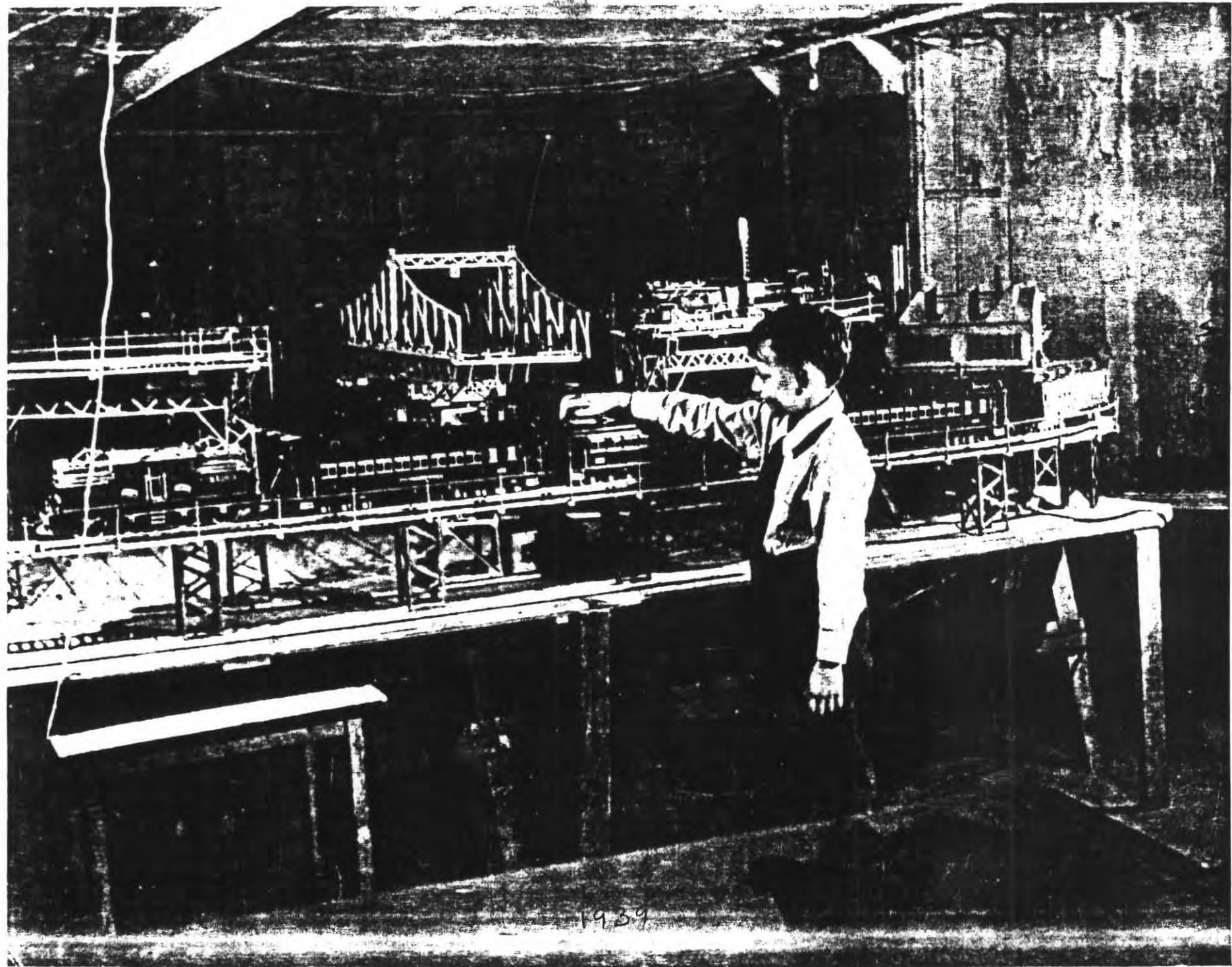
On the corner of Ave. C and Houston St. pickets enter the bus with bills. Mr. Hagler can't make change. Crowds enjoy his predicament. Picket in foreground waves a handkerchief at harried Mr. Hagler. Finally decides to lodge a complaint against the pickets.



at Sheriff St. station pickets line up. Archibald Bromsen, the Union lawyer, day for strikers. The Transport Workers Union wants 80 cents an hour. At Mr. Hagler finally drops his complaint, the end of a

hour tops. Mr. Hagler offered 70. New York Omnibus Corp. pays 90. Mr. Hagler's 18 buses have been idle since Wednesday.—E. P.

Photos by John DiBlass, PM Staff



1939

AUSTIN HOGAN
Chairman

JAMES GOULDING
Vice-Chairman

VICTOR BLOSWICK
Secretary

AARON SPIEGEL
Treasurer

COMMITTEE OF ONE THOUSAND
TO RE-ELECT

Councilman Michael J. Quill

288-290 WILLIS AVENUE (at 140th St.)

BRONX, N. Y.

Telephone: MOtt Haven 9-8022

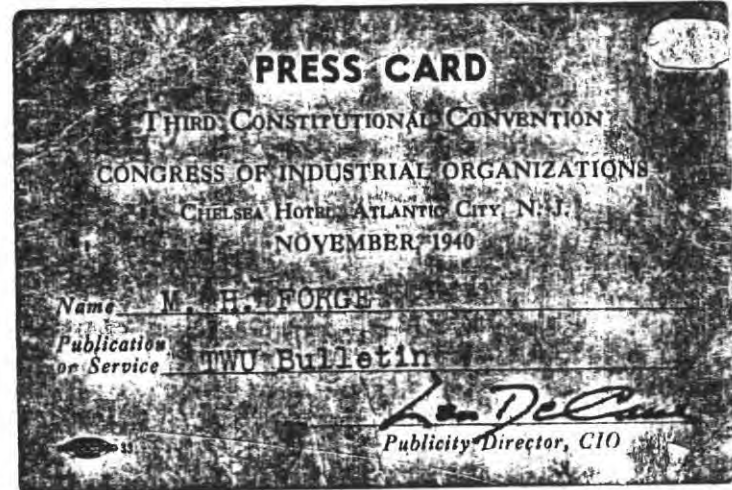
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JAMES E. GAHAGAN
Campaign Manager

MAURICE H. FORGE
Publicity

JESS ADLER
Educational Director

GORDON BARRAGER
Office Manager



Credential



AMERICAN LABOR PARTY

NEW YORK STATE COMMITTEE MEETING
AT BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY

APRIL 13th, 1940

Issued to Maurice Forge 2nd Queens

44-13 Skillman Av. Queens

Attending by proxy

Luigi DiStefano

State Chairman

Michael J. Quill

State Treasurer

Ellis Rose

State Secretary

WITH THE AIRLINES AND OUT

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In Philadelphia we had another illustration that just because they join a union and accept the resulting benefits, workers thereby do not automatically become just, fair and wise. Barely six months after T.W.U. won the labor board election on the union platform of equality and solidarity the now higher-paid and partly liberated workers participated in a work stoppage aimed at preventing the hiring of negroes as trolley motormen and bus drivers. It was at a time when the United States, in alliance with many other countries, was fighting a war against racism and while there was a shortage of workers in both transportation and war production.

Although openly advocated by the defeated company union and vigorously opposed by T.W.U. leaders, the "strike" nevertheless took place. At best, the P.T.C. employees were confused and stampeded into that action. At worst, they condoned, abetted and some even instigated this outrageous violation of elementary humaneness. The fact that they resumed work after the U.S. Army stepped in supported either contention. Apologists for P.T.C. employees claimed they went back when the armed escort made it safe. Critics pointed out with equal persuasiveness that the workers returned when confronted with superior physical and moral force. In either case, the fables about workers' spontaneous goodness lost credibility when a capitalist-controlled army had to come to the defense of racial and economic justice at a time when members of a Communist-inspired, class-conscious union struck for exclusion and discrimination. That Philadelphia story was not a chapter in the book of "classical" class behavior, but rather an instance of human frailty in the absence of learned ethics and an acquired understanding of self-interest.

By the middle of 1944 T.W.U. became interested in organizing airline workers in Miami and New York. Naturally, I became involved. From occasional meetings with individuals I proceeded to give and

help by drafting letters and circulars, then in resolving organizing problems and finally by becoming completely immersed in the campaign which spread and intensified with each initiative on our part and the resulting responses from employees of American Airlines and Pan American Airways. Before long I was Director of the T.W.U. Air Transport Division with its own headquarters in Jackson Heights, Queens, a short distance from LaGuardia Airport.

Later in 1944 we amassed many contacts in most airports of the A.A. system. After some correspondence, I undertook a trip to the West Coast. The contacts I made there and the information I obtained resulted in a great leap forward for our airline organizing efforts. Some of the employees I met at the A.A. stations on that visit later emerged as effective leaders in the union. That trip to the Pacific Coast, made under war-time travel restrictions, was quite hectic. It is partly described in my letters to Bess during January 1945.

Naturally, I was not completely relieved of my activities in the surface part of the industry nor in the political field. The Bulletin was put out for a while by my then assistant Chan Buck, with minimal oversight on my part. Julia Condon and Jane Jean came with me to the Air Transport Division where they kept up with the breakneck pace of our various organizing drives, frequently helped by Bess who donated her volunteer work. Chan Buck was later eased out by Santo and MacMahon. At first they claimed she was not qualified. When confronted with her academic record and her performance for the Greater New York C.I.O. Council, as well as for T.W.U., first with me and then, in my absence, on her own, MacMahon blurted out that such a responsibility could not be entrusted to a "girl." Male superiority and other forms of bigotry and discrimination are found in unexpected places and are very slow dying.

During 1945 T.W.U. concluded its first contract for PAA ground personnel in Miami and then carried out a system-wide representation

election which resulted in extending union representation to all Pan American divisions. At the same time we also intensified our efforts in American Airlines, which then had its largest overhaul base in New York. By the end of that summer our campaign reached high pitch and we were pressing A.A. management to consent to an election under the Railway Labor Act, which was amended to include the airlines, so that the balloting could be expedited.

In the midst of this favorable situation T.W.U. was dealt a severe shock.- The C.I.O. United Auto Workers Union announced it had taken over the Air Line Mechanics Association (A.L.M.A.), an unaffiliated union within A.A. exclusively, whom T.W.U. attacked as a company union and which was fast losing adherents. At first U.A.W. seemed to be inclined to go on the ballot as the new parent body of A.L.M.A., which was bad enough since it would pit two C.I.O. unions against each other with the possible benefit to the A.F. of L. Machinists. Quill tried to induce R. J. Thomas, then president of U.A.W., to withdraw. But these appeals to Thomas to avoid this internecine conflict and subsequent requests to C.I.O. President Philip Murray to intercede, failed to bring about a U.A.W. withdrawal.

Rather than back off, U.A.W. took a more aggressive step. Apparently concluding that a T.W.U. victory in the impending election was a near certainty, Thomas's office announced that U.A.W. was going to call a strike to compell A.A. management to grant it recognition. Our own organizing committee and I followed these developments closely and therefore were able to meet each twist in the contest with coolness and make appropriate responses and take proper initiative. By word of mouth and in our literature we denounced the transparent U.A.W. maneuver. We repeatedly demonstrated that T.W.U. was the overwhelming favorite of the employees by such actions as large indoor and outdoor meetings, vigils outside hangars and mass visits to the vice-president's office in the A.A. maintenance department.

Then Santo stepped in. Warning that T.W.U. should avoid at any cost being put in a position of strike-breaking if U.A.W. called a strike, Santo proposed that we should urge our followers to join it and then we should strive to assume leadership of the stoppage. In private meetings with him and Quill and others from headquarters, I duelled with Santo and opposed his proposed strategy. In these debates I argued that it would not only be suicidal for T.W.U. to make of itself a tail to the U.A.W. kite, but that it would be cravenly unprincipled for us to enlist the genuine militancy and idealism of our followers behind a scheme to enforce an obvious back-room deal between U.A.W. and A.A. management to try to shut out T.W.U. What happened publicly is described briefly in the pamphlet called "The Record." Here is what happened behind the scenes.

In order to avoid a show-down at that meeting where such extreme positions were taken, I proposed that we take time to think over all the facts and angles in the situation and reconvene the staff for a third consultation. At that subsequent meeting, after conferring with the leaders in the hangars, I presented these points:

1. Even if we would advocate that A.A. employees join a U.A.W. strike, most of them would not respond because we had sold them on an election and not a strike.

2. A strike such as contemplated by U.A.W. would be a stampede and not a deliberative way of determining which union the majority of A.A. employees wanted as their representative. Even if we should succeed in wresting leadership of the strike from the very experienced and tough U.A.W. staff, most of our legalistically-minded A.A. members would question the legitimacy of our representation.

3. A "strike" is not a strike merely because somebody calls it a strike, any more than Germany is pursuing a "war of liberation from Bolshevism and Capitalism" because Hitler said so. What U.A.W. was proposing was an act of aggression against the A.A. employees.

right and wish to choose a union by secret ballot.

4. Even if a majority of A.A. employees responded to the U.A.W. strike call because T.W.U. called upon them to do so, the initiative would still be with U.A.W. and the A.A. management would have legitimate grounds to deal with U.A.W. in efforts to settle the strike and, since A.A. management obviously condoned the affiliation of A.L.M.A., entirely its creature, with U.A.W., would also prefer to make a collective bargaining contract with it rather than T.W.U.

5. No matter how many or how few responded to a spurious strike, it would not be unanimous and the employees would thereafter be split into hostile camps of "strikers" and "scabs" and the T.W.U.'s carefully cultivated movement for unity and solidarity would be destroyed or at least set back for many years.

From the reactions of those attending the meeting I knew that my arguments were irrefutable. Santo relented. But I had to provide a ladder for him to climb down from the limb. I proposed an emergency meeting of the Volunteer Organizing Committee to put my plan before that representative group. It turned out the largest meeting of American Airlines maintenance and stores employees in the history of the carrier. The proposal that we brand the U.A.W. intrusion a disservice to A.A. employees and a threat to their rights and aspirations was enthusiastically and unanimously approved, even by the few who before the meeting had spoken up in the hangars that the strike be backed. Also without dissent the Committee voted to urge the rank-and-file to shun any strike call unless they themselves decided to call it by a secret ballot vote.

The U.A.W. changed its tactic. Rather than call a strike, they instead handed out ballots on which A.A. employees were asked to authorize U.A.W. to call a strike. The response was crushing. All employees entering the hangars either tore the ballots, threw them into wastebaskets or put them in their pockets as souvenirs. Even

the four A.A. employees who were handing out the ballots folded their bridge table, carried it and the empty ballot-box inside and reported for their regular jobs. Shortly thereafter the National Mediation Board held the election. T.W.U. won a clear majority.

From maintenance, stores and fleet service personnel we proceeded to organize flight service workers, port stewards, navigators, flight radio officers, flight engineers and others. We did not seek to enroll pilots because they had the Air Line Pilots Association affiliated with the A.F. of L. In the other categories the groups were either unrepresented or belonged to unaffiliated associations. In the drives for ground personnel we met increasing opposition from our former parent union, the I.A. of M., which changed its name to International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers and entered the airline industry about the same time T.W.U. did and met with significant success. We avoided contesting the I.A. of M. whenever they preempted a group of airline ground employees, such as in TWA, UAL, EAL, and others. After the PAA and AA contests we seldom took part in labor board elections against each other.

From the time the City of New York merged the acquired B.M.T. and I.R.T. with its own Independent Subway and placed all the former private line workers under civil service, T.W.U.'s standing with the Board of Transportation, which then operated the unified system, was precarious at best. In the winter of 1946 T.W.U. made a strenuous effort to improve its formal status. The City claimed any formal dealings with the union were barred by law. T.W.U. not only disagreed but considered it essential for its stability and possibly for its very survival to regain some type of "union security" rights, such as dues check-off, union shop, or at least exclusive representation rights. The new mayor, William O'Dwyer, apparently was persuaded that some concessions in this direction would not only be fair to the employees but might also benefit the City. He appointed

a special committee to hear T.W.U.'s pleas. My role in this campaign was peripheral since I was immersed in airline negotiations and grievance handling, as well as in new organizing drives. However, MacMahon and Quill asked me to prepare some of the literature. OUR CASE FOR HIGHER WAGES and UNION SECURITY MEANS A GOOD JOB, were the two principal pamphlets published in that drive.

At the 1946 Fifth Biennial Convention I was elected a T.W.U. vice-president, which formalized my function as Director of the Air Transport Division, hardly an assignment for one elected editor. Hogan and Santo had returned after their discharge from the army and the quasi-conspiratorial, bureaucratic atmosphere returned to "64th Street," as T.W.U. headquarters was called. Even though I had grown to be less intimidated by their authoritarian attitudes and attempts to domineer, I welcomed the formal assignment to the airlines.

The positive side to my preference for activity with the airline workers was that I had established my competence for that field of union work and enjoyed the confidence of the workers who were younger than in transit, had fewer entrenched prejudices, showed keen interest in their industry, and had concerns with social problems beyond those directly connected with their jobs. It is true that some of the younger men, who had been exempted from war-time military service because of their status as essential production workers, at first showed some feelings of guilt and were somewhat reserved. They soon overcame their reluctance and many of them became active.

The precise regulation of relations between the unions and employers under the Railway Labor Act also suited me. Most radical union leaders held that its procedures were restrictive and often denounce the Act as biased against labor. Even more conservative officials of railroad and airline organizations complained that its procedures were intrinsically slow-moving. I differed with both views. I found that by taking the minimum time required by that law

Instead of allowing the companies to take the maximum limits in each step and procedure, cases were handled quite fast. It was also possible by buttressing the formal process with active "grass root" support and persuasive presentation of issues both to company officials and Board representatives, to avoid having dust gather on workers' claims or union petitions. The rational provisions and methodical procedure of the Railway Labor Act suited my temperament and my preference for judicial determination and rational adjustment instead of of perpetual strife and confrontation.

With appropriate modesty for a newcomer, I studied the Act until I had a general understanding of its provisions. As each case arose I re-examined the applicable parts and how they affected the issues at hand. I then evaluated the union contract as it applied to the specific grievance or controversy and took it up with the appropriate company personnel officer. Unless it was a case that had already inflamed tempers or gained notoriety, I tried to avoid generating excessive combativeness because such attitudes frequently lead to intransigence on both sides. I found it advantageous for the members to differentiate between routine claims and issues that were vital.

We were able to settle most grievances and disputes at the first level for two main reasons. The first and most important was that our claims were usually right. The other was our ability to persuade the company supervisor at the first stage to avoid being overruled by his superior, which would then make him appear as a "bad guy" to the workers he was supervising and as indecisive to his management, especially when our position had demonstrable merit.

If our request was denied, which happened when much money or a major principal were involved, we took it to the second stage where we tried to reach agreement by proving that justice was on our side, or by compromise. Cases that remained unresolved we took to the appropriate board of adjustment. All boards, system or field,

consisted of two T.W.U. representatives and two company officials. I was chosen by the respective locals as a member of all system boards and on major local boards at big stations.

In the course of arguments in the two lower stages I got a fairly good idea of the validity of our respective positions. Even if the union's case emerged weak I very seldom dropped a worker's claim unless it proved totally frivolous, because I believe that everyone should be heard up to the highest level. Since the boards consisted of equal numbers of union and company representatives we knew we would have to lose some cases and for that we used those that had little or no merit. No system of free adjustment can work long if one side wins all disputes and the other loses all.

Of equal importance was the eventuality of impasse. When a board of adjustment splits two to two, the Act provides for the introduction of an impartial arbitrator who then either breaks the deadlock or, on occasion, by his astute questioning of the two protagonists, gets them to agree on a decision. Although we prepared our cases to the best of our ability, the arbitrator's verdict is seldom predictable.

During the years that I was A.T.D. Director we settled many individual grievances, discipline cases, dismissals and contract disputes. We developed practical relations and mutual respect with most company officials despite the inevitable irritants that caused some individuals on both sides to become abrasive over some issues or the occasional union victory that proved very costly to a company.

Early in our relations we had such a case. It was shortly after the end of the Second World War and there were still frequent incidents of parts shortages. On the Thursday preceeding the George Washington Birthday weekend company supervisors issued notices to several hundred engine department employees at LaGuardia overhaul base that they were to take a four-day furlough because of a lack of parts to rebuild engines. In our labor agreement we had won a clause that required

A. A. to give employees two weeks' notice, or pay in lieu of it, when they were to be laid off. We protested the short notice. The lower stages were quickly completed and we wound up before an impartial arbitrator before whom the Company argued that it was a temporary furlough carried out on the basis of past Company practices.

My contention was that by imposing a mutual contract governing relations between employees and employer all past company practices became invalid unless they were consistent with the new collective bargaining agreement or the two parties specifically agreed to continue such practice. In the absence of such agreement, and there being no provision for short furloughs, the contract had to prevail. Since a lay-off took place, I argued, two weeks' notice should have been given the employees and having failed to do so the Company should pay for all days lost. The A.A. Personnel Director, Lee Robison, was a friendly gentleman but he argued quite vigorously against my position, winding up with a plea to the arbitrator with the forceful declaration that the union's request for pay was unjust and that he would see the employees get paid for this unworked time "over my dead body."

Ten days later the arbitrator's decision arrived in the mail to us and, I presume, at the same time to the A.A. offices. Mr. Robison died of a heart attack in the subway on the way from his home in Flushing to the A.A. offices on East 42nd Street in Manhattan without having seen the verdict, which upheld the union. Without bowing to superstition, that incident enforced my contention/^{that one should never boast/}that anything could happen only over my dead body. It is wise to avoid making a fool of oneself even as a corpse.

Another dramatic case was over "flight time." Our P.A.A. flight service employees' contract had a provision defining flight time as "from the time the chocks were removed from the aircraft's wheels on the ground at the departure airport until the time they were restored to the wheels at the arrival airport." Yet Pan American flew its

personnel from airport to airport, at times as far as from New York to Johannesburg, South Africa, without any pay at all if they dead-headed "on the cushions" or at half pay when assigned as "supernumerary, that is in excess of the normal crew complement for whatever reason.

After P.A.A. signed the first contract with the union for Purser, Stewardesses and Stewards some of these employees reported a drastic increase in unpaid deadhead flying and asked me to prevail on the Company to moderate this practice. When I took this up with the personnel department they denied any increase in deadheading. Then I asked under what provision of the contract did they justify not paying an employee on a flight or paying half rate. I further made the point that this practice of unpaid or half-pay flying, whether the practice increased or not, was depriving flight personnel of overtime pay, since such time did not count towards the eighty-five monthly flight hours after which overtime was paid under the contract.

The dispute was deadlock all the way up to the board of adjustment and an arbitrator was appointed by the labor board. His name was Frank H. Swacker. By his appearance in age he must have done most of his arbitrating between the railroads and their unions. I therefore assumed him to be what lawyers call a "strict constructionist," that is he "goes by the book."

Lawyers for the Company argued that what they did was a past practice, that they did not pay other flight personnel whose contracts contained similar/ definitions of flight time, and besides that paying for unworked time would impose a burdensome extra cost on P.A.A.'s operation. On behalf of the employees I argued that only the contract definition of flight time and the rates of pay for such work were relevant and that no exceptions were provided in the agreement and none could be made. Swacker's decision was in one sentence: "Flight time of any nature or duration is flight time."

It was not my desire to inflict great economic hardship on Pan American World Airways, as it was by then called, nor to bestow a windfall of great wealth upon our flight service members and the much higher paid pilots, navigators, flight radio officers and other groups that had similar provisions in their contracts and who would inevitably get on line to cash in on the bonanza that I produced. Our committee worked out a compromise on past unpaid flight time. In order to moderate the financial impact on P.A.A. for the future, I offered my services gratis to the Company to help eliminate or at least reduce deadheading to a minimum. They took me up on this and I spent several weekends in the P.A.A. dispatch office where we worked out more efficient and more economical crew scheduling. Our members were happy because they spent less time away from home base and yet received more overtime premium pay because they reached the eighty-five hour monthly limit sooner. P.A.A. was relieved. What they envisioned as a financial catastrophe and scheduling nightmare turned out an improvement in utilization of all flight crews.

As could be expected with a multiplicity of contracts and so many supervisors unaccustomed to deal with employees under a contract, we handled many problems of employees who were denied promotions though qualified, who were suspended without pay on trivial or unfounded grounds, who were dismissed without sufficient cause, or were falsely accused of some infraction. Most of these cases were resolved to the claimants' satisfaction and in some instances we recovered substantial sums in back pay for the victims.

A case that gave me special satisfaction was resolving the dispute over P.A.A. treatment of female flight service crews. It was in two parts. First, when we created the new title "purser" the Company promoted male stewards only. That was all right at first because most of the senior flight attendants were men since P.A.A.

did not hire women on the original "Clipper Ships." When the Company began to pass up stewardesses in making promotions to Purser, even though they had the seniority and were qualified, we filed a grievance. The response of P.A.A. was that they understood the title "Purser" would apply to men only, an assumption not supported by the language in the contract or by any reference during the negotiations. As a result of this grievance P.A.A. began to promote Stewardesses to purser, which meant higher pay and status, in accordance with seniority and qualifications on an equal basis with stewards.

The other case involved the involuntary retirement of female flight attendants when they reached age thirty-five regardless of qualification. In this instance there was also no contract provision and again P.A.A. fell back/
/on past practice and alleged passenger preference for "young" attendants. We argued that age was no test of ability, acceptability or suitability for the job, that customer preference was not ascertainable and, even if it were, was capricious and immaterial when a person's economic fate was at stake and, of course, there was no way that the Company could enforce an age or sex contract provision that did not exist. We prevailed in this matter also.

While I was in charge of the airline division I traveled a great deal. Good administration of the union required my personal attention and close contact with our members all over the United States. Very often local leaders insisted that problems in their areas needed my services. Bess accompanied me on a few of these trips. When she did not, I used to write to her or send picture cards which Auguste liked very much. I have attached here some of these letters that I saved.

Early in 1948 American Airlines consolidated its maintenance facilities with that of its subsidiary, American Overseas Airlines. This created problems in respect to lay-offs, job assignments and promotions, all of which are governed by seniority. Until then the two companies operated as separate entities and the employees had

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separate seniority sequences which each exercised in his respective entity. The officers in the A.O.A. local and the ones in A.A. deliberated over this knotty matter and after long consideration and negotiation with A.A. management reached an agreement to integrate the two seniority list.

Since all agreements are subject to ratification, this document was submitted to the ten locals. The A.O.A. local ratified it. However, the biggest A.A. Local in New York and one or two others in the system turned it down because majorities in them considered the seniority arrangement too magnanimous towards the A.O.A. workers.

Seniority is one of those issues that pit one worker against another and can easily cause bitter controversy. No matter how fair a seniority system may be objectively, the end result is that one employee will be ahead and one behind. What appears just to a neutral person very often creates fear and resentment in the employee directly involved who regards his or her modified relative position on the seniority list through the subjective bias that selfishness can easily produce. Magnanimity is not a universal trait.

In order to resolve this potentially explosive issue, I prevailed on all locals to submit the rejected seniority settlement to an impartial arbitrator under our A.A. and A.O.A. contracts and then convinced A.A. management to go along. An outstanding law professor, Paul R. Hays, Dean of Columbia University Law School, was chosen.

We had a remarkable collection of local officers at the time. It must have been that the idealistic overtones of our airline organizing campaigns and the comparative youth of the membership partly accounted for the election of many representatives who showed a high degree of reasonableness and compassion. We took steps to have all locals and all shades of attitudes toward the seniority issue

represented at the hearing held May 25, 1948. As the chief spokesman for the combined membership I gave a balanced presentation

and refuted the Company's contentions. It had been agreed in writing prior to the arbitration by the Company and all locals that Professor Hays's decision would be final and binding.

Although his decision was similar to the original agreement, the ruling was accepted in absolute good faith and there was not a single case of non-compliance in subsequent enforcement of seniority rules nor any further disputes in individual cases. I considered it a miniature triumph of democracy. This incident was one of many which strengthened my belief that people can resolve peacefully and rationally issues that appear irreconcilable as long as an atmosphere of reason prevails and the disputants follow channels of democratic and judicial determination. I have observed that those who prefer to use repression, violence, confrontation and physical contest either have no faith in the good sense of people or really do not believe in the policies and programs they themselves advocate. Leaders who do have sincere convictions and nevertheless advocate violent methods probably do not trust that their constituents have the good sense to follow them. Others probably use violent means because they know their aims are dishonorable or injurious to those groups to whom they advocate them and dare not submit their program to calm popular scrutiny and decision.

At about the time of the Hays decision trouble was brewing in Greater New York Local 100 which included the City-owned Transit System and the privately-owned bus companies. Ostensibly the issue was whether T.W.U. should back Mayor O'Dwyer's plan to double the subway and bus fare to ten cents in return for his promise to grant substantial concessions in the ensuing union contract negotiations. This was by itself enough to create much controversy over equity and ethics and union strategy and tactics. But these disputes were taking place in the midst of a larger fight then developing within the C.I.O. and in the country in general over the policies that the

United States should pursue internally and in international relations.

Harry S. Truman had succeeded Franklin D. Roosevelt as President in the closing years of the Second World War. Under Truman's direction two atomic bombs were dropped on the populations of Hiroshima and Nagasaki which abruptly ended the war with Japan on September 2, 1945. For Western Europe, where Germany surrendered May 7 of that year, Truman launched the Marshall Plan for reconstruction of the devastated western part of the continent and other economic, political and military measures that later assumed the general title of "Cold War" with the U.S.S.R. These moves, and the corresponding belligerence and tyrannical domination spread by the Stalin-dominated Soviets, nullified the wartime trend towards diminution of ideological combativeness and economic rivalries between the nations that called themselves Socialist and those that assumed the title of the Free World. Each side accused the other of erecting an "Iron Curtain" between the two increasingly antagonistic camps.

On the Soviet side reconstruction was launched under a combination of patriotic fervor and brutal repression, the monstrosity of which was not revealed until after Stalin's death. In the United States, under prodding from British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, whose class and generation were stung by the disintegration of their empires in Africa and Asia, and of John Foster Dulles, Henry Luce and other Republican prophets of the "American Century", President Truman projected his "doctrine" which was to serve as a blue-print for a new American negativism. The land of hope where a mere century and a half earlier a band of brilliant politician-philosophers gave the world a vision of vibrant popular democracy and economic equality was being riveted to the single issue of "anti-Communism" to the exclusion of our opportunities and obligations in Africa, Asia and Latin America where billions of humans have been the double victims of colonial oppression and endless war.

Some people in the United States with equal dedication to "free enterprise" and free-wheeling democracy saw the dangers to America and the injustice to the colonial peoples in Truman's course. Foremost among them was the vice-president in Roosevelt's second term, Henry A. Wallace. From selectively speaking out against Truman's policies Wallace developed a general/attack/ on the president's entire program and soon projected his own independent candidacy for president of the U.S.A.

Prodded by the Communist Party leadership, the C.I.O. unions generally deemed left-wing, radical, progressive, or Red, split on most domestic and international issues with the more conservative traditional unions. T.W.U., with Quill in the vanguard, lined up quite early on the side that favored the path advocated by Wallace. In his Bulletin column "As I Was Saying..." he was among the first to proclaim that "If you don't like Harry, try Henry" and recited reasons for eschewing Truman and backing Wallace's candidacy.

The response from the T.W.U. membership ranged from the few enthusiasts who approved, the bulk who were skeptical, indifferent or mildly disapproved, to an aggressive minority who responded with seething outrage. These dissenters were not slow in taking the offensive and in identifying their stands with the majority trend in the labor movement and the country generally. It grew into a fierce contest all over America between unequal disputants. While they were temporarily a minority within T.W.U., on the outside the Democratic and Republican parties, the vast majority of the press, radio and television, the entire A.F. of L., the dominant C.I.O. unions, most of the churches and other molders of public opinion were fully in tune with them in perceiving the mid-twentieth century as an era of anti-Communism and in feeling no kinship with the emerging colonial nations and seeing no urgent need to replace rapacious colonialism with a genuine world economic democracy. In the dozen years of the existence of T.W.U. the leadership did not wean the membership away

from the ideological domination of these older institutions that preached and practiced selfishness and chauvinism. Those who sought a more humane world were temporarily in charge of T.W.U. but on the outside they were numerically and strategically a small minority.

Whether by careful design or persuing his trusted instincts, Quill reconsidered his stand on the "cold war" and apparently concluded that by switching camps he would not only wind up on the popular side of both the transit fare issue locally and national policy, but would gain almost instant support in the ranks of the union and powerful allies in the C.I.O. for his bid to gain sole control of T.W.U.

Quill took the plunge. He defied a T.W.U. Executive Board resolution favoring retention of the five-cent fare and publicly announced his support for O'Dwyer's ten-cent fare plan. He then launched tirades against his former associates for being "puppets" of the Communists by their backing Wallace and independent political action. His strategy was simple, neat and with little effort became very popular with T.W.U. membership. Quill cast himself in the twin roles of hero and martyr, stressing that he was willing to put his career as a city councilman in jeopardy by abandoning his erstwhile championship of the five-cent fare, which was popular with his voter constituency, all for exacting a better wage increase for the transit workers from the City. On the issue of love of country he was willing to sacrifice the cherished principles which had won him the reputation of "Red Mike" solely because he recognized the urgency to place himself on the side of those who saw the Communist camp under Stalin's leadership as a conspiracy to conquer the world.

Some years later when I was pressed by the Left wing to explain what caused Quill's sudden change I wrote an article entitled "What Makes Michael Run?" It was reprinted in other labor journals and in some radical Irish papers. Although the new editors of March of Labor took some liberties in editing it, my original article

was close to the version that appeared in print.

Santo, MacMahon and Hogan obligingly placed themselves on the opposite side of Quill's figurative "barricades" and stood there completely exposed as clay-pidgeon targets of Quill's unceasing attacks. Whatever they did in attempting to defend their positions made them ever more vulnerable and their defeat inevitable.

It was clear that Quill would make a clean sweep of his old confederates. In their desperation, his opponents, especially MacMahon, kept putting pressure on me to make an aggressive effort on their behalf. Quill avoided direct contact with me but sent emissaries to probe my readiness to join him in his efforts "to clean them out" as a fulfillment of my prior disagreements with Santo and some of the others. But "housecleaning" was neither the issue nor the solution. My primary consideration was to shield the Air Transport Division from being embroiled in the mounting fratricidal conflict and gang war and to minimize its destructiveness in Local 100. With the transit fare and the national policy controversy being used by both sides in partisan arguments to gain adherents, it was extremely difficult to remain aloof in what was rapidly degenerating into a nasty factional feud to control the union. When I stayed away from staff or board meetings I was chided by both sides.

Then Santo's side pulled a tactical stroke. Still having a majority on the Executive Board, they created an ad hoc committee to investigate the root causes of the issues and events in the internal strife and appointed me chairman. I could only refuse to serve at the price of evading duty and dodging responsibility. So I accepted. The Committee was convened on neutral grounds, in a Midtown hotel. We spent many hours listening to every officer and member who wished to relate any incident or express an opinion and we kept a verbatim stenographic record of the entire series of hearings.

Quill who at first proclaimed he was not going to dignify this

"Kangaroo court," appeared nevertheless, berated everybody and taunted me for coming all the way from the Pripyet Marshes to become and/ a "big shot" here/derided Walter Case for migrating from the Texas Panhandle to make a name for himself in the Northeast. Others who appeared, however, related incidents of physical violence by Quill partisans, discussed some of the mistakes made in their locals, expressed views on some of the issues and proposed solutions. In the end the committee submitted a written report and offered recommendations to compose differences and ease tensions. It was piously approved by a unanimous vote of the Executive Board. Nevertheless the factional battles continued and intensified until they reached their climax at the Sixth Biennial Convention in Chicago. The irony was that most of the reforms in our committees report approved by all the officers and executive board members were among the proposals I had made eleven years earlier when our union constitution was being drafted at the First P.W.U. convention and which Santo then vetoed.

As the factional strife progressed I held to my determination to perform my duties in my usual manner and to support positions on specific issues as they arose either strictly in accordance with my own convictions or, when I saw no single ethical course, on a consensus or compromise basis. For instance, the transit fare was especially divisive. In the surface locals, such as 100, selfishness drove most members to favor a higher fare since that presumably would bring in more revenue with which to grant higher wages while not costing the transit workers themselves anything because they rode free on their passes. In the airlines our members were subway and bus riders. They shared the attitude of most New Yorkers who would rather pay less than more for a ride and who regarded the five-cent fare in 1948 as a symbol of the City's concern for its poor and for workers and shoppers who traveled on the buses and subways. It was a political issue loaded with economic and emotional

tensions. I recommended to airline locals that they refrain from passing resolutions in favor of retaining the five-cent fare on the principled argument that issues must be judged in relation to time, place and relative importance. They were convinced that at that juncture it was more important to try to preserve T.W.U. than to take sides on the fare controversy which at another time might merit higher priority.

With the convention approaching, I decided not to go there as an "ex officio" delegate without vote or legitimacy. I ran, along with other candidates in the airline locals, and I was elected by a big margin. Before the voting I went on record in writing to the entire membership how I stood on the controversial issues. To retain the momentum of growth and improvement of our Division and to keep our goals clearly before the airline membership the staff projected a special conference of A.T.D. locals scheduled for Chicago a day before the general T.W.U. convention. A verbatim report of its proceedings is attached.

One of the most controversial issues at the time was the presidential candidacy of Henry A. Wallace and the formation of the Progressive Party. The American Labor Party of New York, which became one of the constituent affiliates of the national organization, nominated me as a delegate and I went to Philadelphia. Although I knew that the origin, program, strategy and tactics of the Progressive Party doomed it to failure in the prevailing political atmosphere, I could not sit out a movement which, no matter how poorly timed or managed, was fundamentally in the best interests of America and for world peace. It was a good idea entrusted in inept hands and facing insurmountable odds. Although it served dubious practical purposes at the time, the Wallace convention was an exhilarating experience and may have moderated some of the more reactionary plans of the Truman and subsequent administrations.

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We continued to attend meticulously to grievances and other routine business of the A.T.D. Some complications developed when U.A.W. staged another raid on some of our airline locals. Perhaps they thought that the T.W.U. internal feud had weakened us and made us vulnerable to dismemberment. But the raid was rather quickly rebuffed.

The year 1948 saw much progress in the T.W.U. Air Transport Division despite the reverberations of the factional fight in Local 100. We had settled many disputes over wages, hours of work and working conditions and employment rights, including some groups whose jobs were menaced by technological changes in the industry. At the same time we maintained cordial though adversary relations with most of the airline managements we dealt with. There was generally good feeling in most locations. Many local officers from Maine to San Diego and from Miami to Seattle visited our New York headquarters in Jackson Heights and were impressed with both our procedures and ideas. Many of them frequently urged me to visit their locations to help them make improvements by my direct observations.

The opportunity came in the summer of that year. Auguste had just graduated Stuyvesant High School and was waiting for word of acceptance to a university. Bess was comfortable with my union work, which she found more in keeping with my dignity and abilities, and with our home life which had assumed some normality. I arranged a series of meetings in airline locals on a two-way continental swing, westward from New York by a southern route, then up the entire West Coast from San Diego to Seattle, and return eastbound over a northern arc centering on Chicago's O'Hare Airport.

The three of us left Friday, July 30, 1948. There was some friction over our individual preferences and concerns. I was eager to start early each morning to avoid risking disruption of my tight itinerary. Auguste liked to sleep late and go to bed early and frequently complained of car sickness. Bess was concerned with our

safety and was eager to avoid hectic situations and undue road hazards. But we managed a rather smooth five-week motoring trip. Besides visiting airports and local headquarters, attending meetings and paying social visits at homes of key people, we managed to take in some scenic locations and even crossed the border at El Paso for a brief visit to Mexico.

Due to sheer ignorance we courted death on one of the legs of our motor trip. We left Phoenix, Arizona one morning not realizing that the stretch of desert ahead was no ordinary road. We did not take along any spare water or any other provisions for an emergency and we drove through the hot morning and high noon over desert roads without shade or human habitat in a car without air-conditioning or any protection against sun and wind. We reached the California border town of Blythe in time to halt our dehydration, although by the time we crossed the desert the three of us looked like lobsters.

Another drive we took that showed our lack of preparedness was when we took the coastal route from San Francisco to Seattle. James Horst, then local president in San Francisco, who later replaced me as International Vice-President and A.T.D. Director, came along with us and he suggested that scenic route in order to visit the Sequoia forests and other places on the Pacific.

We left after dinner and by nightfall the fog began to roll in. Soon the mist became so dense we had no more than about ten feet visibility. Then the fog became impenetrable. We pulled over to the shoulder of the highway. Horst said these fogs were local and some times could be outridden. While we were waiting we heard no cars pass in either direction so we decided to attempt to reach some inhabited place and spend the night there.

Horst and I took turns driving. The one who was not driving, and Auguste sat on the hood with a flashlight and signaled the driver when it was safe to proceed. We inched along for hours. It was

not until early morning that we reached a town by the name of Vullien. The only hotel there had no vacancy and we had to content ourselves with toilet, breakfast and change of socks. Horst and I again alternated driving and all had a chance to get some sleep during the day.

As far as the union locals were concerned the trip was both productive and informative. In each location local officers arranged executive board meetings and meetings of the various groups, such as maintenance, flight service, navigators, flight engineers, radio officers, port stewards, and so forth. In a few places they arranged banquets and in other ways added festive touches to my visit.

One of the most dramatic incidents occurred in Tulsa, Oklahoma. American Airlines had moved its major overhaul base there from LaGuardia Airport in New York. This change of locations brought many problems of seniority, transfer rights, moving and resettlement expense and retention of classification and pay level. We worked them out quite satisfactorily. When I visited the Tulsa administrative offices I sensed a feeling of cordiality towards me, probably because A.A. was satisfied with the crew at the new base and the reasonable though vigorously protective way we handled the procedure.

On my tour of the hangars I was astonished to find four sets of rest rooms- "men white," "women white," "men colored," "women colored." How could the black and white employees transferred from the west and northeast tolerate such a vicious arrangement? Why did the local officers and the international representative not report this to me? I was momentarily stunned. When I gained my composure I asked the company guide why the signs were there and he calmly responded that in Oklahoma that was normal practice.

Trying to avoid a confrontation, yet determined not to permit this racist segregation to remain a minute longer, I asked the A.A. representative whether it was all right for me to direct one of the

mechanics to remove the signs and replace them with the simple legends "women" and "men." He hesitated a moment and then asked me to wait while he went up to the executive offices to consult with the base superintendent. Before he left I stressed to him that immediate action was necessary and to relay to his superior that I felt so strongly about it I was prepared either to remove those signs myself or send a telegram to the contracts division of the federal Fair Employment Practices Commission to demand immediate action. He came down after a while and directed a foreman to remove the signs. The workers who witnessed the incident gasped. One of the men standing near me was a black lead mechanic from New York whom I helped transfer to Tulsa, which he was at first denied because the company claimed that to have a Negro Lead Mechanic at that base would create problems. He smiled, rubbed the floor with his shoe, looked around and shook his head as if to say "now I have seen everything."

Between airports we managed to visit Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico, the Bad Lands in the Dakotas and other national monuments and sights. We were in cities where the sale of alcoholic beverages was forbidden, in some where they were allowed to be sold only in bottles, in others where cafes could serve only drinks but no food, where restaurants could not sell alcoholic beverages, and in a variety of others ^{that/} displayed typically American incongruities. These were amusing lessons in American pluralism and its diverse local options.

When we returned home after Labor Day we found a telegram informing Auguste he had been awarded a Thomas E. Dewey four-year state scholarship valued at \$1,400.00, a substantial sum in those days, which he could use for tuition or maintenance. He decided to enroll in the College of the City of New York, where tuition was free for New York City residents. Thus Auguste's career as a physicist and mathematician started shortly before I ended mine in the union and a short time before I began my somewhat different career as

of bus transportation as mechanic, driver, dispatcher, planner, builder, manager, teacher and consultant.

By the time the convention delegates reached Chicago the two sides in the New York Local fight for control of the union had almost completed the split. Quill had his huge majority well in tow. Hogan who was still president of Local 100 came with his little more than the proverbial "corporal's guard" of faithful followers. A few befuddled or fence-sitting delegates kept to themselves the first day, waiting for more definite signals. Other transit locals had also taken sides but most of them were not fiercely partisan for either faction. The Air Transport delegates stood apart. Most airline representatives understood the nature of the split and considered the issues raised by both sides either extraneous to them or mere tactical maneuvers. All they wanted was autonomy for the A.T.D. so that they could pursue the goals they set for themselves within T.W.U. Some of them began to feel disheartened about the split union and began to speak of secession, of affiliating with a more harmonious parent body, or of forming their own airline union. The leaders of the erstwhile "impregnable" majority, headed by Santo, MacMahon and Hogan, behaved as the remnants of an army under siege.

The strategy committee of this new minority faction met continually in Santo's hotel room. Most of them avoided mingling with the delegates. Only a few of the "old guard" remained a source of news and gossip from the "enemy" camp from our encounters with other delegates in and outside the auditorium. Inside the hall at the sessions Quill had taken over full command. His rhetorical flourishes and theatrical devices, so much admired in the past by the Left, were turned with relentless ferocity on them personally and in derision of their caricatured positions on issues. With his ridicule and denunciation, he incited the mass of former admirers of his fellow-bols to reject them, to renounce and denounce their leadership

and to hold them in contempt thereafter.

Quill sent emissaries to me proposing that I switch sides gracefully in return for which he would keep vacant the post of vice-president and A.T.D. director to which he would appoint me after the convention. I stood by the decision of the A.T.D. delegates' conference. They decided that they would nominate me for the post and that they would insist that the new majority, now controlled by Quill, would honor the wishes of this important and growing branch of T.W.U. by concurring with their choice of leaders and their chosen directions in unionism. Quill was adamant about denying autonomy but he did keep the post open. He later filled it by appointing James Horst but without autonomy.

At the conclusion of the convention I was, as the newspaper accounts stated at the time, "routed" along with the other "Leftists."

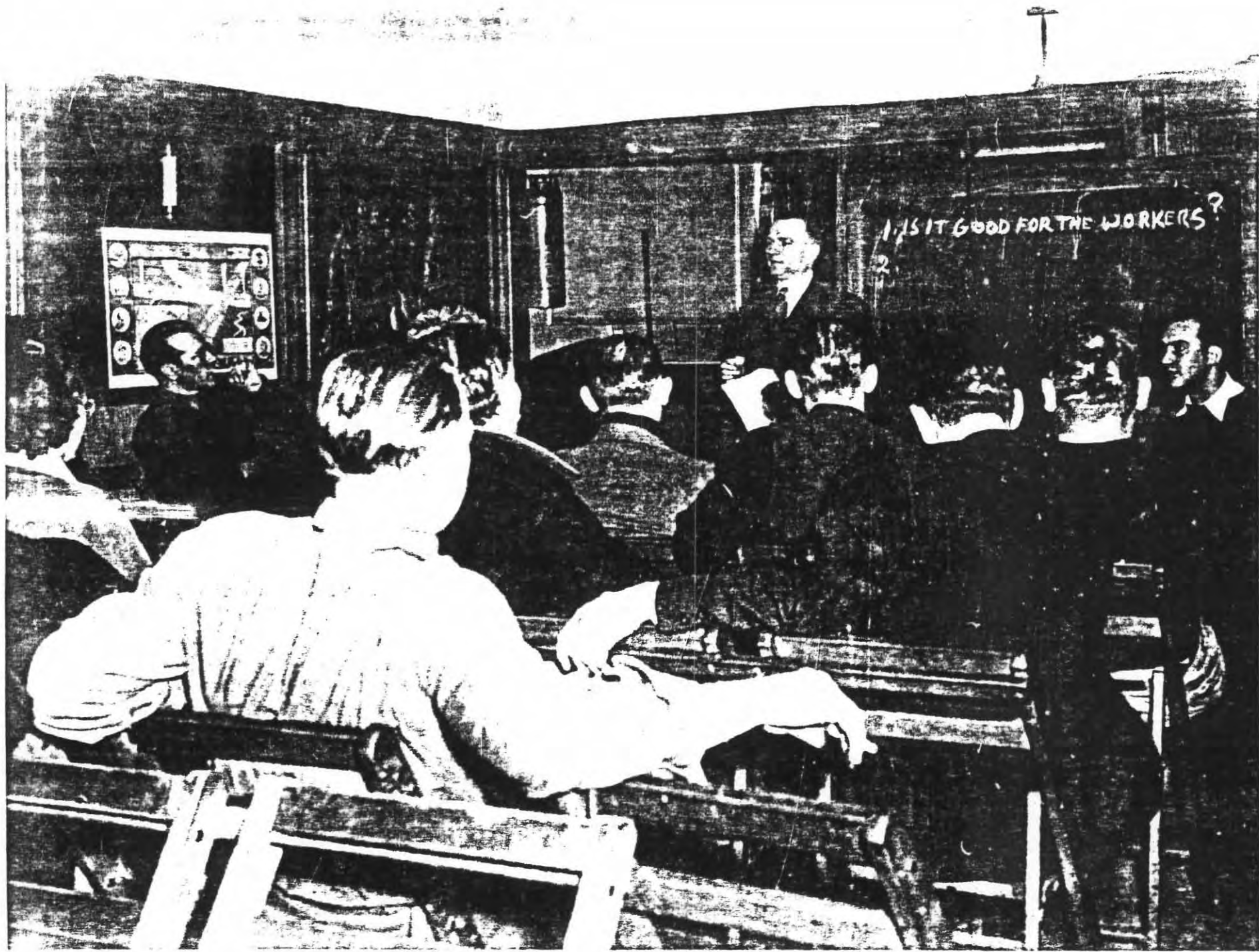
1. Two pages from a wartime magazine reporting on the anti-Communist strike by newly unionized workers of the Philadelphia Transit Co.
2. Letters to Moss from Maurice on his trip to the West Coast.
3. An organizing brochure in the airlines entitled "Reliable Instrument".
4. A pamphlet stating the position of Local 501 on the AA-AOA merger.
5. "Why they Cry 'Red'" answered use of Communist issue.
6. In "Our Case" we presented arguments for economic benefits.
7. "Union Security" gave TWU views for collective bargaining.
8. In "The Record" we warded off UAW raid on TWU in American Airlines.
9. Invitation to Maurice for PAA's first round-the-world flight.
10. Report of Committee, chaired by Maurice, to inquire into T.W.U. internal factional struggle in 1948.
11. Signing second TWU contract in PAA: MacMahon, Quill, Forge, PAA vice-president Franklin Gledhill and Jerome Fenton, PAA director of industrial relations, in Chrysler Building, NYC. (When this photograph was reproduced in the TWU Express on the occasion of the union's 25th anniversary, Maurice's image was obliterated.)
12. Maurice presenting award to PAA Purser for heroic act in line of duty.
13. Another award to another PAA Purser.
14. Maurice teaching one of TWU-ATD union training classes.
15. Father Boland sitting as arbitrator in TWU-ATD case.
16. Maurice conferring with PAA Navigators Abram Smith and Frank Dooley.
17. Letter from American Newspaper Guild transmitting Honorable Withdrawal Card from New York Guild when he ceased editing TWU Bulletin and was no longer eligible for Guild membership.
18. T.W.U. Bulletin Vol. XII No. 1, one of the last before the split.
19. Page from Quill flyer castigating his former associates.
20. Pro-Communist majority on TWU Executive Board presents its written differentiation between its brand of "delicatessen-store" ideology, which is called "militant unionism" and Quill's variety which is denounced as "company unionism."
21. Six statements giving Maurice's views on controversial TWU issues.
22. Maurice's Delegate's Credential to Progressive Party convention in Philadelphia that nominated Henry A. Wallace for president.
23. Copy of statement by labor backers of Wallace.
24. Copy of QUEENS CITIZEN, published by County ALP of which Maurice was vice-chairman for a time.

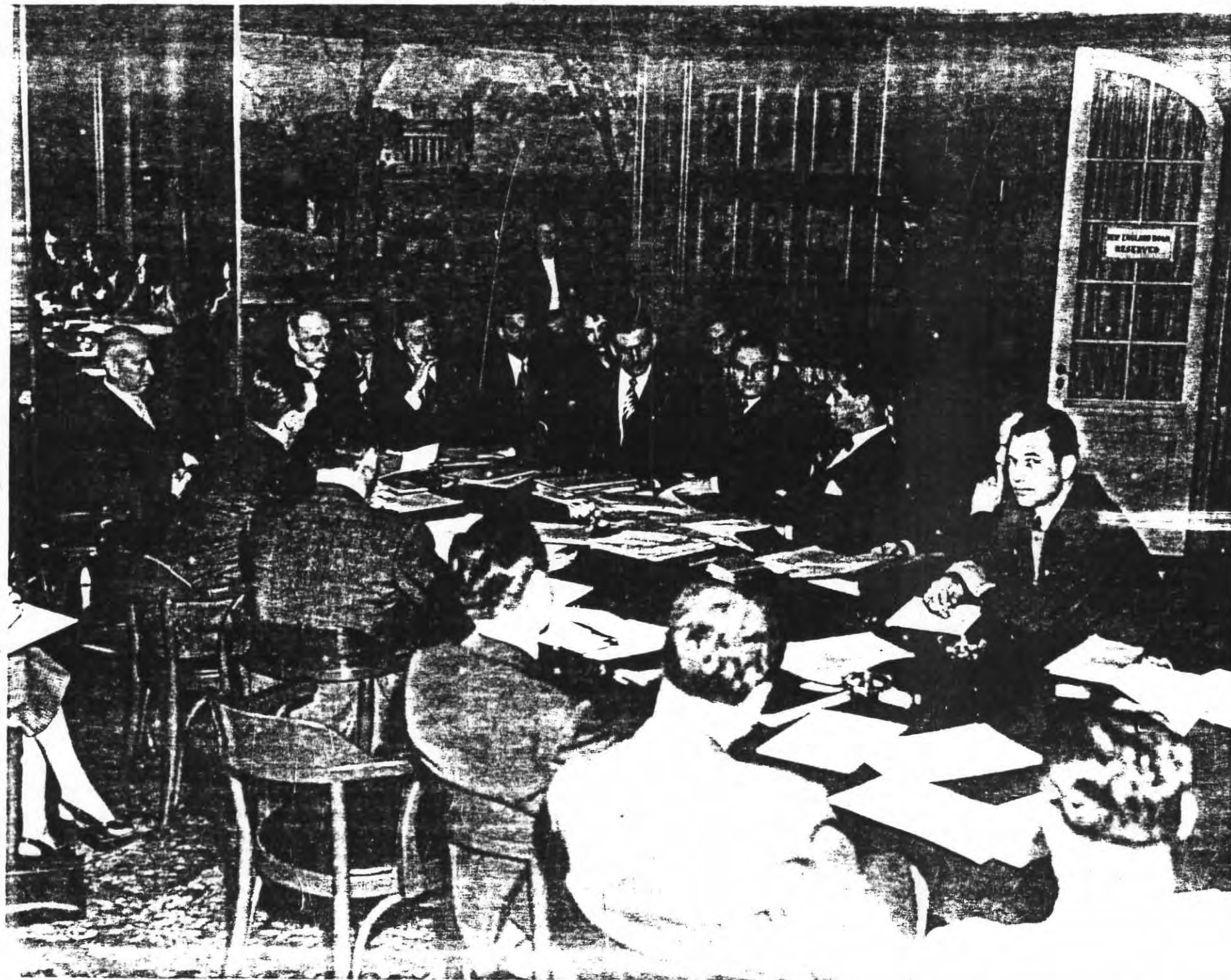
25. A pamphlet issued by AFD-TWU Local 505 about raiding.
26. Two newspaper clippings reporting outcome of TWU convention in Chicago, December, 1948.











MANAGEMENT CHIEF ACCT	5 "
ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE	5 "
ADMINISTRATIVE	5 "
CASH & ACCOUNTS PAYABLE	4 "
CONTRACT TERMINATION	5 "
EXPRESS REVENUE	5 "
INVOICE	4 "
MACHINE-TABULATING	4 "
MAIL REVENUE	4 "
PASSENGER REVENUE	5 "
PATROLL	5 "
PENSION & GROUP INSURANCE	4 "
TAX STAFF	4 "
C. J. LYNN	4 "
AUDIT STAFF	5 "
INTERNAL AUDIT	4 "
P. G. DORTON	5 "
MAIL RECEIVING	5 "
MANAGEMENT	5 "
TOY	5 "
OFFICE	5 "

FORCASTING		
A. S. GALBRAITH	PURCHASING MGR	508
H. M. BLACKWELL	ASST MGR	7 "
ANASTASIO A. C		
CAVANAGH C. M		
DORLAND S		
DUMMER C. H		
EMALA J. C		
HAMILTON R. A		
HAUGLAND S. R		
MURPHY O. A		
SILVER S		
SONNER R. L		
STONUM C. L		
TRUSLOW J. W		
VAN LANDINGHAM C. H		
WHITE R. E		

SHIPPING		
P. E. LIOSKI	SHIPPING MGR	805
R. L. SHERON		807
SMITH M. T		814
SPARKS E. F		815

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As the date of the Sixth Biennial TWU Convention neared, leaders and members of the Air Transport Division became increasingly concerned with what fate would await them if they got caught in the cross-fire of the two factions. After much consultation it was decided that the most practical course was to try to establish the airline workers' right of autonomy within T.W.U.

Unless defined adequately so that it can be widely understood "autonomy" could mean different things to different people. To set forth the specific nature of the kind of autonomy the airline workers were seeking and to popularize its aim, we involved all locals in discussion. As a result of the sharpened views that emerged, we agreed to hold an Airline Conference on Sunday, December 5, 1948, one day before the start of the convention and urged all airline delegates to participate in it by arriving a day earlier.

As I continued to take part in the union and other social organizations, the conviction was reinforced in me that the most ethical attitude for simultaneously safeguarding one's own welfare and not depriving others of their just deserts is to pursue objectives that result in attaining the most realistic pool of rewards and to adopt a most equitable method of distributing the available goods. That is, people who find themselves, as nearly all of us do, as part of a local, an entire union, a city, a state, a nation, or the entire world community, have to be in a position to evaluate independently what contribution they can make towards the creation of goods and services of the world and what portion they can justifiably claim for themselves. This, of course, is easier said than done. It involves passing judgments on many facets of our complex modern world, involving such things as taxation, income re-distribution, protection against unemployment, illness and old age, working

conditions, wages, profits, tariffs, technology transfer, prices of commodities, prices for goods and services to consumers, educational opportunities, assignment of recreational facilities, and on and on. There is not at present an objective and precise way of measuring these things, if there ever could be, nor any accepted system of allotment. True as it is within a given nation, it is even more complex when nations deal among themselves in a relations historically bedeviled by xenophobia, chauvinism and fear of diminishing the security of one's own country. But such an objective has to be pursued, and even if never fully attained, the adoption of such a philosophy of interdependence by itself creates within each person and within the nations and hence the entire human community a desire and a readiness to share both the effort and the fruits.

In the young Air Transport Division we tried to make modest steps in the direction of working within this concept of reasonable selfishness. At the time of the December, 1948 Conference, the A.T.D. was only in existence about three years. We could be pardoned for venturing the boast that many workers' organizations with ten times as long a history could boast of no higher level of aspirations and achievements. I hope that in reading the verbatim record of that conference you will find that this concept guided our efforts to mold the fledgling union into becoming an independent instrument of airline workers for safeguarding their own equities and for promoting ethical relations with other servers and producers everywhere.

1. ATD announcement of program.
2. Local and general leaders' outline of ATD aims.
3. Invitation to Airt Transport Conference.
4. Maurice's letter to Bess when he arrived in Chicago.
5. Maurice opens ATD Conference December 5, 1948.
6. Bess and Maurice at Conference dinner with other delegates. William Lindner, second from left, subsequently became Assistant ATD director, Executive Vice-President when James Horst retired due to illness, and International President when Matthew Guinan, Quill's successor, retired in 1979.
7. Maurice addressing closing session of ATD Conference. On his right is James Horst, whom Quill appointed ATD Director after the Chicago convention and later elected Executive Vice-President.
8. Maurice is shown giving a report from the Air Transport Division Conference to one of the general sessions of the TWU Convention. The audience, though overwhelmingly hostile towards the Left was markedly restrained in expressing their antagonism towards Maurice probably because most of the delegates remembered his unstinting helpfulness during the years they jointly built TWU.
9. The verbatim minutes of the ATD Conference consisting of 77 pages.



Air Transport Division

TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION OF AMERICA

81-16 ROOSEVELT AVENUE • JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y. • Illinois 8-4583



International Office:
153 WEST 64th STREET
NEW YORK 23, N. Y.
TRafalgar 4-3200

November 16, 1948

Dear Sir and Brother:

Enclosed you will find the proposed program to be submitted at the Air Transport Conference on December 5, 1948.

If you wish to join in supporting this program, please wire your approval and your name will appear in the draft to be sent to all locals.

Fraternally yours,

Maurice H. Forge

Maurice H. Forge
International Vice President

MHF:ml
uopwa 16-27



Air Transport Division

TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION OF AMERICA

81-16 ROOSEVELT AVENUE • JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y. • ILLINOIS 8-4583

**International Office:
153 WEST 64th STREET
NEW YORK 23, N. Y.
TRafalgar 4-3200**

426

November 16, 1948

To All Delegates to the Air Transport
Conference, December 5th, 1948

Dear Friends:

Since the 1946 Convention of the Transport Workers Union, our Air Transport Division has made many important gains for the members in our Locals and for all workers in the industry. It is now time to set our sights once again to new objectives and for greater achievements.

In the past two years, we have negotiated and re-negotiated many contracts, which established the highest wages and best working conditions for the various groups of airline workers in the entire industry. With our grievance machinery and Boards of Adjustment we have established enviable records for all other airline groups to match. We have done this because we have combined a knowledge of collective bargaining with militant action by the membership. We have been successful because we have developed leadership from the ranks of the Air Transport Workers themselves, who combined acquired experience and knowledge with a first-hand familiarity with the job problems of their fellow workers.

We submit for your consideration and adoption the following program:

1. CONTRACTS

A collective bargaining program should be designed to improve all existing agreements and to incorporate new provisions which will further strengthen the workers' security and make TWU jobs better airline jobs. This should include, in addition to wage increases to make up for rising living costs and to attain more adequate compensation for work performed, strong security provisions and working rules. These should include adequate severance pay for employees who are displaced because of technological changes and due to unemployment; Company-financed pension plans; shorter work week whenever justified and improved sick leave, holiday and similar provisions.

Specific recommendations should be made to Negotiating Committees for the attainment of better rest period, overtime, ground duty compensation and other rules for flight groups, with special attention to job definition and utilization.

Attention should be paid to promotional opportunities, qualifying tests, training and other vital improvements concerning ground groups.

(continued)

November 16, 1948

Above all, we should devise means of attaining greater Union security for the protection of the individual member.

2. ONE UNION

Our Air Transport Division can expand and attract additional members and therefore achieve greater strength by pursuing these objectives:

- a) Take advantage of opportunities to get unaffiliated groups to join TWU.
- b) Intensify efforts to sign up and get into good Union standing workers covered by our agreements who are not members in good standing.
- c) Organize unorganized airline workers.
- d) Lay the basis for merger with other groups of airline workers who can be attracted to the Transport Workers Union idea of "One Union" in the airlines.

3. AUTONOMY

The Air Transport Division can best attain its collective bargaining objectives and make further organizational progress if it increases the autonomy of the Division. To that end it should give consideration to practical proposals, among them the following steps:

- a) Formal establishment of the Air Transport Council, consisting of Presidents of all Air Transport Locals, with additional delegates from Locals having a membership of 300 or more.
- b) Establishment of System Councils with System Chairmen, as well as Professional Councils with Chairmen.
- c) Election of Vice President and IEB members for Air Transport Division by Air Transport Locals.
- d) Selection of Airline Director of Organization by the Air Transport Council.
- e) Legislative Department with at least one full-time representative for concentration on matters relating to Railway Labor Act, CAA, CAB, FCC, Federal Retirement Plan and other legislative, administrative and research problems.

We are confident that with the greater experience, stronger locals and larger memberships achieved since the previous convention and the greater

November 16, 1948

challenge that we face because of the developments in the industry, the 1948 Air Transport Conference will make earnest and energetic efforts to solve the problems and carry out the program for the benefit of our great membership.

SUBMITTED BY:

Maurice H. Forge
Maurice H. Forge,
International Vice President

Fred A. Swick
Fred A. Swick, Member
International Executive Board

E. R. Bock
E. R. Bock, Member
International Executive Board

M. L. Edwards
M. L. Edwards, Pres. L. 500

B. Murphy
B. Murphy, Pres. L. 501

A. G. Schlegel
A. G. Schlegel, Pres. L. 502

M. B. Allshouse
M. B. Allshouse, Pres. L. 503

Thomas Murray
Thomas Murray, Pres. L. 504

James F. Horst
James Horst, Pres. L. 505

Robert Thompson
Robt. Thompson, Pres. L. 506

Jas. Doherty
Jas. Doherty, Pres. L. 507

O. C. Anderson
O. C. Anderson, Pres. L. 509

G. A. Campbell
G. A. Campbell, Pres. L. 510

Wm. G. Lindner
Wm. G. Lindner, Pres. L. 512

F. P. Sutton
F. P. Sutton, Pres. L. 513

E. R. Burns
E. R. Burns, Pres. L. 514

A. B. Stribley
A. B. Stribley, Pres. L. 518

Jos. T. Tamul
Jos. T. Tamul, Pres. L. 519

J. D. Nicholas
J. D. Nicholas, Pres. L. 520

E. A. Marahrens
E. A. Marahrens, Pres. L. 521

P. D. Roy
P. D. Roy, Pres. L. 532

Chas. B. Black
Chas. B. Black, Pres. L. 523



Air Transport Division

TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION OF AMERICA

81-16 ROOSEVELT AVENUE • JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y. • ILLINOIS 8-4583

International Office:
153 WEST 64th STREET
NEW YORK 23, N. Y.
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November 16, 1948

INVITATION TO AIR TRANSPORT CONFERENCE

To All Air Transport Locals of Transport Workers Union
of America, CIO:

Greetings!

The 6th Biennial Convention of the Transport Workers
Union of America, CIO, opens December 6, 1948, in
Chicago,

The Airline Conference composed of delegates from Air
Transport Locals will take place on Sunday, December 5th,
from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. in the Hotel Shoreland, 55th Street
at Lake Michigan.

Please make sure that all delegates from your local to
the Convention are invited to this Conference and that
they come in time to attend the session. It is also
suggested that your local send additional representatives
to the Conference representing various groups.

We look forward to a successful Air Transport Conference
and remain,

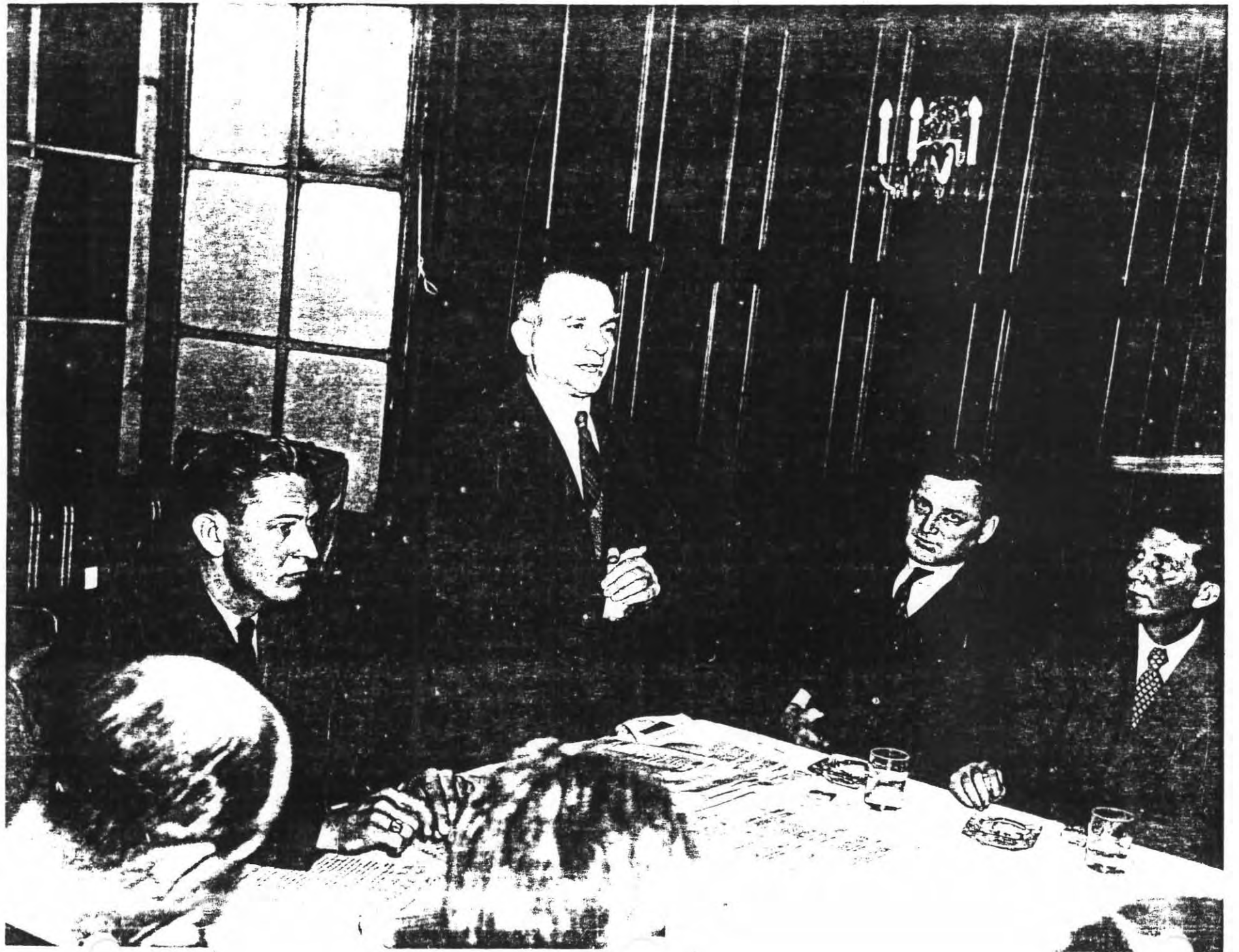
Fraternally yours,

**Maurice H. Forge
International Vice President**

MHF:ml
uopwa:16-27









THE END OF ANOTHER CAREER

The four days in Chicago were like a voyage on a sea convulsed by storms. Periods of cautious navigational duties alternated with nightmarish interludes in which the real, the obsecenly contrived and the drab union routine sucked us in and repelled us with the suddenness of a performance in the theatre of the absurd.

Bess had flown into Chicago when the convention started but did not remain for the entire proceedings. I gave her my return plane ticket because I decided to return by car with Fred Swick and three other airline delegates from New York. Before leaving Chicago we had dinner with a group of delegates who shared our fate or who felt resentment at the events. The group was bolsterous and showed strained bravado and hillariousness not uncommon with people who seek to cover emotional strain and mental anguish. Once in the car, though I was physically and emotionally spent, a placid mood took over my conscious thoughts. I tried to sleep by stretching in the front seat next to Fred Swick who drove all the way to Queens.

As soon as the three men in the back seat dozed off Fred began to talk. He was bitter. The behavior of Quill and his followers seemed to have caused him deep personal pain, as if his body and soul had been lashed and lacerated. He speculated on how the defeat could have been avoided, as would a boxer who meticulously abided by the Marquis of Queensberry rules and was felled by a blow from a wrench concealed in his opponent's boxing glove. Were we suckers? Was it right to march to the slaughter like lambs, as Fred claimed we did? Would it not have been better if we bolted beforehand and set up a separate airline workers' union before we were done in?

He was left unconvinced by my assertions that mere tactical maneuvers were futile in an upheaval that was rocking the entire labor movement, the American nation and the world. There was a hint

in his rebuttals of a loss of faith in my hitherto infallible shepherding. Even these conversations did not ~~destroy~~ my feeling of relief from the recent intense partisan jockeying. I tried to convince Swick that there are no indispensable leaders, that objectives can be reached even after painful detours and that workers like other people learn from mistakes. These sentiments were little comfort to Fred. It was me, him and the other fine airline workers that mattered. It was us against them. We must find a means of redress. He wanted revenge.

In the ensuing days I made no effort to undertake changes in our lives clearly called for by the new circumstances. I wanted the dust to settle and to let some time pass so our prospects become clearer. Bess and I talked about our need to make some plans but left things vague. Then telephone calls began to come in. Streams of visitors came to our house. Letters arrived from distant airports. They all looked for guidance or suggested courses. The biggest pressure came from Miami, where rising ^S discontent expressed a strong sentiment that if they could not have ^A autonomy they would explose secesion. We decided to take a vacation.

With the help of Chan Buck (later Chan Moore when she remarried) we were able to buy a car, even though automobiles were still scarce in the post-war years when civilian car production was held to a trickle. We cashed in a portion of our War Bonds and traveled to Schenectady, where Chan's family had been steady clients of the local Chevrolet dealer who offered us a black two-door sedan. The transaction made, we drove back to Queens in the vehicle that was to take us to Florida.

For the remainder of December and the beginning of January 1949 there was much consultation among the ousted officers and many of the "troops" who remained loyal to us and refused to submit to the new situation. Bess and I decided not to make any plans until we returned from Florida. The cost of our trip and visit was going to be quite modest since Chan and we shared the expenses en route and we had been assured of meals and lodging in the homes of airline workers, many of whom had enjoyed our hospitality over the years. As it turned out we had an excess of invitations and could have remained in Miami for months.

Chan, Bess and I made the trip at a leisurely pace, although with Chan and me taking turns at the wheel we nevertheless were able to cover good mileage each day. We even detoured for a visit

to restored Williamsburgh, Virginia and to some coastal towns in Georgia and Florida. Under the benign Florida sun our bodies thawed out and we enjoyed to full measure bathing on the beaches and visits to the Keys.

A good part of our time was taken up in meetings with airline workers. Most of them acted as if Chicago never happened. Their motto was Forge is our leader! A consensus was reached that the main goal was to be autonomy and they proceeded to form a Committee for Airline Autonomy (CATA) with simultaneous formation of similar groups in New York and other major airports. I left them with the message that they were on their own, although I would not hesitate to help them if I could when called upon. Bess and I then drove to the freezing North, while Chan remained at the urging of the local people who insisted that she take a job in their office.

One of the firm decisions made in New York by the defeated caucus was that each of us would return to a job in the transit industry from which he could continue to play a role in the union. I began to explore my chances in the various workplaces that I served as a T.W.U. official and before we left for Florida had impressed on as many people as possible to be on the lookout.

When we returned to New York our associates were full of plans. Officers of Local 252 in Nassau and Suffolk counties had arranged for me to fill a vacancy for mechanic helper in the Long Beach Transit lines and informed me that as a member of the local they would elect me chairman of the negotiating and grievance committee. In Manhattan I was told that I had been designated coordinator of Local 100 Rand-and-File Committee. MacMahon, who had emerged as the chief of the fraction, informed me that a new independent labor magazine, to be backed by Left-oriented unions and opposition groups within conventional labor organizations, was in the making and that I would be co-editor with John Ryan, recently ousted as an official of the C.I.O. New York Newspaper Guild.

Naturally, I took all three. Ryan and I began to plan the MARCH OF LABOR, the name chosen by the backers, and by May, 1949 published Volume 1, Number 1. In the meantime I qualified for the bus garage job where, being the lowest in seniority, I was placed on the midnight to 8:30 a.m. shift. In between I attended to grievances and negotiations in Local 252, whose offices were in

Rockville Centre on the way between Long Beach and our home in Queens. To get the Local 100 opposition movement going we rented an office in Jackson Heights, which became known by the movie title "The House on 92nd Street." From there we published the "Rank-and-File Transit News" and coordinated the many groups in the New York Subway and bus lines who were growing increasingly dissatisfied with Quill's new regime.

Within a year I was as busy as I had been in my official T.W.U. jobs, with the additional constraints of having to spend eight hours a night, five nights a week crawling under buses, crouching over engines and in other unaccustomed physical labor. I managed to get sleep four days a week since I was off from my bus job Tuesdays and Wednesdays and did not go into the March of Labor office Saturdays and Sundays.

Meanwhile the Committee for Airline Autonomy spread throughout A.T.D. It grew largely because of the drastic changes in administering the locals - from the hitherto meticulously democratic procedures and competent handling of business to the crudely arbitrary tactics and sloppy methods imposed by Quill and his inexperienced replacements - and soon was transformed into a secession movement. In the "house-cleaning" that followed the convention many able and trusted local leaders were ousted and these, in concert with those who remained in office, converted CATA into FAWA - Federated Airline Workers of America. They were headed for sweeping victories in elections scheduled under the Railway Labor Act but they lost these votes by small margins because of their inability or failure to anticipate Quill's tactics.

What happened was that Quill, the erstwhile "Red Mike," launched a ferocious "Red" scare which many of the young, unsophisticated politically airline workers were not equipped to resist. Quill not only maintained a verbal barrage against FAWA, he enlisted such characters as the late Paul Crouch, a Pan American employee who claimed that he had served in the Russian Red Army; was a Soviet spy while active in the American Communist Party and knew of the "Red Network" in the airlines. Crouch not only accused individuals of being Communist agents, he even testified that PAA employees who were FAWA leaders acted as "couriers" for me on their flights to foreign countries and similar lurid fabrications. After

the election several PAA employees won libel suits against Crouch and retractions from newspapers that published these lies. But the damage had been done.

It did not take me long to be disenchanted with the March of Labor. Ryan and I were given a very short leash. It was apparent to both of us that we could not long remain what we considered independent. The income from subscriptions and newstand sales was obviously not going to be adequate to make the magazine self-supporting for the foreseeable future. We would have to depend on subsidies from Left-leaning unions and outright Communist organization and on block-subscriptions from other sympathetic unions. The stark reality of this restrictive base of support became evident to me when I made a swing through the Northeastern and Mid-Western industrial areas where the individuals whose names were given me in New York to contact on my visits were invariably minority opposition leaders in conservative or liberal unions, or officials of unions under rigid Left control. They were all white men.

Ryan and I had visualized a publication that would have a generally progressive working-class orientation but that we would judge each event and issue on the basis of our own evaluation. It soon became clear that most of our early and potential supporters expected us to be mere conveyors of predetermined stands. With the increasing hold of William Z. Foster on the American Communist Party this foreshadowed a tendency of uncritical submission to Stalinist discipline and the party line. Although I used my physical fatigue from my bus job to beg off, Ryan knew better.

After I left March of Labor Ryan was supplemented by an editorial committee of Left unionists. He, too, soon bowed out. Publication was suspended for a while and then was revived with more strident style and conformist content. I remained on the advisory committee for several issues and then completely dissociated myself from the magazine. It ceased publication after a few numbers.

The Rank-and-File movement was much more stable, although it did not venture beyond the "delicatessen-store" level pursued by the prior and current administrations. The glamor of the big wage increases and other concessions granted by Mayor William O'Dwyer in exchange for Quill's help in doubling the transit fare soon wore

off. Union administration deteriorated. Even the limited internal democracy allowed by us was disappearing. Grievances on the job went largely unattended. Workers felt less secure because they had low confidence in those who now represented them. The best and most experienced upper, middle and lower echelons of functionaries had been ousted and with them disappeared most of the zeal of the union pioneers. The largely inexperienced and unconcerned individuals who replaced them had come to the surface primarily in search of sinecures which they hitherto were unable to acquire in competition in free elections with known devoted and hard-working rivals. Many of the new officials were also motivated by extraneous issues, such as fears that the former union policies somehow menaced their religious beliefs, a belief that the Dies Committee disclosures substantiated the allegation that T.W.U. was "un-American" or a vague notion that the political and union theories espoused by the ejected officers somehow could hurt them.

More and more T.W.U. members began to blame the new incumbents for the local being in a mess. On the other hand, the Rank-and-File movement offered an alternative program sponsored by well-known, tested and popular former middle-level leaders. With the help of our publications and the personal contacts of committee people on the job this movement soon attained majority sentiment in its favor. In the next Local 100 election it fielded a complete slate of candidates headed by Philip A. Bray, an IRT motorman and former section and local officer. With Quill's experience in ballot counting, Bray was declared the loser. The entire incumbent slate was declared elected and installed. Except for a few of Quill's confidants, no one knew precisely by how much each of his "winning" candidates lost. Confidential admissions by several of them indicate the candidates on the Bray slate averaged between 45% and 60% with most of them enough to have been elected.

Having learned that martyrs help the cause of "underdog" movements, Quill was very careful to avoid firings and expulsions while the contest was on. He confined his tactics to fabrication of "plots" by Rank-and-File leaders to "sabotage" the subways and of "exposures" of political intrigue, usually in conjunction with former Congressman Vito Marcantonio who ran for mayor against O'Dwyer on a platform of returning to the five-cent fare, and

with known or fictitious Communists. He made many such allegations against me. In one case I challenged the now defunct New York Daily Mirror and it was compelled to print a retraction. This newspaper had published a story based on an allegation by Quill that I took part in a meeting in Manhattan, at a time when I was driving a bus in Nassau County, where we "plotted" with Marcantonio to call a subway strike, for which there could be no rational purpose and which of course never happened.

Under the T.W.U. contract with Beach Transit and other bus lines represented by Local 252 of which I was then a member, employees in one department had preference over outsiders in filling jobs open in another department. When the next drivers' pick was held there remained several unfilled spots and I chose one of them. That was the next rung on the ladder on which I began my upward mobility in bus transportation.

Daily commuting between Queens and Long Beach, and later to Freeport, was a real physical hardship. At first Bess and I rented a summer cottage on the Freeport waterfront. Living there so near to my job was so convenient we later bought a little house at 612 Miller Avenue, also on one of Freeport's many channels. When Beach Transit lost its franchise in the City of Long Beach I took a job with the Dileo Bus Lines in Freeport. That made travel to and from work even more convenient and entailed little time or expense.

Working and living on Long Island strengthened our feeling of detachment from the strife in Manhattan where T.W.U. headquarters was located. My involvement in Local 252 was so complete we seldom thought of our relation with "64th Street" except when transmitting monthly per capita tax payments to the international offices. The local members and company officials on Long Island accepted me along with the other elected officers as a matter of course. We negotiated contract renewals, adjusted grievances and complaints and attended to routine affairs.

With the defeat of FAWA in the labor board election and the consequent subsiding of the autonomy movement, the out-counting of the Bray slate in Local 100 and the inevitable ebb of the rank-and-file movement, and the routing of some minor opponents in lesser union branches, Quill saw an opportunity to take care of

some lingering nuisances. For that he adopted the proverbial technique of the "carrot and the club."

First Quill made overtures to his early confederate and later arch-enemy, Douglas MacMahon. Finding him receptive to a return to the fold on Quill's terms he arranged to bring him back into T.W.U. as an appointed functionary strictly under Quill's control, after MacMahon made appropriate confession of his sins and after writing to Mike that "you were right and I was wrong." Then Quill gradually rehired organizers and representatives whom he had earlier ousted or counted out in local elections, among them Bray. These men were persuaded that they could do more good for their fellow-members on the inside than on the outside, that the old Red issue was no longer so material, and that in any event the general attacks on labor and progressive people that was then going on under the general name of "McCarthyism" called for a united front of all ideologies. These may have been valid premises at any time, but Quill had special seasonal uses for them. Some of the fears and doubts that the membership was beginning to entertain called for a more positive response from T.W.U. than the over-worked concern with the "Red Menace" and Quill started to change both some of his associates and his rhetoric to the point when he began to sound like the old "Red Mike" again on issues that concerned transit workers.

Being away from the mainstream it did not even occur to me that I was any longer a factor in Quill's scheme. I carried on a fairly simple routine of driving a bus, tending to the miniature union matters, writing poetry and occasional letters to editors or corresponding with friends, painting water colors, discussing current events with Bess and sporadic visitors, gardening, fishing, clamming and refurbishing our newly-acquired little house which had no running hot water, no bath room and generally rather primitive facilities. I did not realize that my life-style had a more sinister aspect to Quill who must have considered me a potential menace because of all those who challenged him I was the only one that could not be attracted by offers of personal gain.

Quite unexpectedly, Quill had me brought before a T.W.U. trial board and after a succession of maneuvers and dubious procedures had me expelled from membership in the union and physically tossed out of Transport Hall. To make himself completely secure

he also removed the Local 252 officers he accused of harboring me and made it clear to all others that dealing with Forge would result in instant excommunication. He also assisted in deportation proceedings against Local 252 President Gordon Barrager whom the Immigration and Naturalization Service sent back to Canada as an "undesirable illegal alien."

One of the ironies of that period was Santo's about-face in respect to me. When I took the job in the bus company, assumed leadership of the T.W.U. opposition movement, and I retained the obvious loyalty of the airline membership, Santo became my main booster. At the farewell party on the eve of his deportation to Hungary he made a stirring valedictory at the end of which he figuratively transferred his leadership mantle onto my shoulders. I did not feel comfortable with this unaccustomed approbation. In August 1949 I received his letter from Budapest in which he bared his emotional and political reaction to the involuntary repatriation and concluded with personal regards to Bess and me.

Less ironical, and to me quite a logical eventuality that was quite in character, was his behavior when he was allowed to reenter the U.S.A. ~~after~~ after the Hungarian uprising was crushed by the U.S.S.R. Upon his return here he became an informer for various "witch-hunting" Congressional committees and worked with the I.N.S. in persecuting foreign-born dissenters. Many in the T.W.U. who previously admired his talents and his promises to "bring home the bacon" were disillusioned and expressed outrage. This was another instance of people failing to understand that no matter how eloquent the rider on the white horse and no matter how tantalizing his escutcheon, his followers will not reach the "promised land" if he is racing in the wrong direction.

After the prolonged strain of that year which culminated in the gentle but firm deposit of my anatomy on the sidewalk on West 64th Street that December 8, 1950, Bess and I took a vacation. We spent that Christmas Week at Fred Briehl's up-state farm where we rested, danced, engaged in winter sports and took part in small group discussions. It was there that I painted the water-color of my boots after a sleigh ride. When we returned home we faced another unavoidable turn in my career.

1. No. 19 Transit News.
2. Letterhead of Federated Airline Workers of America.
3. Armand Scala, Murray Kiefer and George Jugo, FAWA leaders, with Maurice January 31, 1980 in Fish Net Restaurant ("Mike's Ship Ahoy!") on Broadway and West 66th Street, Manhattan.
4. Vito Marcantonio, former U. S. Congressman, candidate for Mayor of the City of New York, and defense attorney for aliens, radicals, Communists and impecunious, autographed his photograph for Auguste at Maurice's request.
5. Prospectus about MARCH OF LABOR.
6. Newspaper item about MARCH OF LABOR.
7. Clipping from T.W.U. EXPRESS, published during Quill's control, anticipating publication of MARCH OF LABOR.
8. Column by Maurice in June, 1944 MARCH OF LABOR.
9. Column by Maurice in September, 1944 issue of MARCH OF LABOR.
10. News item about Paul Crouch.
11. News item of libel suit won by Armand Scala.
12. Letter from Dileo Bus Line that Maurice was on job Oct. 29, 1950.
13. Maurice's letter to N.Y. MIRROR requesting retraction.
14. Retraction by N.Y. DAILY MIRROR, somewhat grudging.
15. Reprint of letter to Quill rebutting charges against Maurice.
16. Letter requesting copy of minutes.
17. Maurice's appeal to T.W.U. Executive Board.
18. Gustave Faber's letter to Local 252.
19. Gus Faber's letter to Maurice.
20. Faber's letter informing Maurice he can get transcript at TWU Hall.
21. Maurice writes Faber he will call for transcript.
22. Faber's telegram informing Maurice to go to attorney's office to get transcripts. At that office he was told he could only by copy from Sills Reporting Service, which he did.
23. Receipt for payment for minutes.
24. Maurice's letter to Robert Franklin.
25. Clipping from Long Island newspaper.

26. Faber's August 9, 1950 letter to Maurice.
27. Copy of revived MARCH OF LABOR, No. 1
28. Clipping from New York WORLD-TELEGRAM reporting MacMahon's recantation.
29. New York DAILY NEWS report of MacMahon's change.
30. Letter from Local 252 Secretary Al Coleman to TWU EXPRESS.
31. Reprint of Maurice's appeal to Seventh Biennial TWU Convention.
32. Newspaper clipping of Maurice's ejection from TWU Hall.
33. Maurice's letter to Fred A. Swick in Miami.
34. John Santo's letter to Maurice from Hungary.

MIAMI HERALD
THURSDAY, - March 2, 1950

Miamians Named

Paul Crouch Lists 'Top Reds'

WASHINGTON—(INS)—A Senate committee investigating subversive activities in the United States Wednesday released names of persons identified by a former Communist as top American Reds.

Better known names on the list included Playwright Clifford Odets, Labor Leader Harry Bridges, and Atomic Scientists Clarence Hickey, Joseph Weinberg, David Bohm, and Frank Oppenheimer.

The man who renounced Communism after 17 years of membership, and gave the testimony released Wednesday, is Paul Crouch, a Miami, Fla., newspaper employe who appeared before the committee last May.

The congressional group is the immigration subcommittee of the Senate judiciary committee. Both units are headed by Sen. Pat McCarran, Nevada Democrat.

McCarran said Crouch had given the committee permission to release the names, after first requesting they be withheld because "many of the people have left the Communist party."

Crouch said he personally recruited "hundreds" of members for the party before he broke with it after the Communists seized Czechoslovakia.

Crouch said three party members were frequent visitors at the White House when the late Franklin Roosevelt was President. He named them as Joseph Gelders, Birmingham, Ala., and New York; Howard Lee, leader in the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, and the Rev. Malcolm Cotton Dobbs, who worked with Lee.

Leo Sheiner, Miami Beach attorney, was named by Crouch as the man who "has been selected to head underground apparatus in Miami if the party is outlawed."

"It's just a lot of poppycock, that's all I have to say," Sheiner commented, bluntly.)

James Nimmo, Negro organizer for the Laundry Workers Union (AFL), also was listed by Crouch. (Nimmo scoffed the allegation, asserting: "I am definitely not a Communist and that's all there is to that.")

M. L. Edwards, Armand Scala, and Raul Vical, leaders in local airline workers' unions, were named by Crouch in his testimony, the judiciary committee said.

"It's very interesting — and I'm laughing," Edwards commented Wednesday night. Vidal and Scala could not be reached for comment. Scala previously had filed a \$100,000 damage suit against one publication as a result of articles written by Crouch, in which the writer called Scala a Communist.)

Dr. H. David Prenskey, Miami Beach dentist identified by Crouch as an official of the American Veterans Committee and a Communist, cracked back:

"This thing is really getting farcical."

Others named by Crouch on the list released by the committee were:

Dr. Eric E. Ericson, for 15 years until recently a professor at

the University of North Carolina; Jacquenette Oppenheimer (Mrs. Frank Oppenheimer); John P. Davis, Washington, D. C., Negro leader; Frank Diaz, vice president of the Cigar Makers Union (AFL).

Drs. Edison T. Cutler and David Robison, professors at Fiske University, Nashville, Tenn.; Marcel Scherer, who Crouch said directed Red activity among scientists, whose wife is Lena Davis, former New Jersey organizer.

Rudolph Shohan, described by Crouch as formerly liaison between United States and Canadian Communists; Mrs. Nat Yanish, owner of an Oakland, Calif., store; Anna Cornblath, whose husband, Emanuel Levin, allegedly is now Communist organizer at New Orleans; Mrs. Francis J. Goldman, daughter of a Col. Bell of Brookings Institute; Israel and Sarah Peltz, Washington, D. C., brother and sister.

Edwin McCrea, agent of food and tobacco workers in North Carolina; Irving Gold, described by Crouch as until recently Florida

undercover Red leader; Lorent Franz, 1938-41 member of Alabama district committee; Alton Lawrence, North Carolina state socialist secretary and Communist district committee member; Maurice Forge, ex-vice president of Transport Workers Union.

Fred Swick, Ed Bock, Thomas Murray, associates of Forge; Maurice Travis, president, Mine Mill and Smelter Workers (CIO); Paul Heide, associate of Bridges; Paul Chowen, who resigned in 1941 from Oakland, Cal., steel workers union (CIO) to take position on San Francisco Labor Relations Board.

Saundra Martin, electrical workers union (CIO) in San Francisco; the Rev. Gerald Harris, Alabama state vice president of farmers union; Martha Stone, Trenton, N. J.

The Rev. Don West, Oglethorpe University professor; Gilbert L. Parks, Port Royal, S. C., hotel owner; James Porter, brother of ex-OPA Director Paul R. Porter, believed to be a present a United Mine Workers official in Wisconsin.

Ex-Soviet Spy Remorseful

Fuchs Gets 14 Years For Atomic Betrayals

Continued from Page 1

C O P Y

November 9, 1950

Mr. Charles B. McCabe
Publisher
New York Daily Mirror
235 East 45th Street
New York 17, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

In the Daily Mirror of Tuesday, November 7, 1950, there was printed an article by your reporter Mortimer Davis in which he reported the assertion by Michael J. Quill that a meeting was held Sunday, October 29, at 13 Astor Place, New York City, and that I was among those present at the alleged meeting called to throw communist support behind Mayor Impellitteri.

It is unfortunate that the Mirror should lend itself to the publication of such untruths. I therefore request that you publish the following retraction:

Quill False In
Naming Forge

The Daily Mirror regrets that in its issue of November 7, 1950, it reported an assertion by Michael J. Quill that a meeting was held on Sunday, October 29, 1950, at 13 Astor Place, New York City, and that Maurice Forge was present at that meeting. It has been called to our attention that even if such meeting was held it was physically impossible for Mr. Forge to be there because at no time on October 29 was Mr. Forge west of the East River. The Daily Mirror learned that Mr. Forge was on Long Island all that day, that he reported to the bus garage, where he is employed, at 10:00 a.m., took out run No. 27 and operated Bus #9 continuously over the route from Baldwin Harbor to Wantagh until he was relieved at the Freeport Bus Terminal at 9:15 p.m. and that after turning in his daily report and receipts at the garage he spent the rest of the day on Long Island.

Mr. Forge has asked the Daily Mirror to state that he has no knowledge whether such a meeting was held or was a figment of Mr. Quill's over-active imagination, but he believes that his name was included as part of Mr. Quill's strategy for the forthcoming convention of the Transport Workers Union.

The above information is based on time cards, daily report sheets, payroll records, pay-checks and other records of the DiLeo Bus Lines, Inc. and the Public Service Commission as well as on eyewitness testimony of hundreds of passengers, fellow-employees and others.

Unless this correction is published in the Daily Mirror within the next three days in a place at least as conspicuous as that given the original story, I shall be compelled to place the matter in the hands of an attorney in order to seek satisfaction for the damage done me by the publication of the false report and by the continuing and cumulative harm done me each day that this frame-up remains unanswered.

Very truly yours,

/ / Maurice Forge

Forge Denies Quill Charge

Maurice Forge, former officer of the CIO Transport Workers Union, yesterday denied a charge by Michael J. Quill, TWU president, that he attended a meeting of alleged Communists Oct. 29 at 13 Astor Pl. where plans were made to push Vito Marcantonio's reelection campaign. Forge informed The Mirror that on that day he was at work driving a bus for the Dileo Bus Lines, Inc., on Long Island from 10 a.m. to 9:15 p.m.

Riders, Drivers to Sing 'Our Merry Busmobile'

Rockville Centre—A novel campaign to "improve co-operation between bus drivers and the public will be discussed at a meeting of Local 252, Transport Workers Union, Thursday.

Plans for the campaign will be presented to union members by Maurice Forge, chairman of the union's organizing and negotiating committees, who believes that "99 per cent of the driver's difficulties with passengers are the result of misunderstanding." If carried out, Forge says, the "happy bus driver," the improved driver-passenger relations will result in "greater comfort, safety, and service for the passengers and less physical and nervous strain on the drivers."

The plan includes formulation of a bus driver's pledge and a passenger's pledge. Every driver will be asked to sign and to solicit signatures from customers. Prizes will be awarded the driver who succeeds in obtaining the most pledges from customers.

Drivers will pledge strict adherence to rules and regulations governing bus operations, and will guarantee to run on time, display proper destination signs, to answer all questions clearly and courteously, and to explain to passengers all deviations from normal practices and from the usual route.

Fewer Questions, Please

Passengers will be requested to ask only pertinent questions, have the exact fare ready whenever possible, stand behind the white line, allow passengers to get off before boarding the bus, and other "simple but important details."



Maurice Forge

"The Happy Bus Driver"

Forge frankly admitted that one of the prime reasons for the campaign is "to deepen appreciation of the public for the plight of the bus driver. We deal with hundreds of people of varying dispositions and tempers, at times handle equipment that is troublesome, and at all times carry the responsibility of transporting the most precious cargo in the world, human beings."

Newsday, August 1, 1950

FROM DRIVER TO SUPERINTENDENT

My job in Beach Transit lasted a little over a year. Because of local politics, the Long Beach city council refused to renew the Beach Transit franchise after January 1, 1950 and we were reduced to only a school bus operation. A school bus job is much easier than driving a coach in scheduled service for eight or more hours a day while collecting fares and giving change. But it did not appeal to me. First, I saw that with the increased emphasis on promotion of use of the private automobile in the post-war period there would be great strain on mass transportation and that it might not survive unless vigorously defended. To me public transportation was a vital national necessity because it is better for the environment, it helps conserve energy and scarce resources, and is more conducive to neighborliness and social cohesion. I wanted to remain in public transportation to help save it and revitalize it. Second, my short experience with school bus driving exclusively led me to believe that could become monotonous for my active mind and become intellectually debilitating.

Having for these reasons filed applications with several local public bus companies, I was hired in May, 1950 by the Dileo Bus Company of Freenort, then owned by Lemuel B. Cropper, who knew me from contract negotiations and grievance handling. It was a small operation but I hoped that it would expand its routes as Nassau and Suffolk communities began their fast growth with the migrations from nearby New York City by people attracted to the booming suburbs.

Contrary to my hopes, Cropper favored the more profitable school bus business and so he expanded that part and first neglected then completely abandoned his franchised routes. Again I decided to cling to mass transit. Due to a contract change at Star Bus Lines in Bellmore where we increased wages and reduced hours of work, several job openings were created in that line and I applied for a bus driver job there and was hired March 17, 1951.

That move also seemed on the verge of going sour. The Star operation was quite run down. The owners refrained from acquiring new equipment and kept using their pre-war buses that were flimsy to start with and further deteriorated during the war when they were over-utilized and poorly maintained because of parts scarcities and a shortage of qualified mechanics. When I was with Star a few months it came to the verge of collapse and it was sold to new owners.

The day the new president appeared to take over the lines all but two of the buses ^eild on the road due to major defects. Of the two buses that were running, I kept one in service by using the hand-brake for all stops because the service brakes were completely gone.

During the first week under the new management the new boss took a few of us to the North Shore of Long Idland, where they owned another bus company, and we came back with four AFC's that were out in service on Monday. Shortly thereafter they acquired two new Transit buses. They brought some additional mechanics and in a short time most of the old equipment was put into reasonable shape so we could maintain the schedules.

Unlike the two prior partners, who were erratic and disorganized, the new boss was interested primarily in smooth, systematic and profitable operation. Upon taking over he interviewed all drivers individually and sought our ideas for improving the lines. I don't know what the others told him, but my advice apparantly appealed to his business sense. It was to reduce the wasteful early morning and late evening service, when buses sped back and forth with few and no passengers, and improve service during peak commuter and shopping periods when additional riders could be attracted.

The boss, Frank Parshley, assigned me to revise the schedules. I came up with a plan under which bus mileage would gradually be cut by about thirty per cent with an estimated passenger loss of less than one per cent. However, I assured him that the drivers would not agree to the changes if it meant loss of wages or jobs to any of them. I proposed that the anticipated savings be shared by the owners and the employees. This resulted in increased hourly rates for drivers and mechanics whereby they earned a little more per week with fewer hours than they put in under the old schedules. The union members voted unanimously to accept this wind-fall improvement in the middle of the contract.

The new Star Bus owners were also looking longingly to the burgeoning school transportation business. Developers were virtually dropping new family homes all over Long Island. Communities rose as if over night. School districts with a few hunred pupils found themselves with thousands. An extreme example was the new Levittown. It had no schools and only a handful of students who had been farmed out to nearby districts. Levittown soon had several thousand school children. To accomodate them the district quickly erected Quonset-

type structures and eventually built thirteen permanent grade and high schools.

The new owners soon made a successful bid for a fourteen-bus school transportation contract. Under pressure from the New York State Public Service Commission (later the Department of Transportation) they extended some of the franchised routes to newly formed or expanded existing communities. Parshley approached me with an offer to become a dispatcher-driver, that is to undertake the task of running the operation and at the same time be available for peak-time or emergency driving of a bus.

The idea appealed to me since I was not prepared to drive a bus for the rest of my life. That sort of routine work did not suit my restless personality and creative bents. I turned to such work when I lost my official union position because it seemed to me the most prudent at the time and in keeping with the policy of the deposed administration. Other job offers from employers with whom I dealt while a T.W.U. officers came from Pan American officials and Allied Maintenance owners, who provided ancillary airport services. Both wanted me to join their personnel departments with the obvious intent to put my talents and experience to use for their profits. While I could have rationalized such a move, I believed that no matter how logically I explained it, the union members would consider such an abrupt change treacherous. Most of them looked upon relations between companies and unions as that of two rival teams or warring factions and one could be only on one side or the other. I was not prepared to undertake a philosophical discussion with thousands of T.W.U. members for the sake of justifying my taking a well-paying job with prospects for substantial personal gain in the future.

The Star opening, however, was different. It was a promotion from the ranks of drivers and open to me as to any other. The dispatcher idea also appealed to me because I found it increasingly difficult to work with the Left outside the union which quickly converted itself into a rigid Stalinist sect. While I welcomed the offer of an outlet for my talents and energies, I took the precaution of not appearing to be out "to feather my own nest." I took the proposal to the union members in Star and relayed Parshley's offer to them. They voted unanimously that I take the dispatcher-driver job. I agreed to take it provided the offer of promotion was posted on the bulletin board and nobody more senior than me bid for the job.

Over the years I developed the practice of corresponding with people whom I liked and whose views I appreciated. In periods when I was embroiled in controversy or was engaged in proceedings that claimed all my time and attention, I relaxed my letter writing; but not for very long. During the Star period Auguste was mainly a "visiting celebrity" to us because he lived in N.Y.C. while he attended City College and later moved to North Carolina when he went to Duke University. Except for visits during recesses our contact with Auguste was mainly by correspondence, at which he was never consistently reliable. He wrote some fine, and at times even long letters-but was not dependable either in promptness or in replying to specific questions.

One of the conditions on Long Island that bothered me a great deal at that time was the systematic exclusion of blacks from driver and skilled shop jobs in both school and public service bus operations. When I was still working in Beach Transit I brobed both the management and the white workers on their reactions to hiring blacks and I found both equally adamant. It seemed to me that under the conditions a frontal attack would not succeed. With me in the picture, local racists and the newspapers would convert the matter of simple justice and fair employment opportunities for blacks into a T.W.U. factional fight and Communist intrigue. The officers of T.W.U. Local 252, even the few who recognized the unfairness to non-whites, did not want to take any initiative on the issue.

There was one leader in Local 252 who was willing to help provided his participation was off the record. So I took him up on it. We visited the black community of Harlem in New York City and met with Paul Robeson at the headquarters of the Negro Labor Committee. Robeson was somewhat taken aback that two white bus drivers came to him and that black organizations in Nassau and Suffolk had done nothing about this situation. At the conclusion of our meeting he said that either he or some one on Long Island would contact us about what initiative they would take. We stressed to him our opinion that if Jim Crow could be beaten in the largest bus company, Bee Line, which also owned the Rockville Centre Bus and Utility Lines, it would be much easier to follow up on the smaller outfits.

In a few weeks I was contacted by a black truck driver who told me Robeson sent him and that he and two other Negroes were willing to apply for jobs in Bee Line. At our meeting with him we

explained the hiring procedure and we suggested to him that he alert local black organizations, such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP) branches and churches in black communities so that they would be ready to give support if necessary. Within a few weeks Bee Line had three black drivers with no greater disturbance than some grumbling by employees. As soon as the black trio applied, the new Local 252 officers installed by Quill after he purged the "sinners" who consorted with me, went to T.W.U. headquarters to enlist aid in keeping themselves lily-white. They were quite unceremoniously rebuffed because by then Local 100 and other locals had large black memberships, many of whom were quite assertive in the union.

When I came to work for Star Bus Lines the deliberate exclusion of non-caucasians prevailed there too. The white workers there were even more backward than in Bee Line, whose runs took the drivers into New York City where they daily saw blacks driving buses. When asked obliquely about their reaction should blacks come on the job, none answered favorably and some went so far as to threaten strike to keep them out or physical assault against such "intruders."

After becoming part-time dispatcher I felt even greater responsibility for changing this continuing inequity. So I was on the lookout for an appropriate time. The opportunity came when we began to operate our first school bus contract in the Farmingdale School district. Before the Second World War Farmingdale was a tiny rural community in Eastern Nassau with one school on Main Street. But its school district covered a large area of farmland, including parts of Massapequa, Massapequa Park and North Amityville across the county line in Suffolk. With the war-time activity in Republic Aviation, just outside Farmingdale, and the post-war building boom, the district became one of the most populous on the Island. A substantial black ghetto grew up in North Amityville and the children from that area were the only Negro pupils attending Farmingdale schools.

From the outset of the bus service the drivers experienced behavior problems on the North Amityville run and the school authorities often called Star about it. Mr. Parshley felt uncomfortable about this as he did about handling any unpleasant situation. He turned this annoyance over to me. Assuming that this problem was ultimately going to be handled by the top authority in the school district, I telephoned the woman who was school board president at the time and went to see her.

She was compassionate, intelligent and a realist. Without resorting to circumlocution or euphemisms, as less honest people do when trying to avoid unpleasant tasks, she went straight to the point, reciting the problem in considerable detail and describing each party's contribution in creating it and the respective responsibilities of each in working out a solution. I was satisfied that by coming to her she would furnish the good judgment and the authority as the main ingredients for a practical and just solution.

We agreed that a lot of bitterness and hostility was provoked in the black children by their realization that they were constantly under domination of white teachers, principals, custodians, fellow-students, police and bus drivers. No doubt this resentment was also fed by conversations withing their families and on the streets of black North Amityville. To these children, invariably a white male adult, was the first person they met who represented white authority. Usually he was stern with them and then became markedly friendly to the white children who boarded the bus when it reached the Village of Farmingdale. Very likely he also condoned the taunts of the whites towards the blacks. Although regrettable, it was understandable why black children resorted to cutting up bus seats, scrawling graffiti on its surfaces or otherwise defacing and damaging it. The company's desire to protect its equipment and the district's need to avoid some serious racial incident made us allies. She stressed that it was essential to eliminate the stark alignment of all the whites against this small band of black children and minimize all antagonism.

At that point I asked her the obvious question, whether she wanted Star to put black bus drivers on the North Amityville runs. She answered in the affirmative without hesitation. When I returned to the bus garage I pulled out the applications of several blacks who had been looking for bus drivers' jobs and telephoned them. Two of those I reached, Bill Beasly and James Jefferson, told me they were available and I told them to stand by at home for my further instructions. I then reported my discussion with the school board president to Parshley and bluntly told him that she ordered me to hire black drivers for the North Amityville runs as a minimum step to safeguard the district's tranquility and to protect our equipment. With his typical Yankee sagacity, he left it up to me and walked away while making a motion with his armes and shoulders as if to say "that's the way she wants it, that's the way it's going to be."

I arranged for Beasley and Jefferson to come to the garage after the line drivers left for their afternoon runs and the school drivers had returned, parked their buses and left. It was also convenient that the two Amityville runs were open and were being covered from day to day by casuals or by other drivers on their days off. After going through the pre-employment routine with the two applicants and testing them for handling a bus, I gave each of the black men a run sheet and told them to go over the routes carefully in their own cars in both directions so that by morning they would know them thoroughly. I also gave them five dollars apiece for gasoline. They easily fell into the somewhat conspiratorial mood and assured me they would do their best.

The next morning I arrived at the garage first, as usual. As I was dispatching the early drivers some of them hinted they knew there was something unusual that morning. With the authority of the school board president behind me and backed by the tacit approval of the company president, I decided to be firm. I blandly informed one of the probers so all present could hear, that if anyone wished to take some illegal or immoral action against a fair and proper order of the school district and company management he would be on his own. Any disruption, I emphasized, would not be tolerated by the school board, the company, Local 252 or the international union. The noisier the protester, the faster he was deflated. There was no overt action to affect the operation. Two morning line drivers on straight runs attempted to bait me about the black drivers when they checked in at the garage in the afternoon. I responded by inviting them to turn in their badges (transportation language for resigning) if they had difficulty driving their buses while a man with a darker complexion was at the wheel of another bus. They left in silence with long faces.

Shortly thereafter there was a vacancy for a line driver and since no school bus driver wished to switch I hired Jim Moore, the first black on the Star public routes. There was some grumbling among workers and owners in other bus companies on Long Island for a while, but there were no reports of any incidents other than sarcastic remarks about me and occasional hostility towards Star Bus. In a short time, the increasing shortage of reliable bus drivers, pressure from non-white communities, and a change in attitude by school district officials, both privately-owned and school district operated fleets began to employ blacks, Hispanics

and orientals. Other public service bus lines soon joined in ending their blatant discrimination, although restrictive promotions, quota hiring and more stringent scrutiny was applied to non-whites for a long time after outright exclusion ended.

As I gained greater authority and found more opportunities I hired black, Asian and Hispanic shop employees as well as drivers. It was in our bus company that the first black, James Gray, was later promoted to shop foreman and another, Melvin Lightfoot, to dispatcher.

Years later, when Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated in 1969 and riots broke out in black communities on Long Island as elsewhere, we found an echo from our earlier efforts to help end racial discrimination. Our bus operation was then located in New Cassel, an industrial section of Westbury, New York with some near-by residential areas inhabited mostly by blacks. Our Negro employees came to Bess and me that day and told us they were going to stand watch on all four streets bordering our garage and parking area continuously until all disturbances ended. We complied with their instructions to go home as we did normally and to return at regular times in the morning and to carry on our business in the habitual manner. Although it was unfortunate that considerable damage was done to industrial plants in the vicinity by fire, missile-throwing and other forms of destruction, there was not a single incident of personal molestation or physical damage at our bus company.

Another unsolicited and unexpected bonus from our actions against racial injustice was the amount of charter work that bus companies with which I was connected attracted from black groups. Negro organizations are among the biggest users of buses for outings. Many of their societies and churches adopted Star Bus, and later Crestwood Bus Service and Mid-Island Transit as their favored charterers and by word of mouth recommended us to others. When I still drove a bus in 1949 and 1950 I often went on these charters and I was astonished how many blacks knew me by reputation. They not only had me join their picnic repasts when we reached the destinations but usually rewarded me with magnanimous tips, often exceeding my day's pay. Other drivers were eager to go with me on these charters when two or more buses were needed.

During my first two years at Star there were some trying times for Bess and me. We had the problem of setting up our home closer to my work. We bought a summer cottage which had previously been

used by low-income vacationers from New York City and during the war and for some time thereafter, when there was an acute housing shortage, as a year-round residence by local people who had no better place to live. This little house had four very small rooms, an open porch in front, and a sort of enlarged stoop in the rear. It had no bathroom, no running hot water, no central heat and a primitive kitchen with a kerosene stove for cooking and for winter heating. Overhead there was a low crawl attic and underneath a nearly inaccessible crawl space.

Its chief virtue, apart from being close to the bus garage, was that it was on the waterfront; albeit poor people's waterfront that was not bulkheaded nor dredged and was not navigable at low tide. It was on a quiet street and a bus line passed it with a stop right at our corner. Above all, the price was small enough so that we could buy it for cash (with the help of loans from family members) and we did not need to establish our credit-worthiness with some bank at a time when I was subject to controversial newspaper notoriety. Because it had a solid frame and a lot of structural durability, it had a potential for being renovated to the minimum of current standard conveniences. I carry permanent "battle scars" from that renovation that resulted from my notorious haste. A chisel scar at the base of my left thumb, a deposit of graphite from a broken pencil in my right pinky and in my right palm, a deformed nail in my left forefinger, and multiple scars in my left pinky from being torn by a twisted cotter pin are lasting mementos from our "doll house" on Miller Channel.

What led us to buy and move to the house at 612 Miller Avenue in Freeport was the inconvenience of commuting six days a week, first to Long Beach and then to Freeport. We were still living on Skillman Avenue and I had to drive twice a day because my runs usually started before the morning railroad schedule. At times I also had split runs and even if I had no union business to attend to I still could not conveniently go home during my layover. Apart from the cost and the waste of time, there was the hazard of driving during dark hours and often on icy roads and during other inclement weather. For the first month Bess and I were a "week-end" couple. She remained in our Queens apartment while I set up a cot and some other bare necessities in our house where I spent most of my free time renovating it with the help of drivers from the bus company who had construction experience and were willing to "moonlight" for extra pay.

When the basic appliances were installed we moved in. Bess was distressed. Our furniture and other belongings could not fit into the small rooms and for a while excess articles were left on the open porch. After Bess joined me we accelerated the remodeling and by the time the cold weather set in we had electric heat, running hot and cold water, acceptable bathroom and kitchen and tolerable decor.

The larger problem for me was to re-establish my personal autonomy, self-esteem and emotional and intellectual integration, as well as to adjust to the new people around us. Bess and I found vehicles for our own re-adjustment to each other in the chores around the house, the gardens and the bay within which we made our joint efforts to fit into our new environment. For Bess it was a time of even greater stress. After all, she was courted by an art student, married a struggling Bohemian, learned to live with a radical reformer, became the wife of a union wheeler-dealer, involuntarily found herself in tandem with a prime actor in a factional cauldron who was unceremoniously pitched about and then tossed out of the fracas, and now had to adjust herself to the life of a bus driver's wife in what could very well turn out to be a suburban intellectual desert.

There was also the harassment from the press and agents of the F.B.I. (Federal Bureau of Investigation) whenever some issue agitated the union, such as the deportation proceedings against Gordon Barrager, strikes in bus lines with which I no longer had anything to do, Quill's periodic outbursts about current events, and even when the Immigration and Naturalization Service was conducting an inquiry into Quill's American citizenship. At one point an F.B.I. agent hinted to me that Quill obtained his naturalization fraudulently and that if I had some evidence to substantiate it I could use the opportunity to take revenge for his maltreatment of me. He must have been puzzled when I told him Quill was a great and upright man and that I would no more do him harm than he would to me. In response to his pressing me for information about the inner workings of T.W.U. I told the Agent that I was writing a book and did not wish to reveal anything in advance of publication. After that last visit they must have been convinced that I was some kind of "nut" because they never called on me again.

With the coming of spring we began to enjoy our new surroundings. Our lot was sixty feet wide and one hundred deep. The house and the new garage we had built occupied a small part of the land. We had enough left to set up flower beds, shrubs and a vegetable garden.

Bess was like a sponge. She borrowed books about planting from the Freeport Public Library, picked everybody's brains who had any knowledge about growing things, and swapped cuttings with neighbors who would give or take seedlings and plants. I fell back on my knowledge about vegetable growing from the days with my grandfather, the experiences in the "homes" and the more recent work with Augusta and Leon in their Greenbelt garden, which we updated by reading books about home gardens and organic vegetable and berry growing.

Auguste visited us whenever he had free time and we enjoyed him very much. He liked strenuous work and we saved all rough projects for his arrivals. We also corresponded with him more or less regularly. In the Summer of 1954 Auguste left Duke and made himself available for the draft. Bess and I were apprehensive over the prospect of his military service but we respected his decision. It was an anxious two years for us, seeing him only on rare occasions as he bounced from basic training to microwave communications school, on to tedious army life, on maneuvers and finally the pre-discharge suspense. We were very pleased when he was released and resumed his studies in Duke in the Fall of 1956.

Shortly after we moved to Freeport we acquired a puppy quite by chance. Auguste named her "Brownie." The dog remained with us over fifteen years. All three of us became very attached to her. From the very beginning she showed strong possessive tendencies. Whenever some one came and brought something, even the letter carrier, she showed approval by wagging her tail and crouching to be stroked. On the other hand, those who went off with something, even the rubbish collectors, provoked her into fierce barking and even snapping at their ankles or hands. She was extremely jealous and showed her displeasure whenever we showed affection for each other or played with visiting children. Before her death she had become arthritic, deaf and nearly blind with cataracts.

Star Bus Lines expanded under the new management. Each year the owners added school buses to meet the needs of additional school contracts. They also added to the franchised routes as we connected Bellmore with more communities and took over bus routes in other parts of Nassau County and even into Suffolk later on when I took over. In time I not only stopped driving, I even had to promote two other drivers to full-time dispatcher and I became supervisor of transportation. The company moved to a larger location and at

200
the height of its operation ran about forty line and charter coaches and over one hundred and seventy-five school buses and employed over two hundred employees.

Wherever I went during those days and whatever opportunities I had I would preach and promote rebuilding and expanding public transportation as a safeguard against the excessive use of the private automobile. I stressed that the passenger car, which the automotive, road-building, petroleum and other industries were promoting as the only means of travel, was the biggest polluter, used up a disproportionate amount of land for road and parking space, and consumed excessive quantities of non-renewable resources. Furthermore, the use of individual vehicles was leading to isolation and alienation as millions of people avoided group contacts as they increasingly confined themselves to their private homes, lawns and cars.

Being involved in the bus business made me glad that I was able to pursue a career for making a living that was consistent with my beliefs in modern transportation. Society having embarked on a civilization of technological energy and production, I believed that with it came the responsibility for people to channel our activities into least destructive activities and for the most benign development. I was please to be in a position to devise operating procedures that provided better service and promoted greater economy.

By its activities, Star Bus had become synonymous with courteous and reliable transportation, efficient scheduling and devotion to public service. School districts invited me to address student assemblies about conduct on buses. Summer day camps, which we served during the months our school buses were idle, relied on us to plan their enrollment programs by projecting routes which gave them maximum riders per vehicle with the shortest bus trips. I used to attend community organizations meetings to urge them to patronize buses in their areas as well as to listen to their complaints and suggestions. At one meeting of school district transportation directors, where most representatives from districts with bot contractor-supplies and their own buses, bemoaned the inadequacy of service, the official from a large district we served, Richard Dejarlais, rose and declared "we have no bus problems, we have Star Bus."

In order to achieve greater utilization of school buses I urged districts to have surveys made and maps prepared which would enable them and us better to plan their transportation. When computers

wider use and some school began to install them I persuaded the Farmingdale district, which planned to use their for the annual census and for accounting, to include bus transportation. I worked with the programmer, Charles Rhein, in adding codes for students home locations, bus routes, stops and school attended. As a result, we had exact pupil counts for each grade at each corner and were able to make up schedules in advance in time to make each child a bus identification card with the bus stop and pick-up time imprinted by the computer. Even the first year there was under ten percent error and those were corrected in a day or two.

But much to my distress the owners of the bus company did not behave according to my concept of practical, ethical business. As their revenues rose and net income increased year after year they became increasingly concerned with retaining more and more for the profit for themselves. They began to take short-cuts in maintenance, skimmed in specifications for equipment when buying new buses, and pressured me to squeeze what they began to call "water" out of operations. We began to have more frequent accidents and break-downs and consequently delayed or missed trips, dirtier and defective buses and a gradual deterioration of service on both school and public routes.

When due to Parshley's false economy things got so bad that I was no longer the fixer, the rescuer and the accomodator to our clients and passengers, but became the repository for complaints and even abuse, I discussed this dangerous situation with him. He assured me he would take emergency measures to correct the maintenance problems. We designed the next bus specifications to provide for heavier clutches, larger batteries, oversized brakes and other features that would make them more reliable, safer, more comfortable and more durable vehicles.

Instead of getting better, things became worse. Years of indifference in the shop, maintenance short-cuts, and general cynicism could not be overcome by a flurry of perfunctory emergency repairs during Christmas week. It later turned out that the improved bus specifications were scrapped when the owners saw the higher costs the added features involved.

When schools reopened after New Year's Day 1961 and the school buses went out after the recess, the maintenance proved catastrophic. From the very first trip bus^{es} became disabled and either failed to

failed to make pick-ups or sat with children on the road. Hundreds of students did not get to school and thousands more were late. Despite further promises by parshley and a flurry of activity by shop crews there was not much improvement over the next days.

I conferred with Parshley and at the conclusion told him that I could not in good conscience remain associated with such an operation. I submitted my resignation effective any time at his pleasure and offered to stay long enough to prepare the Spring schedule: the Summer day-camp runs, and the Fall time tables and that I would leave whenever it suited him.

All that work I completed in addition to my regular current duties. On March 4, 1961 Parshley released me. He gave me my last week's pay and a check for two weeks' vacation and I was out.

1. A copy of a Beach Transit run between Long Beach station and Point Lookout to the east done by Maurice.
1949 Summer schedule for Long Beach
Maurice at wheel of Bus 39.
2. Maurice entering Local 252 headquarters in Rockville Centre.
3. Safe driving certificate from Cropper.
4. Certificate of safe driving issued to Maurice at Cropper's.
Maurice's chauffeur license photo.
A Dileo Bus Line run card done by Maurice in 1951.
Markel safe driving award.
Local 252 membership card issued to Maurice.
5. Miscellaneous business cards from Star, Creswood, Mid-Island, Island Transportation and LKB; Maurice's Grand Jury card; Grandmere's bus pass from Star; Identification card used at Island Transportation anniversary celebration, and Maurice's first American Express credit card.
6. Maurice with a group of bus drivers from Star who served Meroke Day Camp.
7. Notice to Maurice for Grand Jury service.
A promotional post card prepared by Maurice for Star Bus.
8. Correspondence with Kenneth and Mable Doane.
9. Correspondence with Auguste.
10. Photo of Auguste in U.S. army uniform while visited us at 612 Miller Avenue, Freeport.
11. Correspondence with Auguste.
12. Loading Star Bus Lines buses at a Farmingdale High School.
13. Star Bus employees' Christmas party December 28, 1956 at Sunrise Village in Bellmore.

In upper photo: seated are Julius Fleschner, secretary-treasurer; Frank Parshley, president; Harold Cloutman, attorney. Standing, unknown assistant accountant; Bert Longbotham, bookkeeper, and Maurice.

		Leaving		Passengers Carried		
	from	time	cash	ticket	trans	free zone
1	G/H	3:20		1N	TRANS	OUT
2	S	3:30		3:28		
3	PL	3:50				4:15
	S	4:20		4:14		
	PL	4:40				5:13
6	S	5-		4:55		
7	PL	5:20				
8	S	5:40		5:39		
9	PL	6-				6:18
0	S	6:20		6:25 6:30		
1	PL	6:40				7:12
2	S	6:55		6:53		
3	PL	7:15		7:21		
4	S	7:35		7:30		
	PL	7:50				8:07
	S	8:30				
	PL	8:50				9:10
	S	9:20				
	PL	9:35				10:40
	S	9:55		9:50		
	PL	10:15				
	S	10:45				
	PL	11-				11:30
	S	11:25				
	PL	11:50				12:25
		12:15				

MILEAGE

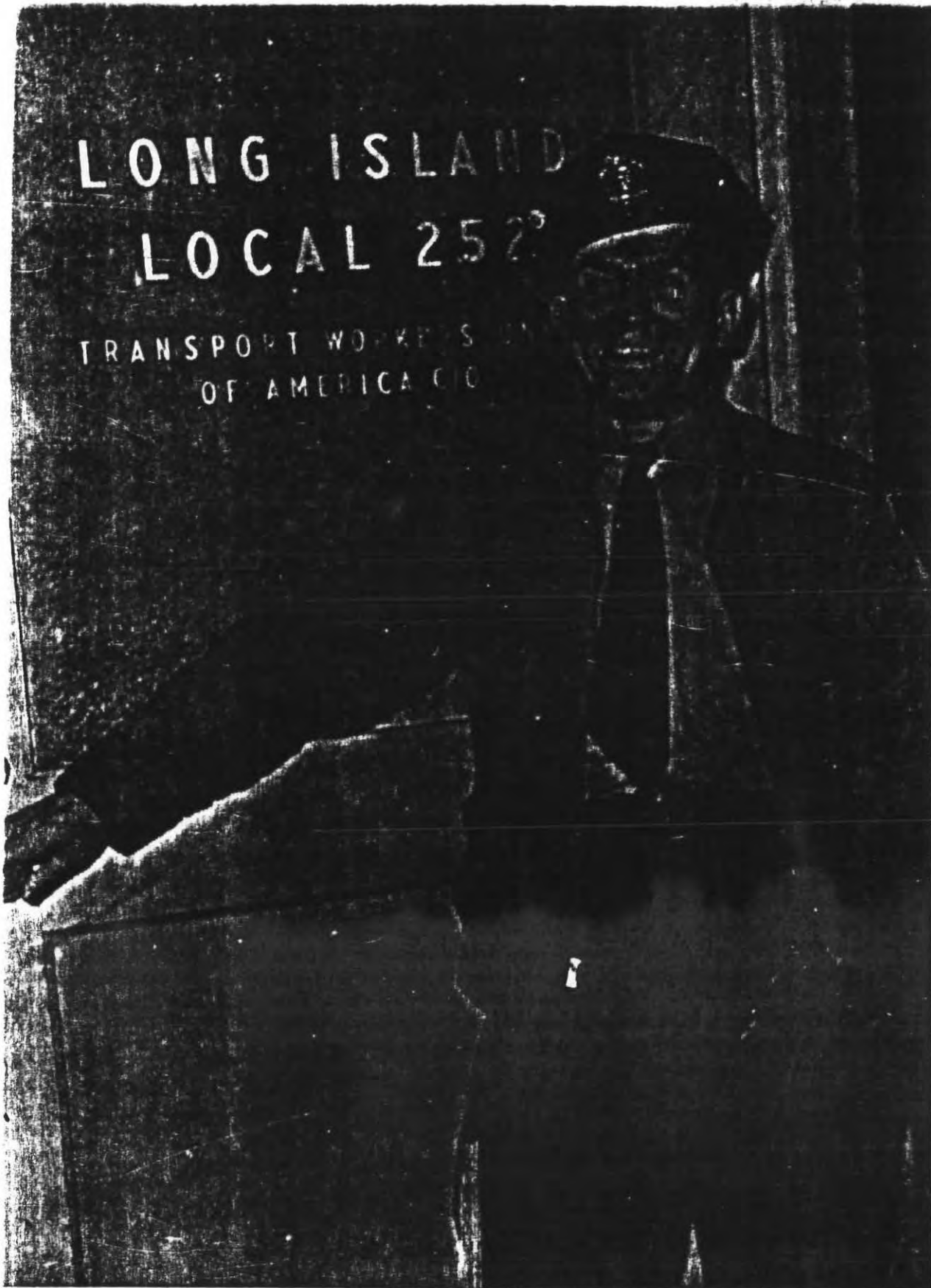
Bus No. Active



399

LONG ISLAND
LOCAL 252

TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION
OF AMERICA CIO





Certificate of Safe Driving

issued to

MAURICE FORGE

in recognition of his ability to drive a commercial vehicle
without an accident for ONE years; thereby proving
his interest in public safety.



Merchants Mutual Casualty Company

Earl H. Keyser
VICE-PRESIDENT

Lemuel B. Cropper
EMPLOYER

JANUARY 1, 1953



Certificate of Safe Driving

This is to certify that

MAURICE FORGE

having operated a commercial vehicle in the service of the

LEWEL B. CROPPER

for ONE years with a clear record for safe driving, has been given this certificate by the Merchants Mutual Casualty Company.

Date 1/1/53

Lewel B. Cropper
Employer



1/21/51 to 1/3/51
SUNDAY 9:20 12:40 p.m. - 10:00 p.m.
MONDAY 4:45 5:45 AM - 3:30 PM
TUESDAY 8:50 6:10 AM - 3:00 PM
WEDNESDAY 0:12
THURSDAY 9:10 3:30 PM - 1:20 AM
FRIDAY 10:10 3:00 PM - 1:20 AM
SATURDAY 6:50 3:10 PM - 10:00 PM
5:55
FR-9-2241 - GARAGE FR 8
PR 9-7714 - CROPPER 1079
FR 8-8024 - TERMINAL



AWARDED BY MARKEL SERVICE

Certificate of Merit

To MAURICE FORGE

FOR HIS CONTRIBUTION TO HIGHWAY SAFETY BY HAVING OPERATED A PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION VEHICLE WITHOUT A CHARGEABLE ACCIDENT FOR

3 YEAR

3-27-55

B. Markel
VICE-PRESIDENT

TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION OF AMERICA

153 W. 64th St., New York, N. Y. TRafelgar 4-3200

This is to certify that subject to the conditions appearing on the reverse side hereof

Maurice Forge

Employed by
Beach Transit

Is a Member in Good Standing of Transport Workers Union, Local 252, Rockville

Michael J. Quinn
Int'l President

Center LI
G. Dabey
Int'l Sec'y-Treas.

Signature *Maurice Forge*

Date 8/13/49 No.

STAR BUS LINES INCORPORATED

2534 GRAND AVENUE
BELLMORE, N. Y.FRANK S. PARSHLEY, PRES.
JULIUS FLESCNER, SEC. Y.2534 GRAND AVENUE
BELLMORE, N. Y.

LKB

WESTBURY DISPATCH
(516) 334-5440

TEL. 333-5442 (AREA CODE 516)

MAURICE H. FORGE

PRESIDENT

MID-ISLAND
TRANSIT SYSTEM, INC.
CRESTWOOD
BUS SERVICE, INC.299 MAIN STREET
WESTBURY, N. Y., 11590
IN THE HEART OF LONG ISLAND

NASSAU COUNTY GRAND JURY

This Certifies That

MAURICE H. FORGE

is a member of the..... MAY..... 1969.
Panel of the Nassau County Grand Jury and is entitled
to the privileges of parking at the County Court House,
extended to Grand Jurors while serving.

William E. Kahn

District Attorney—Nassau County

OFFICE (516) 334-5400

DISPATCH (516) 334-5440
N.J. TERM. (201) 925-0100ISLAND
TRANSPORTATION
CORP.

299 MAIN STREET WESTBURY N. Y. 11590

MAURICE H. FORGE

★ STAR BUS LINES, Inc. ★
2562 MERRICK ROAD BELLMORE, N. Y.

PASS

For Exclusive Use By

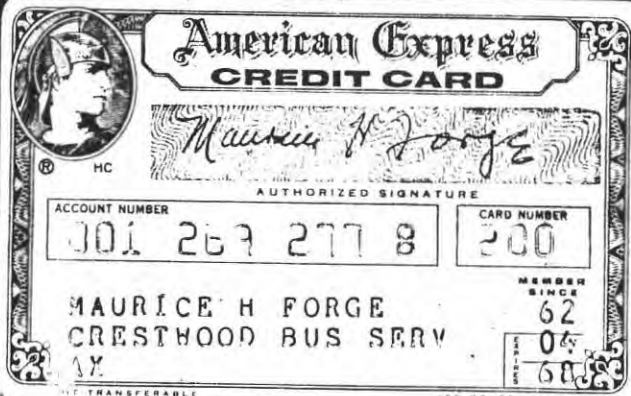
MRS. M. H. FORGE

This pass valid only if signed by an officer of the
Corporation and when used in conformity with the
Corporation's rules.

No

2

Frank S. Parshley





MEROPE DAY CAMP

**CITY COURT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
QUEENS COUNTY**

Nº 17952

Maurice H. Forge
46-13 Skillman Ave.
L.I. City 4, N.Y.

**BRING THIS
NOTICE
WITH YOU**
Bus Driver

YOU ARE HEREBY SUMMONED to attend Trial Term, Part.....I.....of the City Court of the City of New York, Queens County, to be held at the General Court House, Sutphin Boulevard, 88th-89th Avenues, Jamaica, Borough of Queens, as a TRIAL JUROR for

on 1950 at 9:45 o'clock in the forenoon.

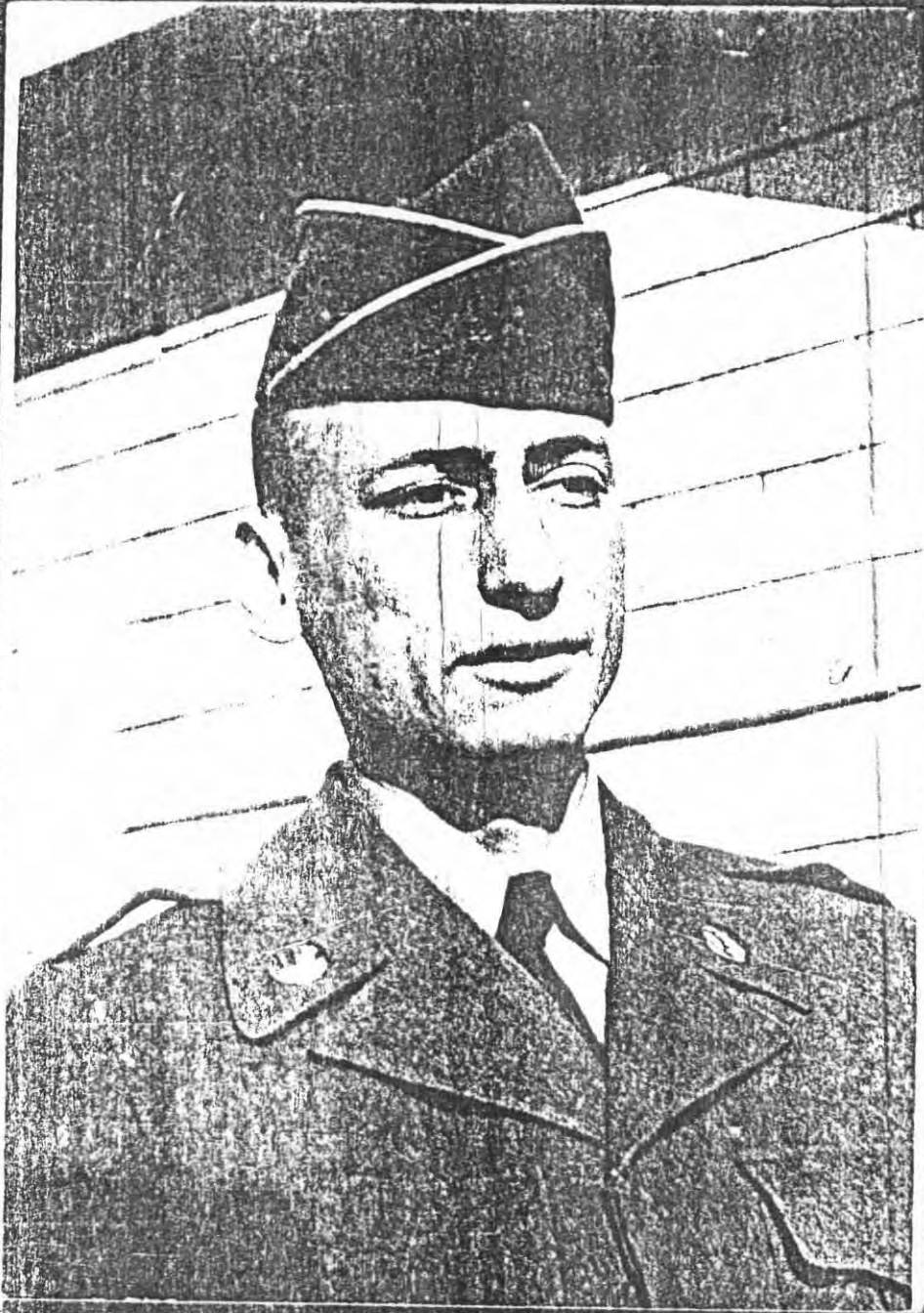
NO ONE ALONE HAS THE POWER TO
USE A JUROR, OR POSTPONE SERVICE.

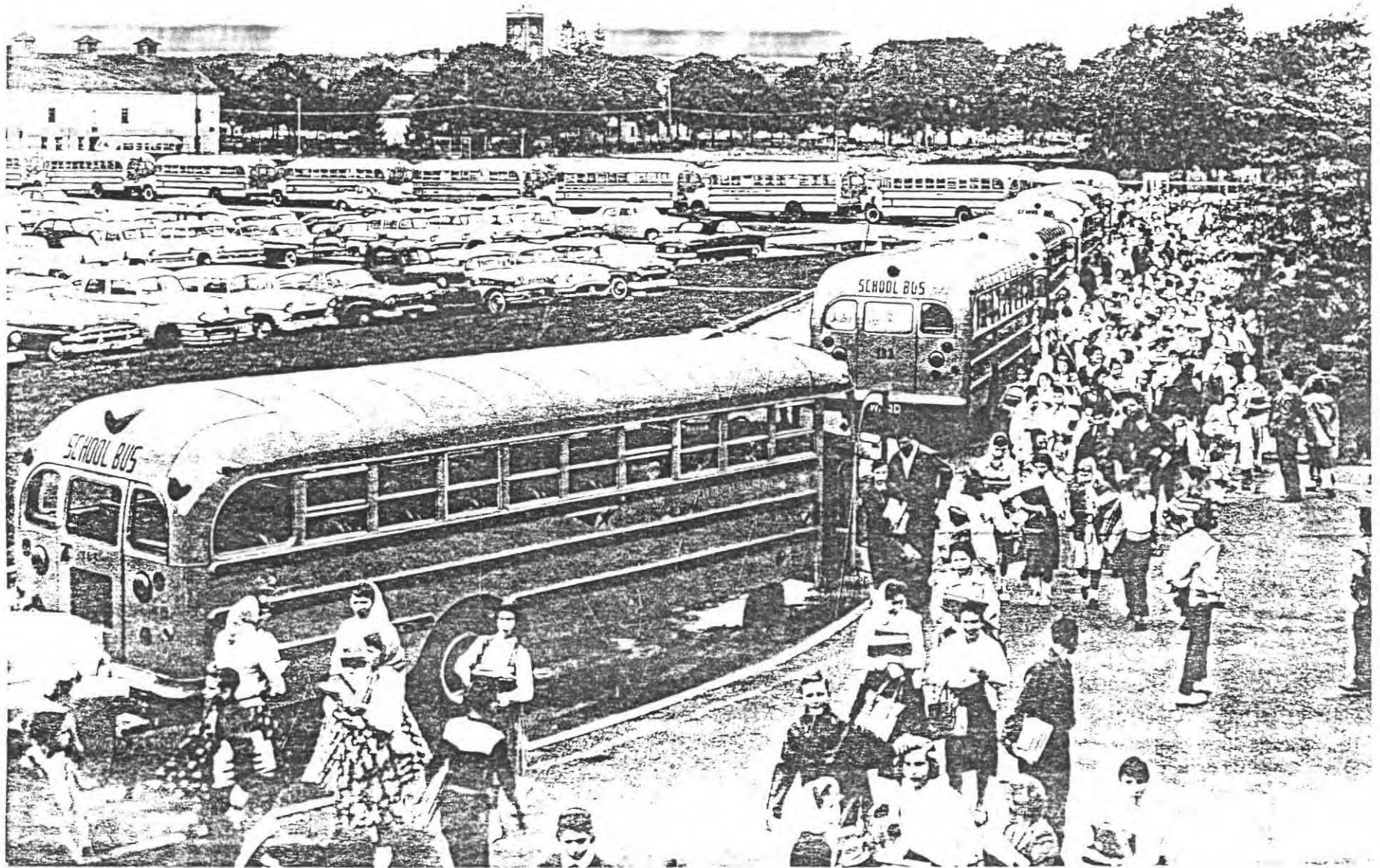
DO NOT MAKE ANY APPLICATION TO THE
COUNTY CLERK WITH REFERENCE TO THIS NOTICE.

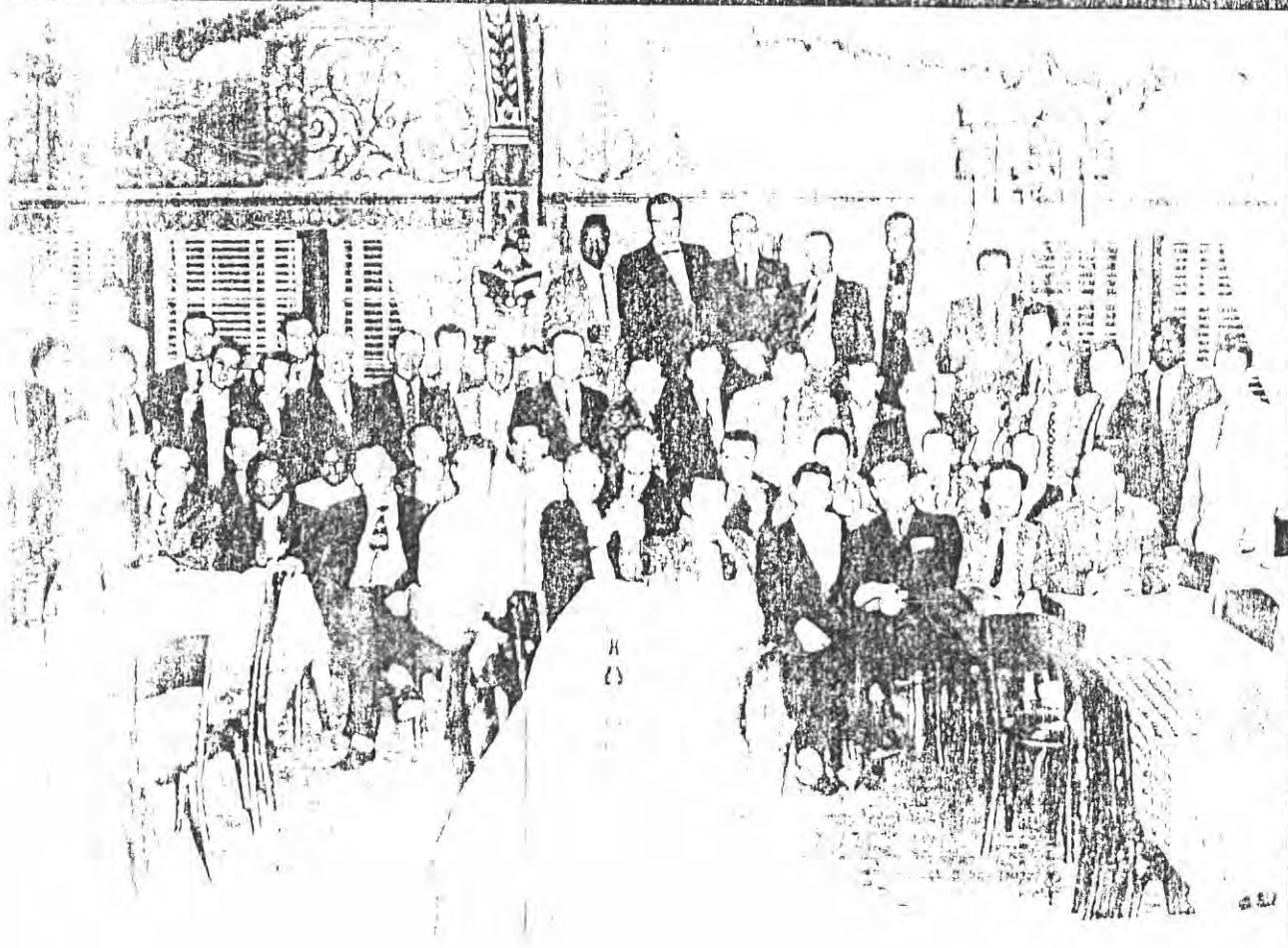
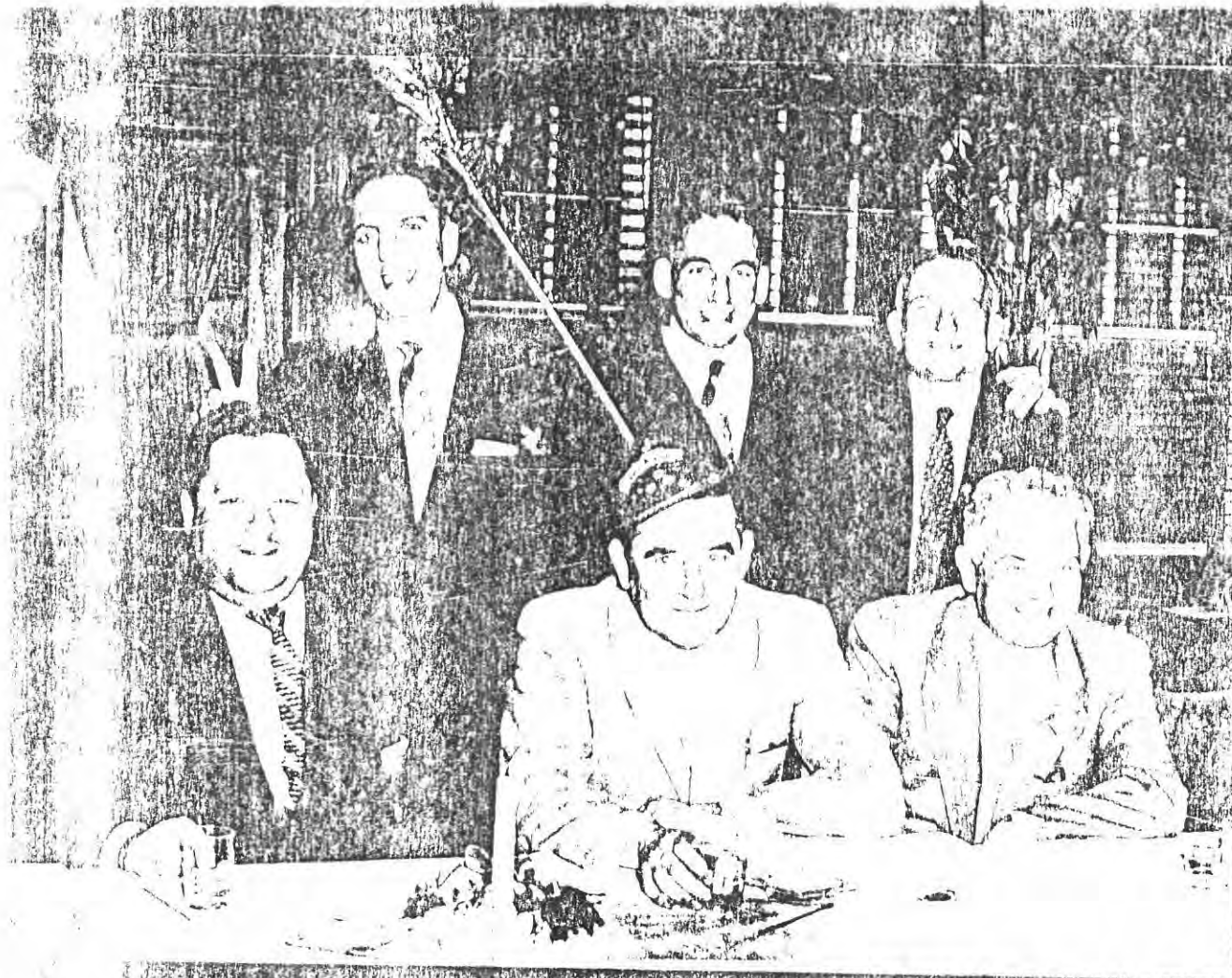
Paul Livoti
PAUL LIVOTI,
County Clerk, Queens County

A person who wilfully fails to obey this notice shall be guilty of contempt of court. (Penal Law, Sec. 1235).









INTO THE BUS BUSINESS

Thus, at the age of fifty-four, with limited contacts and rather specialized skills, I found myself unemployed. I had no clear idea of where I would turn. While I was still with Star I made sure that none of my actions would convey the idea that I was leaving him for something more lucrative. Even after I gave him notice I made no inquiries about jobs elsewhere. My departure from Star was therefore a surprise to officials of other bus lines in the area and of school districts we served and to public transportation regulators in the county and the state.

At the time I left my job our family's need for an income was greater than before because of new obligations we took on. Less than a year earlier we moved into the bigger house at 449 Nassau Avenue with substantial monthly mortgage payments and larger taxes than the smaller house which by then was fully paid up. Our move across Miller Cahnnel came about in the spring of 1960 when a builder began to put up houses along Nassau Avenue from the corner of Suffolk Street to the bay. Previously we had bought an empty lot in back of our house, facing on Nassau Avenue, when it was offered to us by a couple who owned it but had no use for it because it was not large enough to build anything on it under local zoning laws. We had planned to use it for a bigger vegetable garden, more trees, shrubs and flowers and additional dock space when we bulkheaded our frontage on the channel.

The builders soon put up a model house which we found reasonably priced and which offered many conveniences. Peter MacLachlan, a friend of ours who had much practical experience with home building and good judgment about values advised us that it was well constructed and worth the price. At first Bess was reluctant to make the change and for good reasons. The little house had been improved and increased by the addition of a large bed room and an enclosed sun porch. The gardens, flower beds and shrubs were beautiful. We had no more instalment payments on the improvements and our taxes were rather low. I was as attached to it as Bess was but I had a hankering for a bsaement where we could have a work shop, a room where I could paint, and sufficient guest space when Auguste came to visit us again, especially if he should get married.

As a clincher I expressed the desire that for the first time in my life we would have a house we could shape according to our

own ideas. Of course, it is a rather selfish idea because most people in the world are glad to have even the most modest shelter to keep out of the harsh elements and to enjoy minimum privacy. But we don't always think of that. When we do, we rationalize that we are altruistic and sparing in other respects. After weighing all angles we wound up buying the house at 449 Nassau Avenue which was built adjacent to our empty lot in back of 612 Miller Avenue. Thus we wound up with a ninety-foot street front, a ninety-foot bulkhead on the west side of the Miller Channel, and a lot of muddy ground which Bess and I worked on over the next dozen years and which ultimately contained many trees, shrubs, annual and perennial flower beds, a dock, patios, berry patches and, of course, our large vegetable garden which supplied us fresh maize, gourds, legumes and other fresh produce most of the year. We moved in on the Labor Day weekend of 1960 and after that we put in a lot of hard work creating the little paradise from which we derived much satisfacti

In addition to the greater financial obligations we had another complication when I left my job; Bess's health. At Christmas time that year she was confined in the South Shore Communities Hospital in Oceanside where she was operated on. Auguste and Sylvianne were married January 28, 1961 and Grandma's health prevented us from attending the wedding in Maisons-Laffitte. When I left my job in March that year Bess had improved considerably though far from regaining her robust health.

After a few days of rest during which I had an opportunity to evaluate our circumstances and consider our future needs and opportunities, I began to receive telephone calls. Some were from people motivated by mere curiosity. Others vaguely explored how they could use my talents and services. On the weekend I read the "Help Wanted" notices in the New York Sunday Times and answered some. One of them was for a personnel director for a large airline, which turned out to be British Overseas Airways Corporation, now British Airways. Then came two firm offers. The owners of a summer day camp to whom Star furnished buses informed me that they would not remain with Star without me there and wanted me to establish and operate their own bus service. The other was from Raybern Bus Service who implied they needed an additional partner with my experience.

It was not difficult for me to convince the three camp owners that it was impractical to own and operate fifteen buses just for

eight weeks during the summer. I turned down the other proposal, which was for me to become a fourth shareholder in the three-man corporation by adding capital equal to one third of the book worth of their corporation. In the course of the conversations it developed that the Raybern partners really wanted to bolster their losing operation in the Herricks School district with new capital from me and perhaps my managing abilities. They also hinted that they were willing to dispose of the Herricks contract. It was then that I suggested to the three day camp owners that by buying the Herricks contract from Raybern, which then involved fourteen buses, we could have an operation all year with the two months of camp.

On April 10, 1961 we filed incorporation papers for Crestwood Bus Service (C.B.S.) and made the necessary arrangements with the school authorities, the bank, the insurance company, the P.S.C. and all others concerned, to complete the transfer. The transaction required little capital because the buses were mortgaged and we took over the obligation to make the payment. The parking lot and limited facilities were turned over to us, for which we assumed the lease and rent payments, and we retained the drivers involved.

While these negotiations and arrangements were under way I heard from B.O.A.C. and reported for several interviews with their top officials. At the last meeting I had with them early in April, I was told that their search for a personnel director had been reduced to two candidates, me and another. When I did not hear from them for more than two weeks I assumed that it was their polite way of turning me down. On May 1, 1961, the first day I was running the Herricks operation, B.O.A.C. called me and offered me the job. It does not rain but it pours. It was virtually impossible for me to withdraw from the C.B.S. commitment in which I was the key figure.

Before the end of that school year the Herricks school district office notified me that the increased enrollment and the additional schools they were going to serve in the 1961-1962 school year would require at least twenty-four large buses and four vans. To make sure our fleet would be adequate, we immediately ordered the extra buses and we wrote our specifications for extra heavy-duty clutches, transmissions, rear-ends, brakes and batteries and other safety accessories. Our chief mechanic was a former Star employee who left there to work for us. Before Star he worked for an International Harvester agency. Because of his knowledge of these

engines and chassis, which had a reputation for highest quality, we made them our standard equipment. We also ordered Carpenter bus bodies which were sturdy and among the best available at that time.

Both our camp season and the subsequent school year went off very well. In order to give us better control and response to emergencies we began to equip our buses with two-way radios. One of the highest compliments we received was when the Herricks School Superintendent reported to the school board that "with Crestwood the service is so uniformly good that we do not realize we have bus service until their bill for payment comes at the end of the month."

When we started Crestwood, Bess began to come in once a week to make up the payroll, prepared the bills to Herricks and for the charter trips we gradually undertook, and to do all general records and keeping of books. As the office became busier she put in more and more time and eventually wound up working first five and then six days a week with her hours limited only by the need to sleep, eat and her chores at home. She quickly learned about bus maintenance, dispatching, government regulations, labor contract interpretation, finances, bidding and other phases of this complex business.

After the first four months of operation C.B.S. wiped out the losses projected by Raybern and wound up with a small profit, even though we paid the three inactive partners fifty dollars a week each. For the first full year of operation we made a substantial profit after partial depreciation of the ten new buses we had bought. We gained confidence not only in our ability to operate a fleet of buses but also in navigating the treacherous waters of contemporary American business and the regulatory intricacies of local, state and federal government apparatus.

Through out my employment in Star and later in Crestwood and Mid-Island Transit, Bess and I were active in the Atlanot South Civic Association (TASCA) which concerned itself with legislation and administration on all governmental levels, from village to federal, that affect the residents financially, socially and personally. At one time I served as secretary of TASCA. Through that activity we became involved in zoning, taxation, environmental protection, parks, sanitation, water and electric supply, and many other services and issues. We met some neighbors who were interesting and some who had progressive outlooks and we occasionally mingled with them socially.

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We met Sylvianne on July 11 of that year when she and Auguste came to visit us. We gave them the use of a car and they were able to travel and visit extensively. Our bigger house was quite convenient, not only for them but for subsequent visits by Marcelle, Mary, Danielle, Pierre-Jean and, later when Catherine and then David were born, you also visited us several times. On their first visit Auguste had to return to his job in Saclay after four weeks but Sylvianne stayed with us until August 30.

Early in 1962 a startling thing happened. Harry Cloutman, the attorney for Star Bus Lines asked me to meet him and over a lunch he informed me that the company was on the verge of bankruptcy and that both Mr. Parshley and he were convinced that nobody would buy an operation in such bad shape and with the bad reputation it had acquired since I left. They both felt that I could revive it and proposed that I buy it. What at first seemed a preposterous idea, soon assumed the nature of a possibility and, after discussion with my three associates and our chief mechanic, who showed an interest in becoming a fifth partner, it eventually became an attractive prospect. Our collective evaluation seemed quite logical. We reasoned that the school bus business, depending as it does on periodic bidding and rebidding, has built-in instability. A franchised bus line, such as Star, operates all year and despite periodic renewal of local and state consents has little risk of sudden loss of rights to operate. Running Star together with Crestwood could absorb a part of the overhead and would lighten the burdensome financing obligations of the school operation. Another factor was that being a long-established line, Star had extensive charter rights from New York State. Having operated Star before with considerable success, it was assumed that I would be the most likely person to revive it and restore it to efficient and profitable operation under the changed conditions.

There were protracted negotiations with Parshley and the bank that held all the mortgages, during which we haggled and bargained, and in the end the five of us bought Star Bus Lines, Inc. for \$6,000.00, that is each of us bought a fifth of its stock at \$1,200.00. In addition we took over \$94,000.00 of corporate debt payable to the bank. Since Star lost all its school transportation contracts as of the end of June and the bank repossessed all the school buses, they were not included in the transaction. We got the line and charter coaches, the office furniture and equipment and the shop tools. The

two concessions agreed to was that we would operate Star for thirty days and if we then changed our minds we could call the deal off. If we decided to go through with it, we would have the premises rent-free for six months thereafter so we could relocate.

We took over Saturday, July 7, 1962. With me running Star in Bellmore and shuttling between there and Herricks where C.B.S. operations had to remain until we found a place for the two companies, Bess ran Herricks practically single-handed. That gave her much additional experience, but not without some tense moments.

In Star the equipment, employee morale and passenger attitudes turned out much worse than we feared. It was a constant fire-brigade operation. We ran from crisis to crisis. A new catastrophe would hit us before we recovered from the previous emergency. Luckily I took the precaution of buying six used coaches from the Public Service Transport of New Jersey that were in fairly good condition and which we easily put in ready shape. With these as our mainstay we proceeded to repair and patch up the old Star buses. At first we concentrated on just getting them going and keeping them rolling, thereby gaining time to make major and lasting repairs. Then, when we decided to go through with the transaction, we set up a maintenance and repair program that made the fleet fairly reliable by the time the inclement weather set in.

When the five partners met on the twenty-ninth day to decide whether to take Star or leave it, the other four looked to me to point the way. I tilted in favor of buying Star Bus Lines because I thought it was worth the risk. But I was strongly influenced by my conviction that we had to preserve all existing mass transportation facilities for the day when the people of our country would come to recognize the folly of depending exclusively on the private car.

Early in our take-over I engaged the assistance of county and state transportation officials and obtained temporary authority to run buses from Hicksville to Jones Beach during the season. Although we missed the best part of the first season from Memorial Day to the Fourth of July, we experienced quite an increase in our revenue for the balance of the summer and gained a lot of favorable public reaction. Passengers began to spread the word that Star service was again reliable and we slowly regained rider patronage. We hustled for charter and contract work and after a while built up one of the largest private transportation networks on Long Island.

The private services were organized by contracts with institutions, such as nurseries, private schools, business establishments and recreational facilities to transport their clients, students or employees from their homes and return. A large part of it was with parents of children who were not provided free transportation by school districts or the state. We performed those services for them for fixed weekly, monthly or annual fees. By the end of Star's fiscal year on December 31, 1962, in just under six months of operation, our income equalled our expenses and we came out even.

Those were six busy months in our lives with many exhilarating experiences, adversities, achievements and droll incidents, but above all of ceaseless work. It was a time of great strain on our physical and emotional stamina and for a time caused almost total isolation of Bess and me from our family and friends. To retain intellectual balance, we engaged in a minimum of reading, discussion, writing, gardening and tending to the outdoors and the interior of the house. It was another period when survival was our central task.

1. Frivolous announcement of our move to 449 Nassau Avenue.
2. "Sylvianne se Marie."
3. Nassau County Transportation Commissioner Edward Morris inspecting the used buses we bought from Public Service Transport of New Jersey just before we took over Star Bus Lines.
4. One of the places, Sunrise Village in Bellmore, New York, where we took Sylvianne, Auguste and Marcelle when they visited us in 1962.
5. Correspondence with Auguste and Sylvianne.
6. Nassau County Republican Party dinner ticket.
Clippings about our activities in civic association.
7. TASCA journal with my article.
8. The first new school bus we bought for Crestwood Bus Service.
9. Nassau County Police officers boarding a bus we donated for one of their affairs.
10. News clippings about our activities in Star Bus Lines.

Annual Dinner

Nassau County Republican Committee

Thursday, April 16th, 1964

Garden City Hotel, Garden City, N.Y.

Dinner 7:30 P.M.

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TASCA BECOMES ONE OF FREEPORT'S TOP UNITS



Pictured above from left to right are Rene Basile, Perry Fischer, Jean Fischer, New York Senator Edward J. Speno, Frank Ceravolo and Maurice Forge. Senator Speno was greeted by this group who are officials of TASCA (The Atlantic South, Civic Asso.) which held its successful Annual Spring Dance last Saturday night at the Union Reform Temple on Brookside Ave., Freeport.

Society Elects New Officers

The Freeport Historical Society held their Annual Meeting and Election of Officers at the Freeport Memorial Library on April 14.

The following were elected officers for the coming year. President: Nathan P. Zablow; 1st. Vice Pres., Mrs. Wm. C. Glaser; 2nd. Vice Pres., Robert Raynor; Third Vice Pres., Robert

Doxsee; Treasurer, John Cotter; Secretary, Marguerite Johnson; Mrs. Cecil Bostick - Artifacts; Trustees as follows: Mrs. Charlotte Carman; William Crevoiserat; George Smits; Mrs. David Ramsey; Gustav Hoppe; Mrs. Faye Rogers; Clinton Metz; Mrs. C. Smith; Dr. Mervin Schloss; Wilfred M. Morin and Maurice H. Forge.

**Official Newspaper
Village of Freeport**

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MEETING FIRST THURSDAY OF EVERY MONTH

THE ATLANTIC SOUTH CIVICS

June, 1965 Vol. XIX No. 6



TASCA DINNER DANCE-JUNE 12 ***UNION REFORM TEMPLE***

STORY ON PAGE 2

NEXT MEETING:

THURS. EVENING, 8:30 P.M.

SOUTH SHORE YACHT CLUB

JUNE 3, 1965 ALL INVITED

GUEST SPEAKER -MR. ROD VANDIVERT

..... CHAIRMAN OF THE HEMPSTEAD TOWN LAND RESOURCES COUNCIL, WITH A CONSERVATIONIST FROM THE STATE, WILL DISCUSS "THE CRISIS ON THE SOUTH SHORE" AND EXPLAIN WHAT THE HIGH DUNE BARRIER PROPOSED BY THE ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS FOR EROSION AND HURRICANE CONTROL FROM ATLANTIC BEACH TO JONES INLET WILL MEAN TO FREEPORT AND ESPECIALLY TASCA MEMBERS. THIS IS VITAL! IT CAN AFFECT BOATING, FISHING, PROPERTY VALUES, TAXES. COME, BRING YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS. BE INFORMED.

OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

JEANNIE A. FISCHER President	HERMAN DEUSTER Sgt. at Arms
FRANCIS J. CERAVOLO Exec. Vice President	AL KOEDDING Highways & Waterways
SY KORN Vice President	HERBERT KRATOVL Program
JOSEPHINE GARBEROGLIO Rec. Secretary	JACK MINC Education
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CARMINE CACCIATORE Treasurer	CONNIE LEHR Hospitality
LLOYD ORR Civics	PERRY A. FISCHER Public Relations
NATHAN ZABLOW Legal	HELEN MEENAN Membership

FRAN CERAVOLO
Editor



TASCA'S THIRD ANNUAL DANCE- A NAUTICAL BALL

BY PERRY A. FISCHER

AHOY SHIPMATES, ALL HANDS ON DECK AT THE UNION REFORM TEMPLE ON JUNE 12TH, AT NINE BELLS. THE GALLEY IS LOADED WITH SCRUMPTIOUS SEA FOOD DELICACIES CATERED BY ERNIES' AND TOMMIES' MIDSHIP ON SO. GROVE ST., WHICH WILL DELIGHT THE PALLET OF THE MOST DISCERNING CRITIC. SET-UPS ARE INCLUDED, JUST BRING YOUR OWN "CHEER". (A BOTTLE OF COURSE)

DANCING WILL BE TO THE BAND OF THE NATIONALLY FAMOUS CHARLES PERRY, WHOSE EXPERIENCE INCLUDES WORKING WITH BENNY GOODMAN, JIMMY DORSEY, STAN KENTON AND MANY OTHER TOP NAMES. IN ADDITION, THERE WILL BE ENTERTAINMENT "HOMESPUN AND OTHERWISE" PLUS LONG JOHN SILVER'S TREASURE CHEST FULL OF SEAFARING DOOR PRIZES.

NAUTICAL DECOR BY OUR OWN DOLORES BASILE AND BOB BERGER, ARTISTS RENOWN, AND SHIPS SETTINGS WILL BE FURNISHED BY AL GROVER.

WELL DANCE AND MESS MATES, AS CAPTAIN LONG JOHN WOULD SAY, "UP WITH YE ON THE GANG PLANK IF YOU WANT TO BOARD THIS HERE VESSEL. YO HO HO, AND A BOTTLE OF RUM".

P.S. A FEW TICKETS ARE STILL AVAILABLE, \$5.00 PER.

WHY TASCA SHOULD BACK

THE L.I.-N.E. BRIDGE

By Maurice Forge

Modern communities, like individuals, need a measure of independence.

The fabulous conglomeration of communities east of Queens which is commonly referred to as Long Island, is quickly becoming totally dependent on New York City. Because that most expensive traffic jam in the world is our only land access to the rest of the United States, hampering the movement of people and goods to and from Nassau and Suffolk.

Yet this need not be. We don't have to sit idly by while our two-county bottle gets more tightly corked up by our metropolitan neighbor. A bridge or bridges across the Long Island Sound to New England would end our isolation.

How is this TASCA's concern?

It is true, we are home-owners in South Freeport. But isn't it also true that foreclosures in Suffolk eventually will depress property values in the entire area? Isn't it equally plain that rising relief rolls out East eventually will affect taxes, job opportunities and businesses generally in our western portion?

Everybody familiar with the rising economic problems of Suffolk agrees that they are caused primarily by the prohibitive transportation costs to and from other parts of the U. S.

A Long Island-New England bridge would open two-way traffic. We could reach such centers as Boston, New Haven or Springfield direct, and not be at the mercy of the Bronx. Visitors

from New England money in our out having to a hundred mile electronic a could reach half the time

Preliminary the planners eastern part Its cost would tolls. All the support. As who want to p lues' and who s ternate with TASCA members movement for

FUTURE

Al K

We, the pe ated Village being offered opportunity, with months, of or deteriora for the futu adopt will b consequently all people t regarding th

The first to make is revise or re land use pla planning cor decision can the people land use pla accomplish. zoning map a tion of the village. W the Village map the patt working in

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from New England could spend time and money in our stores and resorts without having to double-back as much as a hundred miles. The products of our electronic and aerospace industries could reach customers to the north in half the time and a third of the cost.

Preliminary studies have convinced the planners that a bridge over the eastern part of the Sound is practical. Its cost would be wholly absorbed by tolls. All that is needed is popular support. "As enlightened home owners who want to preserve our property values and who realize that we grow or stagnate with the rest of Long Island, TASCA members should be leaders in the movement for the L.I.-N.E. bridge.

FUTURE FREEPORT by Al Koedding

We, the people of The Incorporated Village of Freeport are being offered the unique opportunity, within the next few months, of planning the growth or deterioration of our village for the future. Which plan we adopt will be largely irrevocable consequently, it is the duty of all people to inform themselves regarding the alternatives.

The first difficult decision to make is shall we adopt, modify, revise or reject the preliminary land use plan proposed by the planning consultants. This decision can be made only when the people understand what the land use plan is and what it can accomplish. Essentially a zoning map and the pictorialization of the master plan for the village. With the adoption by the Village Board of this type map the patterns of living and working in Freeport can be

changed. Decisions of this magnitude should be based on facts, figures, and an intelligent evaluation of all the data. TASCA's sub-committee on the Urban Renewal Program is vitally interested in the land use plan and attempted to obtain from the Village Planning Commission a copy of the present zoning map of the village. The committee was astonished upon learning that such a map did not exist. Personally, I was shocked and unable to understand how the planning commission could plan a change when they knew not what they were changing. Therefore, I suggest to the people and the planning board that the first thing that is required is a map showing the existing zoning. Furthermore, I suggest that it is essential to know the present land uses (including roads) and the percentage of area allocated to the various land uses. Having obtained these basic figures and having similar figures for any proposed land use map it then becomes relatively easy to compare the two sets of figures (present and future) and the two sets of maps (present and future). With this basic information we can individually decide if the proposed future Freeport will be as we wish.

THE ATLANTIC SOUTH CIVIC ASSOCIATION BOX 65, FREEPORT, NEW YORK APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

I/we hereby apply for membership in The Atlantic South Civic Association (TASCA) and herewith enclose membership fee of \$2.00 for the year 19__.

(Please Print.)

Husband _____ (Address) _____
Wife _____
Signature _____ (Telephone) _____
Signature _____ Date _____ 19__

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CREATION OF THE MID-ISLAND TRANSIT SYSTEM

February 1, 1963, the end of our grace period in Bellmore, we moved to our new headquarters in the New Cassel area of Westbury where we leased a block previously occupied by an automobile junkyard at 299 Main Street. We had a lift, two pits and four bays in the newly built garage, adequate offices in a remodeled building and a large parking area to accomodate all Star and Crestwood buses, with room for substantial expansion. I revised all our schedules so they originated in Hicksville, Westbury or Hempstead, which are in the middle of Long Island, and thereby eliminated a great deal of dead-head mileage and time from and to Bellmore, which is on the South Shore. Eventually we formed the Mid-Island Transit System, with Hicksville the hub of our operation, from which our franchised bus routes radiated like spokes of a wheel as can be seen on our route diagram.

Unfortunately we moved into our new facility on a week when the temperature ranged from minus 10°C to minus 25°C. It was a hardship on our entire staff, both in moving and in getting established. But the real disaster came early in March when the thaw began and the ground in the parking area caved in. It turned out that the contractor did not complete filling and surfacing because of the freezing weather and that he mislead us when he said the place was ready when a good part of the yard was merely ice.

It was a nightmarish three weeks. We had to park the buses on the streets, fuel them with extended hoses attached to the Diesel and gasoline pumps in the middle of the yard, repair and service them outdoors during bitter cold weather, since the ground leading to the garage was an impassable sea of mud, and carry on our work under conditions that made every minor routine a Herculean task. Never before had I seen a group of employees perform as heroically as our did. They stubbornly and good-humoredly carried on their respective tasks as if they were in a war or some rescue mission. It was a relief for everybody when the ground drained and dried and the contractor returned and surfaced the yard.

Once we were together in New Cassel, Bess and I became a team. We drove to work together in the morning and went home together at whatever time the busier of us that day was done. The only exception was Saturday, when she took off to do our house work, while I attended to the business seven days a week, taking off only occasion-

ally when pressing social obligations arose. We tended our gardens Saturday and Sunday afternoons and evenings under flood lights. We snatched a few hours for boating, fishing or clamming now and then, did our reading mostly at night and devoted an indispensable amount of time to community and social life.

Eventually, when our associates withdrew and we paid them out, I held the office of President and Treasurer and Bess was vice-president and secretary. It was truly a family affair.

The main reason our partners pulled out was that they had a very profitable summer day camp business and saw no attraction in going deeper into the bus business. Bus and I on the other hand, for whom the bus operation was not only our sole source of income but also a dedicated public obligation, knew that we could not make a go of it unless we refurbished our fleet with new buses. That required large sums of money for down-payments and even larger obligations to financial institutions for the credit portions.

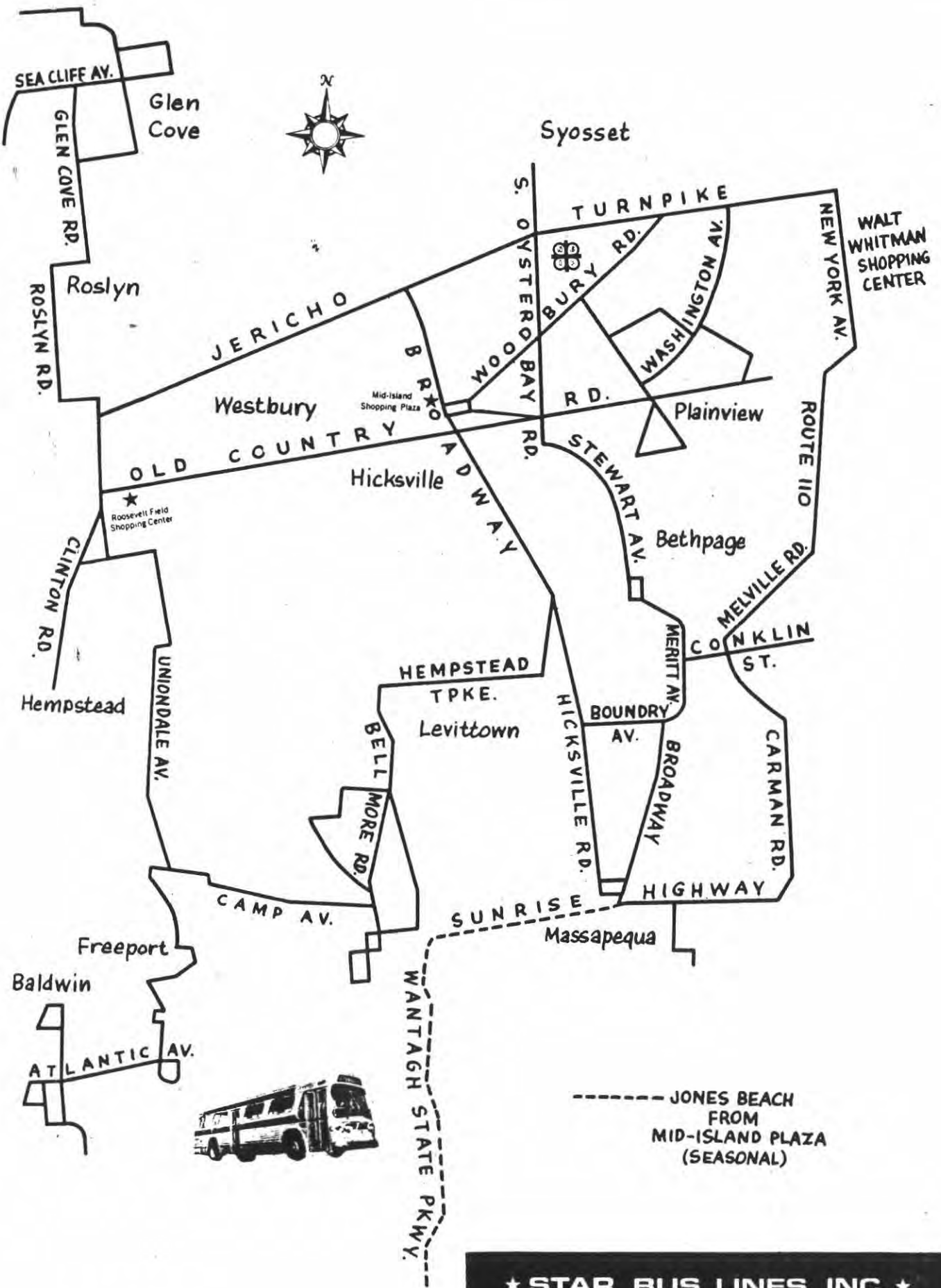
At the time we bought Star the General Motors representative admitted to us that G.M.C. would not sell new equipment to Star in view of its poor reputation. Bess and I therefore formed the Garden Main Corporation, named for the two streets where our headquarters was located, and financed it with our own savings, by remortgaging our house and borrowings from family. We then confronted General Motors with a debt-free, well capitalized leasing company that had a guaranteed client, our own captive Star Bus. In order further to enhance the image of the operation we changed Star's name to Mid-Island Transit System and thereby wiped out all vestiges of its unfavorable reputation. Mid-Island Transit was blazoned on all our new buses and they soon became a common sight on the streets of Nassau and Suffolk counties and during frequent charter trips to the five boroughs of New York City and beyond.

Our first "New Look" or "Fishbowl" coaches were delivered to us January 2, 1964 and thereafter we obtained a total of twenty-one new transit and suburban buses with large seating capacity and, for that period, the greatest comfort. We not only used those coaches on our regular routes, but on weekends and holidays we performed many charter trips which increased our income and our drivers' earnings. The pressure was always on us to meet weekly payrolls, the monthly rent, interest and amortization payments, insurance installments, fuel bills, tire mileage rental charges, parts invoices,

payroll taxes and at the end of the year to pay for one hundred and thirty sets of license plates, down-payments on insurance and taxes for the preceeding year.

We pioneered in every direction open to us whenever we considered it advantageous to the needs of our business or in the public interest. Mid-Island was among the first to receive a contrat from the Urban Mass Transportation Administration for experimental bus service from poverty areas to industrial and commercial centers so that workers without cars could get to plants and stores that needed semi-skilled and unskilled labor. We ran experimental routes to new communities, we prevailed upon town and county officials to hire buses seasonally to take people without cars, especially the very young and old, to beaches, parks and other recreational facilities, and dealt with universities to arrange bus transportation to college campuses located in remote areas and with many other groups where bus service would either relieve traffic congestion or provide transportation for those who were otherwise deprived of desirable mobility. Periodically we donated bus trips to non-profit organizations to serve children, handicapped, or aging. At all times we lobbied before civic, legislative and administrative bodies for support of mass transportation and wept up the campaign for survival and revival of public transit.

1. Schematic map of Star Bus Lines routes, later changed to Mid-Island Transit System.
2. Statement by Maurice to Transportation Planners Conference in Hofstra University, March 12, 1966.
3. Proposals for a Nassau County transit system made in December, 1967.
4. Statement of February 20, 1969 to Joint Legislative Committee. The then Supervisor of the Town of Huntington Jerome Ambro, now a U.S. Congressman, approached me after I made that statement and I subsequently became his informal, unpaid consultant on public transportation.



★ STAR BUS LINES, INC. ★

1961

Planners Must Challenge the "Great Strangler"

by

Maurice Forge

The group assembled here this morning needs no statistics or graphs to be convinced that parking of private automobiles while out of use is the biggest consumer of our vital space. This "Great Strangler" -- parking -- is going to get us, unless we do something soon to curb his appetite.

As a mass transportation carrier, we in the bus business come to you stigmatized as special pleaders. But in the present admitted critical transportation dilemma, we are just as social-minded as doctors and scientists who plead for the better utilization of their knowledge and facilities for the common good.

It is quite fashionable nowadays for local authorities to invoke the magic word "planning". And there is no question but considerably more actual planning goes on now than ever before. But of all the areas of designing rules for social coexistence, in the field of building codes and zoning, "planning" has been more honored in the breach than in observance, resulting in the vast asphalt steppes in the contemporary American scene.

Let me hasten to concede the parking facilities are indispensable. However, castor oil is also useful. But do we glut ourselves on castor oil? Why then the glut of parking lots?

When Americans began to rush everywhere in their private automobile, most officials concerned with road building, parking

and traffic regulations didn't stop long enough to inquire:
Is the automobile the best way to get to all the places these
impatient Americans are going?

No. Our officials, driven by the onrush of the automobile,
were stampeded into a mad scramble of parking field planting.
The more parking spaces were provided, the more automobiles
with the usual single occupant rushed to fill them. The easier
it became to park, the more the cars were used for uneconomic
trips. The more cars were indiscriminately used, the more roads
were built. Thus the fantastic spiral of more cars - more roads -
more parking fields, and still more cars - still more roads -
still more parking fields, goes on ad infinitum.

The day is not far off when we will be obliged to double-
deck the entire continent to make room for farms, homes, factories,
atomic energy laboratories, offices, other more or less useful
structures and facilities, such as parks, courtrooms and, of
course, a university or two.

In the foreseeable future, there is no better candidate
for the job of "Giant Killer" than local mass transportation --
railroads, subways and buses -- because the deadly strangling effect
of the automobile results almost exclusively from the repetitive
process of daily commuting and short local trips which require
parking facilities in the most congested areas.

Can mass transportation do the job?

Yes. But we need a fighting chance.

What we need are fair ground rules and an honest referee in the contest for equilibrium between private and mass transportation.

These rules have their inception in the zoning and building codes. That's where the stage is set for the ultimate consequences -- whether the automobile is subjected to rational restraints, or the uneconomic use of the private car goes hogwild.

Up until now local authorities have bent one-sidedly to the automobile. Most zoning and building codes force owners or sponsors of all kinds of facilities to set aside an overabundance of parking facilities, thus legally creating unlimited expansion of the indiscriminate use of private automobiles. These same codes, both by omission and commission, place many obstacles in the way of mass transportation.

It is time we departed from this irrational "planning" which contains built-in bias against mass transportation.

We appeal to you, the planners, to devote your wealth of information, your talents and your dedication to guide village, town, county and city officials engaged in writing and administering zoning and building codes to recognize the "Great Strangler" and to cope with him in a rational, effective way.

Here are some of the things we suggest you explore:

1. Advisability of reducing requirements for private car parking facilities in proportion to the means for mass transportation that they make available to and from their sites.

2. Establishment of standards for off-street bus loading at major industrial and mercantile areas.

3. Requirement of easy bus access to government buildings, parks, recreational facilities and educational institutions.

4. Better access of buses to Long Island Rail Road stations.

5. Consideration of suggesting a charge to employees for parking automobiles while they are at work; conversely, reimbursement of train and bus fares to employees who use mass transportation facilities. Governmental agencies and institutions could set patterns at first, and then encourage private industry to adopt the methods.

We know it is unpopular to challenge any national pastime -- in this case the indiscriminate use of the private car -- even when it becomes a deadly menace. But somebody has to take on the "Great Strangler" by setting up rules that will make a fair and equal contest between him and mass transportation.

No one is more suited for this courageous role than the planners who usually are maligned for proposing new ways and new benefits of technology, but seldom get credit when the beneficial results begin to flow.

Statement by
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To: Transportation Planning
Conference
Hofstra University
Hempstead, N.Y.

March 12, 1966

A Bus System for Nassau County
In the Last Quarter of the 20th Century

by

Maurice Forge

Most planners will tell you that if unscheduled individual automobile travel continues to expand at the present rate, Megalopolis will choke on its traffic.

But they will quickly add that it need not be. One of the logical preventive measures advanced by students of urban problems is to replace every 50 cars that enter the highways at whim with one 50-passenger public conveyance. For the immediate future this means the rapid expansion of a planned bus system.

What kind of bus system do we need?

First, let's define the goals for such a bus system, so that we can equip it with the means capable of achieving the desired ends.

The ultimate task of an effective bus system on the eve of the 21st Century is indeed herculean. Its job is nothing less than to entice the highly mobile, pampered, restless people out of their impulsive, convenient -- but nonetheless destructive -- mode of travel and to win them over to rational -- but admittedly restrictive -- scheduled mass travel. To achieve this task, even if only partly, is one of the prerequisites for urban survival.

It is, of course, possible, theoretically at least, to

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create a bus system that would bring about instant conversion of our highly mobile individual travellers to the exclusive use of mass transportation. But it cannot be done in practice because we are dealing with subjective factors. We must contend with the widespread personal mobility that resulted from the phenomenal expansion of road building and automobile production after World War II. This flow of cars enabled Americans to make a reality of the fabled seven-league boots. Given a few dollars and a driver's license, anyone over sixteen could cover in a day as many miles as primitive man walked in a year.

Fortunately, survival of rational society does not now require universal, or even majority, switch to mass travel. All we need is a more reasonable balance. In simple terms for the U.S., it means that we have to get a few million single-rider cars to stay off the roads and get those drivers into a few thousand buses.

On Long Island even this modest goal cannot be achieved with our present bus networks. These, at best, are motorized trackless versions of the trolley car lines, that run between overgrown hamlets, over former Indian trails, cowpaths and pioneer turnpikes. In view of government and public indifference until recently toward the plight of ground transportation facilities, it may be considered a miracle that we have any bus service at all. For whatever bus service there is, the private transportation companies can claim credit that they held on with ingenuity, tenacity and unbelievably hard work.

But credit alone is not enough. The bus industry needs material help. They also need some guidance. Until now their inspiration to carry on sprang from the hope that the past will come back, that some day they will again be as indispensable as the good old trolley car was in Little Old New York. But recapturing the past won't do. Our needs are quite different for the future.

The indispensable features of a bus system for our times must be mobility, comfort and cost at a level of competitiveness with the individual car.

Here are some of the ingredients.

Competitive Mobility

Route alignment for maximum service in inter-county, intra-county, inter-community and local feeder lines.

Coordinated transfer points at strategically located terminals and interchanges.

Phased scheduling in accordance with the day of the week (including Sundays), the times of day, the seasons, and the occupational and personal movements of riders so as to offer maximum flexibility.

High degree of frequency at peak hours.

Multiple destinations.

Closeness to home and to destination.

Competitive Comfort

Pleasant equipment.

Trained, courteous and well-paid drivers.

Waiting rooms, bus shelters, benches and other amenities.

Reasonably spaced express trips at peak travel times.

Exclusive bus lanes on busy thoroughfares.

Competitive Costs

Retention of present bus fares, or even reduction.

System of Thru-Ride Fares.

Weekly, monthly, seasonal and annual commutation arrangements for peak hour riders. Special arrangements for students, college personnel, park and beach visitors, senior citizens and other potential off-peak riders.

Such a bus system cannot, of course, be instituted at once. There is neither the public will, nor the funds, to undertake such a gigantic task all at one time.

We have to start with what we have and mold it into what we need as quickly as practicable.

A look at the bus map of Nassau County produces several distinct impressions:

1. The obvious inadequacy and insufficiency of bus routes in the entire area.
2. The division of the County into two bus bulges: (a) the one in the west, while favoring Hempstead as a partial hub, tends to be generally an east-west pattern. (b) the one in the east, mainly converges on Hicksville as a sort of hub in a design of wheel spokes.

Starting from the premise that we should proceed on the basis of priorities, one of the immediate tasks is to begin a fast flow of workers from poor neighborhoods to jobs. The service to be provided should, however, be projected in such a manner as to leave permanent structural and operational benefits for the area's transit system.

In the western portion, that is the area roughly bounded by the Nassau-Queens county line, Meadowbrook Parkway, Long Island Sound and the Atlantic, there are not many large plants

or large industrial parks. There is, however, much industry, many store clusters, office building complexes, many affluent communities (where much domestic help is employed) and other job producing facilities. In the southerly fringe of this area a large belt of medium, poor and slum communities are rapidly spreading. These include parts of Rockville Centre, Lakeview, Freeport, Roosevelt, Uniondale, Hempstead, and so forth.

An article in NEWSDAY of October 11, 1967, reporting on a Senior Citizens Fall Conference, highlighted the urgent need for better bus service:

A more serious and immediate problem, the delegates said, was that of transportation. Elderly persons have complained that because of inadequate north-south bus transportation, they are unable to travel unless they own a car. Roland Magee, coordinator of the center (in Uniondale) said the situation is "so acute in Nassau County it is actually causing drop-outs from our senior citizens' programs."

Lack of bus service unquestionably also causes "dropouts" from jobs and from vocational schools and colleges.

Dramatically improved bus service that would connect the south, middle and north portions of this area could bring the unemployed, underemployed and mis-employed dwellers of these areas to the rich homes, the office buildings and the stores and plants that dot the entire area.

Additional north-south routes and a few more east-west spurs in sparsely served areas, could create a practical bus grid in the western portion of Nassau for better intra-area service and for further improvement of connections with Queens and with the eastern half of Nassau and Suffolk.

Ultimately, the interchange for this sub-system could remain in Hempstead or be shifted to Roosevelt Field, Mitchel Field or Mineola, as deemed in the best interests of a comprehensive bus system.

As to the eastern portion, the bull's eye is, of course, the Grumman complex in Bethpage. Even by itself, Grumman is the core of employment on Long Island. But the rest of the picture makes even Grumman appear as a pigmy.

Roughly surrounding Grumman is Engineers Hill and other Plainview industrial areas, Nassau Crossways Industrial Park, Route 110, Syosset industrial parks, the Woodbury industrial park under construction, Shames, New Cassel, Roosevelt Field, Carle Place, Old Bethpage, and hundreds of large and small units of industry. Within this area are other giants of employment - Walt Whitman Shopping Center, Plainview Shopping Center, Mid-Island Plaza, Roosevelt Field, Bar Harbor, Levittown - Bethpage - East Meadow and lots more.

Several hundred thousand people live within short bus rides of this huge job-producing complex. Nearly all major poverty areas are within a bus ride of all or most of these locations.

The eastern half of Nassau forms a natural pattern for a radial transit system converging on Hicksville.

Bus service originating in job-hungry areas, scheduled with high frequency, going to several destinations in the morning and reverse in the afternoon would give acceptable service and a great selection of employment.

These buses could be directed over different service patterns in the later morning, forenoon and early afternoon to serve white collar workers, students, shoppers and senior citizens. In the evening the buses could be routed for recreational phasing.

Why do we believe these steps are feasible now?

These are some of the factors making better bus service more urgent:

Increasing road congestion.

Saturation of parking space.

Pyramiding highway construction costs.

Rapid rise in number of persons gainfully employed on the Island itself.

Sharp rise in colleges and other institutions of learning to which tens of thousands of young people commute regularly.

Relative increase of teenage and senior population.

There are ample signs that public desire and funds are becoming available to create favorable conditions for the growth

of a comprehensive transit system on which a substantial portion of residents could rely to fill their basic transportation needs. Eventually whole families could abandon their cars, and certainly could resist the temptation to acquire a second or third car because they will be able to depend on getting around by bus.

Here are some straws in the wind:

Passage of the \$2.5 billion state transportation bond issue

HUD-TSTC AND HUD-T of H demonstration projects.

Significant evidence that government at all levels is ready to help private surface transportation do its duty.

Signs of awareness of transportation crisis by industries on Long Island.

If we start with the assumption that, as a simple matter of survival, Nassau and Suffolk Counties need a public transportation system capable of substituting for the private automobile to hundreds of thousands of its residents, then now is the time to create one. Private bus company executives hold that this kind of bus system can be supplied by continued private ownership, assisted, where necessary, by public funds, on this basis:

Provide the service as outlined earlier with pleasant equipment, reasonable fares, high frequency, multiple destinations, proximity to homes and destinations.

Add adequate service for the same people for their non-employment riding, so that they would not need a car for recreation, visiting, transaction of personal business, such as

going to a doctor, lawyer, dentist, tax office, court and so forth.

Create an atmosphere of acceptability of bus riding by inducing executives, politicians, educators, clergy, professional and other influential people to show examples by being seen riding buses.

Get children and teens to acquire bus-riding habits before they are old enough to go for cars.

Have employers offer inducements, such as imposing restrictions on parking lot use and subsidizing bus fares.

Promote constant public awareness of bus use - with bus stop signs, shelters, maps, timetables and other repetitive publicity.

Integrate into franchised bus system such mandatory bus uses as school transportation, drafttees, park activities, etc.

Stimulate local governments to plan and erect bus terminals and general transportation centers as complementary facilities.

Institute spectacular promotional drives, such as the Los Angeles Extra CAR campaign, for utilization of existing bus routes.

Start a concerted drive to obtain I.C.C. rights for Nassau bus operators from Nassau County.

Explore advisability of establishing bus routes from Nassau to Catskills, Rye Beach, Montauk and other popular resorts.

Introduce computerized operation, maintenance and administration.

Establish permanent liaison between County administration and bus system for continuous study, modification, and innovation to meet changing needs and take advantage of rising opportunities.

MHF12/3/67

POSEIDON

Statement to: Joint Legislative Committee, February 20, 1969

By: Maurice H. Forge, President, Mid-Island Transit System, Inc.

Fifteen inches of snow fell on metropolitan New York Sunday, February 9, 1969. The transportation paralysis that ensued dramatized the extent to which our civilized environment has been encroaching on a basic human right - the right to personal mobility.

The right to personal mobility - that is freedom of movement - is fundamental. Except when incarcerated for a crime, a citizen has the same right to move about freely as he has the right to breathe fresh air, drink wholesome water, have sanitary sewer disposal, be protected against fire, and enjoy personal safety and social security.

How did our right to personal mobility become jeopardized?

Technology, which produced so many life-sustaining and life-saving benefits, has by its own excesses brought many ill effects with it, such as air, water and soil pollution and deforestation.

The same technological society has also gradually destroyed or impaired every previous mode of personal mobility enjoyed by mankind since primitive times - on foot, in a canoe, on the back of a beast, or in a cart. And now, even the widespread personal mobility attained only recently with the private automobile is fast being negated by its own excesses. It seems we are bent on playing out Oswald Spengler's morbid predictions that the uncontrolled use of private automobiles would bring us to a standstill and convert our speedways into involuntary parking fields.

The prodigious production of automobiles since World War II did more than change our mode of travel. Our entire economy has become excessively dependent on the production, servicing, accommodating, insuring, regulating and general preoccupation with the private automobile. Government on every level has neglected the varied and long-range needs of the men and women behind the steer-

ing wheels, because legislators and administrators have been absorbed with the chassis under the people. For an entire generation, American society appears to have been governed not as hitherto - as a nation of "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief" - but as an undifferentiated mass of compulsive motorists.

Just as we failed to guard against the ill-effects of otherwise beneficial insecticides, disinfectants, fertilizers, lumber production and other industrial activities, we seem to have ignored the social limitation of the private automobile. Instead of using the private automobile for what it is - essentially a pleasure car for the occasional use on a family trip or as a professional buggy for the salesman, doctor, clergyman or other itinerant occupation - we have turned it into an instrument of pollution, despoiler of our natural resources, destroyer of scenic beauty and avaricious consumer of precious land space, national productive capacity, limited natural resources, and life itself.

So, before we fall into temptation to rationalize the catastrophe of February 9, 1969 as a freak happening and before we start hunting for some convenient scapegoat in our village, town, county, city or state, whom we can blame for not bringing out the plows soon enough, or for not enticing reluctant snow-shovelers with high enough wages, or for some other irrelevancy, let us face the unpleasant but inescapable truth that all of us are guilty.

All of us are at fault because we failed to foresee the dangerous consequences of indiscriminate use of the private automobile and even joined the wild orgy of the two, three, four and five-car family.

Now we have the hangovers and the headaches. Are we big enough, and do we have sufficient self-interest, to take the full cure?

Let us admit that the era of the motorist-catering politician and administrator is at an end. From now on the leader in government, education and industry who bows and scrapes before "The Motorists" is doomed. Acknowledgment and reward will go to those who fearlessly point the way out of our dilemma.

There was a time when elected officials were shy about telling a homeowner he couldn't burn leaves, or a factory manager he couldn't let his plant spew waste into lakes and rivers, or utilities that they had to stop belching noxious smoke out of stacks, or lumbermen and paper mills that they had to replace felled trees. ~ Until recently we have been even more frightened about tackling our most sacred of all "sacred cows" - the private automobile user.

The time has come to speak out and to act.

Government at every level should inaugurate campaigns of dissemination of facts about the consequences of indiscriminate use of the private automobile. At the same time we should intensify preparation of plans, and means of their implementation, that will build into the structure of our cities, suburbs, and even semi-rural areas such facilities as modern railroads, metromode bus systems, interurban helicopter links, moving sidewalks, escalators and a network of supporting taxicabs that will provide fast, versatile, convenient, economical and esthetic means of travel, assuring an individual complete freedom to move about at any time, in any place, to whatever destination, without being hampered by snow-falls, summer crushers or unpredictable traffic jams.

Let us reaffirm the right of every American to personal mobility and proceed to provide the means of transportation suitable for our complex and densely compacted society - an integrated system of travel that will assure each of us true freedom of movement.

THE END OF ANOTHER CAREER

When Nassau and Suffolk, the two Long Island counties outside New York City, began to experience rapid expansion of their suburban communities by the influx of people from the central city after the Second World War most of their legislators and administrators considered the rapid growth an unmixed blessing. Farm land prices were booming as much of it was being developed for housing, more people were moving in to patronize local businesses, and municipalities were enjoying increased revenue from larger populations and looked forward for more to come. They must have visualized the future quantitatively - more homeowners commuting to the City for jobs and income and spending it on Long Island - instead of qualitatively, that is the change in the character of the communities by the onset of urbanization that is unavoidable with congestion.

Just because political leaders did not foresee it did not prevent the inevitable from happening. Villages and towns in search of broader tax bases, enticed industry and commerce and permitted multiple-dwelling houses. Drawn to the suburbs by cheaper land and labor and lower taxes, many businesses moved there on their own. Long Island was being industrialized and urbanized at the same time its single-family homes were spreading. Since they took few or no precautions to minimize them, the same conditions that brought segregation, discrimination, slums, poverty and crime to the older cities began to produce like results in Suffolk and Nassau.

We recognized these developments in their early stages and cited them when we applied for the UMTA grant as soon as that agency announced its plans to assist urban mass transportation.

Public officials generally do not wish to admit adverse development in their jurisdictions and are inclined to ignore them until the symptoms break out into the open. Our first task therefore was to overcome the tendency to deny that their communities had acquired large and growing pockets of poverty with the same characteristics as older cities such as New York, Cleveland, Newark, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Chicago and Washington. We took extensive photographs showing deteriorating housing and clusters of young people obviously living under conditions of enforced idleness. We interviewed employers in new industrial parks, consulted with various agencies concerned with finding employment for disadvantaged people and produced much evidence of the reality of local poverty,

and limited access to jobs while at the same time there were labor shortages in industrial plants that were only accessible by car.

In the end we prevailed. The then Nassau County Executive Eugene N. Nickerson, now a federal judge, North Hempstead Town Supervisor Sol Wachtler, now a New York State judge, and the late Nelson A. Rockefeller, then New York State Governor, agreed to sponsor our application to UMTA. Our plan was finally approved and a combined grant from deferal, state county and town sources of \$2,222,222.00 was channeled through the Tri-State Transportation Commission, of which our Mid-Island Transit System (MIT) ultimately received about half for its contracts to transport workers from low-income neighborhoods to industrial parks and other high employment areas. Many of these subsidized routes became self-supporting after the assistance projects ended.

The owners of the other bus companies at first sneered at my efforts, first predicting that I would not succeed and then warning that government "meddling" would deprive private business of its initiative and independence. It was my contention that a relatively free government can act constructively in transferring income from the more affluent to the more deprived and by its taxing and subsidizing processes correct the tendency in a competitive society for the rich to get richer and the poor to get poorer. To my initiative came from a desire to do socially beneficial deeds and independence did not flow from constraints on our ability to serve those who most needed transportation but could not afford to pay it. In any case, the other owners soon changed their minds and applied for UMTA funds. Eventually they received the other half of the allotment for various projects in their respective operating territories.

Our work was not without lighter moments. I had a lot of fun posing for pictures with officers of the Ancient Order of Hybernians when they made me an honorary member in appreciation of furnishing buses without charge for their charitable activities. I even became a football booster by joining Jet star John Schmitt in some radio promotion of a good cause. Bess and I went to political banquets, attended community affairs and numerous civic functions, always pressing for support for public transportation. At one \$150.00-a-plate political dinner a bank president sat between Bess and me and in conversation between courses we negotiated a loan for the purchase

of buses. Whenever we inaugurated a new service, extended a bus line, or acquired new buses, we invited a mayor, a supervisor or even a higher official, who either previously helped promote public transportation or could do so in the future, appear on publicity photographs which made their way into local publications.

Attendance at Met baseball games and Jet football games in Shea Stadium in Flushing, and Yankee and Giant games in Yankee Stadium in the Bronx from Nassau and Suffolk counties grew dramatically as the population grew. Nearly all such spectators drove from Long Island by automobile which overtaxed highway and parking facilities and used up excessive petroleum fuel. When we ascertained these facts we applied to the State Department of Transportation and to the two counties for franchises to run buses from our various terminals to the two arenas. Our drivers naturally thought it was a great idea; the more runs, the more work and greater earnings for them.

As usual, I wanted to enlist the ideas, initiative and goodwill of our drivers. I discussed the idea of bus service to the stadiums with the president of Local 252, my old T.W.U. alma mater, who also liked the plan. We called a meeting of our drivers to talk it over. About a third of our drivers attended, exceeding our most optimistic expectations. They came to this gathering at M.I.T. on their own time, sacrificing part of their Sunday. First I outlined the proposed routes, the projected frequency of service and likely method of operation and then threw the floor open to them. Nearly every one present wanted to be heard and the presentation of their ideas - bad, indifferent, good and brilliant - lasted longer than I normally allow a meeting to drag on. But it was worth it.

It was agreed that as much of the stadium routes as possible should be over expressways so as to provide the speediest service. Buses should start from the Walt Whitman Shopping Mall in Huntington, Mid-Island Plaza in Hicksville, Roosevelt Field Shopping Center in Garden City and the Hempstead bus terminal. All buses would be equipped with two-way radios. On Saturdays, Sundays and holidays and on other days when games of special interest were scheduled, we would have one or more spare coaches stand by at Mid-Island to go in line as needed by passenger loads.

Most of the drivers at the meeting insisted on going on a dry run the following Sunday so that they would be more familiar with

with the stadium routes. Accordingly, dry-runs to Shea and Yankee were held and we worked out some minor and major difficulties that were not foreseen on paper. On the way back to the garage we took the whole busload of drivers to a restaurant as guests of M.I.T. and had a modest celebration of our coming venture.

As is usual with regulatory agencies, it takes time to get a decision but once an order comes down it usually calls for instant compliance. Comply we did. The first Sunday of operation to Yankee Stadium went off like the performance of a symphony orchestra. The drivers, converging from all starting points as they synchronized their movements by two-way radio, distributed their passengers so that coach was overloaded and none unnecessarily underloaded. It was one of the most successful ventures we undertook. For months after we inaugurated the stadium routes we received letters and telephone calls praising our drivers on the Shea and Yankee routes and the comfort, economy and convenience of the service.

The way T.W.U. Local 252 came to represent all our employees was also a result of cooperative efforts. The workers of Star Bus had been in Local 252 since I organized them back in 1941. However, Crestwood drivers and mechanics belonged to some unaffiliated union which we inherited from Raybern. There was no firm evidence that any of its leaders were racketeers, but I found them quite unsavory. Later, when they no longer represented any of our employees, some of them went to jail for extortion and bribery. When we moved to New Cassel, Crestwood employees began to take up their problems and grievances with Local 252 delegates who visited us on behalf of the Star members. Nobody bothered to call the other local and its officers never showed up, although Crestwood employees were in the majority because shortly after we moved we built up our school fleet to nearly one hundred vehicles.

There was no formal change of representation. Crestwood employees were asked that we stop deducting their dues for the old local and gradually all of them signed up with T.W.U. Local 252. Under New York State law when a union does not serve its members and does not collect dues for ninety days or longer it is subject to decertification. The unaffiliated local simply expired as far as our garage was concerned. I did not see the officers of that local again until 1971, when I worked for Island Transportation where they were the representatives of the petroleum truck drivers and maintenance employees through a private deal with the owners of I.T.C. It was

then that I learned that the same local also came to represent the Raybern workers by a deal with its owners and were never chosen by the employees nor certified by the State Labor Board.

Early in our operation of Star we received reports from our drivers that some of their passengers had long and complex travel to get from their homes in New York City to New Plants in Nassau. We also had some inquiries from employers who moved their business or located here. Some of these employees had the expense of driving long distances in cars over congested highways. Others depended on unreliable car pools. Still others had to take two or three different buses or trains to get to work and to repeat the process on the way home. As a result, we made agreement with employers for contract transportation from various parts of New York City to plants on Long Island. At one time we had a dozen coaches in such service. In one plant, where they worked in three shifts, we had buses making three round trips every working day.

These contract buses were a great help to the plant owners and their employees and gave us the revenue with which to subsidize our unprofitable public routes which we were determined to keep going until policies and habits towards travel changed in favor of mass transit. In most cases the employees we brought from New York were due in Nassau or Suffolk county just about the time when the morning commuters from these places started taking buses to the Long Island Railroad trains to the City. When these buses discharged their passengers at the plants they were only a few minutes from the suburban routes. They would mesh right into our morning schedule.

Maximum utilization of equipment is the key to economical operation. Whenever possible we dovetailed our various services to avoid waste. It was not unusual for us to offer clients reduced rates in return for agreeing to have our buses they chartered arrive or leave a few minutes earlier or later so that we could make better use of the coaches before or after the charter and shared the savings with them.

The resourcefulness and cooperation of our employees was truly astonishing at times and a source of great satisfaction to Bess and me. Almost unfailingly, our drivers would telephone headquarters as soon as they learned of an emergency or an unusual situation. Because we trained them to be factual we were able most of the time to receive from them factual reports of events. This was extremely important in matters involving our own operation. For instance,

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whenever there was a derailment on the Long Island Railroad or a power failure or some other interruption of service on one of its routes they would call for buses to take the stranded passengers to their destinations. Since our bus routes crossed many L.I.R. lines, our drivers often were among the first to learn of these emergencies. Our drivers usually would telephone us immediately and as a consequence we sometime learned of a railroad problems from our drivers as fast as or sooner than the L.I.R. headquarters heard of it. When we anticipated that an incident might involve our being called on to provide emergency bus service we would start getting ready and thus be ready to respond with extreme promptness. In one case we had a relief bus at the Hicksville Station before the railroad called us because one of our drivers reported that trains could not go west of Hicksville because of a derailment between there and Westbury.

Similarly, in 1965 when a breakdown in the regional electrical grid threw the entire New York area into a massive blackout, our drivers telephoned us from wherever they happened to be. We gave them instructions that as soon as they completed their own trips they were to go to the nearest subway and L.I.R. locations and make themselves available for instructions to take stranded passengers to their destinations. These drivers thus helped thousands of people. Fortunately, power was restored the next day. Otherwise our buses would have been immobilized as well for lack of fuel since our pumps and the pumps in the petroleum distributing depot ran on electricity.

In 1967 General Motors paid tribute to the success of Mid-Island Transit with a story in one of its publications. Naturally, they boosted their own equipment, but the report was substantially correct and certainly accurate as far as the statistics were concerned. The story did not include Crestwood which used school buses only.

Our two-way radio call was KDH705 and each vehicle was identified by its number. Mine was unit one. Whenever I was on the road I had the receiver-transmitter on and could hear if there were any problems with which I could help. On the way to my destinations I would take routes over or near those traveled by our buses so that I could be close in the event of an emergency. In order to be able to render help quickly, I carried in the trunk of my car a fire extinguisher, an empty gasoline can, jump cables, a few cans of lubricating oil, and simple hand tools. If I heard a bus was stalled due to a dead battery, overheating, loss of oil pressure or some other trouble I

tried to reach it if I was in the vicinity and often arrived at the scene before our emergency truck. One time a school bus driver called in and reported that another driver's bus was low or out of gasoline. I wrote down the location, stopped at a service station and filled my spare can with five gallons of gasoline and reached the disabled bus in a few minutes. With the five gallons the driver could complete her immediate trips and with the ten dollars I gave her she later filled up with enough to complete the rest of the day and avoided the need to drive to our garage to refuel.

While away from our office I called frequently and kept Bess informed of my itinerary and of the time of my probable return. If she did not hear from me and had some urgent message or question, she would call me. One day when I had an especially busy schedule and had to return to the office in time to go to Albany for a P.S.C. inspectors' conference-dinner that evening, I kept Bess informed periodically. I inadvertently may have contributed to the perpetration of a crime at our office by stopping in a barber shop for a long-overdue haircut. That delayed my return by about three-quarters of an hour during which the robbery was carried out.

When I reentered there was no one at Nancy Force's desk in the front office. From the inside came distressed calls for help. As I opened the door I found Bess, Force and the bookkeeper hand-cuffed and in tears. During the time I was in the barber shop three thugs armed with pistols entered our offices and at gun point forced the three of them into the money-counting room and demanded the day's receipts. But there was no money because the currency and coins had been counted and taken to the bank about an hour earlier. The robbers insisted the women were lying and demanded that they open the safe. When they were told that the boss was the only one who had the combination and that he was out, they became angered and began to threaten the women. In desperation they took whatever cash each of the office staff had in her hand bag and ran away, after spraying mace into the women's eyes that caused tearing and temporary blindness.

This harrowing experience had a lasting effect on them, especially Force who was a Negro and somehow felt guilty because the robbers were black. We did not know whether that was the reason, but shortly after that incident she left us. The three women had to appear at the district attorney's office repeatedly and then in

court to give testimony and identify suspects. Bess was very displeased with the way the law enforcement officials acted. They seemed bent on disposing of the case, with a conviction if possible, but with little apparent consideration for witnesses or accused, at times treating the witnesses as if they were culprits. At one point the judge intervened and admonished the assistant district attorney not to badger the witness. After that episode we took greater security precautions to avoid exposing the office staff and other employees to similar invasion by robbers.

While most activities in a bus operation are routine and humdrum, occasionally there is such drama as the robbery, a power black-out, a bus catching fire, a fatal accident, a blizzard that buries the fleet in mountains of snow, and so forth. There are also comical or bizarre incidents. One such case came about when I was contacted by a public relations representative for the motion picture "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad World" and was asked to provide several buses to transport their staff and critics from the Syosset railroad station to the Syosset Cinema and return them after the premiere performance. I timed the operation by making a dry run with a bus, allowed for loading and unloading, for delays in traffic and other likely contingencies. On the basis of the number of persons they expected I calculated we would need ten buses to make one trip each from the station to the theatre and then one return trip each.

The day of the showing the representative called and told me they might have twice the number of visitors originally estimated. There was no way I could spare fifteen to twenty buses in late afternoon when we had to meet our own peak operation. He pressed me to try my best and I promised. I contacted several bus companies in the area but only one of them was willing to lease us three, or at best four buses. There was nothing left to do but substitute logistics for physical buses; or, as we say, "use mirrors."

Just before the launching of this operation I held a meeting with the drivers and set forth my plan. All the buses were to line up on the eastbound side of the station where trains from New York arrive. A dispatcher would speed up the loading by shooing the people into the vehicles and by discouraging any malingering. Drivers would pull away as soon as signaled. As each bus arrived at the theatre, passengers would be discharged from both doors and coaxed to step lively. The driver would hasten back to the railroad

station for a second load. I did not reveal the rest because it bordered on dubious legality.

When all the buses were lined up at the railroad station I drove to the intersection of Jackson Avenue and Jericho Turnpike where a complex traffic signal directed vehicles in a succession of movements east and west, north and south and right and left turns that consumed as much as four minutes in each cycle and frequently tied up the flow of traffic in some directions for two or more cycles. I sat in my car on the side of the road and as the first bus approached the intersection I stepped into the center of the road and halted all traffic except the vehicles coming southbound on Jackson Avenue, the direction of our buses, and turning east on Jericho Turnpike towards the Theatre. The first eight or nine buses whizzed by without losing a second.

Having achieved this safety margin, I stood to one side so as not to provoke any motorists to challenge me or to attract the attention of a passing police squad car. I only had to intervene once more when two of our buses were held up. As soon as the buses began to return from the theatre for their second trips I again stepped into the intersection and directed traffic, this time favoring the right turn for the vehicles coming west on Jericho Turnpike and turn north on Jackson Avenue. Just as the last bus was pulling away from the station the earlier buses began to pull in behind them and resumed loading for seconds. Throughout the showing of the film I was plotting the return trip and I missed a good deal of "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad World." But I did not feel any deficiency in my education because of my giving the film inadequate attention.

We repeated the procedure in the opposite direction when the show was over and our buses delivered the critics and staff back to the westbound side of the railroad in time to make the train to New York City. When we billed the producers for eighteen bus trips the representative balked. He had written down the bus numbers on the night of the operation and found four or or five duplications. I insisted that we contracted a price per bus trip and not per vehicle. After some protest and attempted haggling they conceded and paid the full amount. Not only was I convinced our position was fair, but my ingenious scheme and the bold traffic manipulation certainly justified the modest fee we quoted them in the first place.

I frequently wondered how we found the time and energy to take

part in community, political and cultural affairs after the demands upon our capacities by the bus operation, which went on endlessly regardless of season, day of the week or hour of the day, varying only in intensity. Yet we did.

From 1964 when United States involvement in the Indo-China colonial and civil war became more widely known, we were distressed about the actions of our government, especially after the fiasco of Dien Bien Phou and the Geneva Indo-China conference. Despite all the rhetoric by the defenders of our intervention, it was clear that President John F. Kennedy and later more openly President Lyndon B. Johnson were assuming the imperialist role which France abandoned when it recognized its military defeat and accepted the fact that the colonial era was closing, at least in East Asia.

Not being sufficiently brave to risk our own safety and the continuity of our business by open opposition to the spreading Viet Nam war, Bess and I did everything prudent within our means to express our disapproval to the government and to support the growing opposition. We tactfully discussed the war with some of our employees and stimulated them to judge the issues in the conflict with as much objectivity as each of them could muster. It was primarily through our desire to influence our country to end the Viet Nam war that we became more actively involved with the South Nassau Community Church located a few blocks from our house in Freeport. The pastor of that Church, Reverend Carleton Fisher, whom we knew, declared his candidacy for Congress on the sole issue^{of} bringing about United States withdrawal from Indo-China. While most of his congregation, being a liberal Protestant sect, approved or tolerated his action, the jingos in the village let loose a verbal attack on him. American Legionnaires and other uncritical supporters of war regardless of merit or even national interests, picketed the Unitarian Church, harassed the minister and the congregation and even threatened physical violence. Church members were obliged to establish patrol as a precaution against vandalism and incendiarism.

Bess and I used to attend lectures, concerts, bazaars, exhibits and theatrical performances at the Unitarian Church. But we never felt a desire to participate in liturgical activities since neither of us has a need to pray to a deity or seek satisfaction in ritual or communal imprecation to a supreme being. However, in response to Dr. Fisher's courageous and ethical actions in respect to the war we began to lend our direct financial support to S.N.U.C. and to

attend more activities there. Even after we moved from Freeport we have kept up our support for this unique organization which pursues humanist goals and activities and is foremost among those who resist unnecessary armaments, promote peace, strive to reduce pollution, contamination and dispoliation of the Earth, are for equal rights for all, practice racial, religious and general tolerance, and work for equitable and ethical relations among individuals and nations.

In the spring of 1969 I again had an opportunity to serve on a jury. This time it was a grand jury, which is not at all as frustrating as a trial jury can be. When I served in the civil trial jury in Queens we were not given a chance to decide a case. As soon as the attorneys for the two sides heard each other's evidence from the testimony and could assess their respective probability of obtaining a favorable verdict, they would ask for an adjournment during which they settled without a jury determination. In the grand jury, however, we did not determine anyone's guilt but had to decide in each case whether to issue a "true bill" or refuse to indict.

It took a few cases presented to us on the grand jury for me to catch on the way it operates. It became obvious that the assistant district attorney who presented a case almost invariably sought an indictment regardless of the weight of the evidence. I suppose that their behavior is not unlike most people's. They seek statistical success through a high percentage of indictments. Another factor in grand juries is that the evidence is mostly one-sided since few suspects come to testify because they cannot be represented by an attorney in the grand jury room.

There was no trouble in going along with indicting robbers who were caught in the act or with stolen money or goods in their possession, or of suspects whose assault or homicide were witnessed. In such cases there was obvious ground for likely culpability and the guilt of the accused beyond a reasonable doubt could only be determined in a trial would take place only if a grand jury indicted. The cases that drew my attention and caused me to question witnesses and the accused, if she or he appeared, involved charges brought by persons against each other or when the police alleged that under the circumstances in the case there was reason to believe a crime was committed or planned and the suspects may have been the perpetrators.

I refrained from taking the floor when other jurors intervened or when I could not see that by my speaking up it would have an

effect on the outcome. I voted in such cases according to my judgment of probable guilt. Having saved my credibility and the tolerance of my fellow-jurors towards me earned by my reticence in most cases, I drew on this "credit" when I felt strongly that in a particular case there was a possibility that the accusations were not valid. The case in which I intervened most, and actually caused a reversal from an original inclination by the jurors to indict into a decision against indicting, appeared quite significant to me.

The accuser, in her late forties or early fifties, under questioning from the assistant D.A. claimed that a young students who visited her house routinely stole various minor appliances, such as portable radios, calculators, tape recorders, and a variety of writing material that belonged to her children. Her evidence was specific and presented with considerable economy of words as if rehearsed. There was little or no questioning. Then the accused young man testified. He described the events leading up to, during, and after each incident and explained that on his frequent visits to these friends' home he borrowed items on some occasions without any prior intent to keep them.

It appeared that the accusing hostess and her children and the accused young man were under some constraints beyond the acts of improperly taking articles. I questioned the student at length. He told us he had been friends with this woman's two sons and one daughter for many years, especially since they have been attending high school. The doors in that house were never locked. There was and abundance of appliances, games and all sorts of supplies. In his house these things were scarce. His friends hardly ever came to his house. There emerged a possibility that circumstances and events entirely extraneous to the offense of stealing caused the woman, and perhaps one or more of her children, to turn on this youth.

In the ensuing discussion there was a majority for indicting but not the required eighteen votes. I began by suggesting that there was more to this case than the stark accusations made by the woman. Others agreed. Somebody proposed that the woman be recalled. On closer questioning she began to fill in details about her household. Perhaps unwittingly, she described a family to whom material things came easy. Her husband and she had some inherited wealth and a substantial current income. She could not always cope with her children. Visitors were always coming and going. They ate and drank

and all times of the day and night. She conceded that perhaps this accused student thought that her family had too much and would not miss the things he took. It began to appear that we were not dealing with a simple crime but with emotional strains and social conflict. I moved not to indict. On the first vote there were ten for a "true bill." I kept talking. Other jurors spoke up, also expressing reluctance to indict a young person on such flimsy evidence that may wrongfully ruin his career. Further votes reduced the show of hands for indicting to five. More discussion resulted in a unanimous vote not to indict.

A fine line divides misconduct from criminality. It is necessary to avoid fanatical attitudes that drive many people to suspect, then prosecute, then persecute and hound others. Such self-righteousness and exaggerated fear of unconventional behavior or unorthodox thoughts are dangerous because they induce unquestioning conformity. These practices lead to inquisitorial and tyrannical systems that suppress anyone even suspected of disagreement or inclined to seek freedom of expression. Even in the United States, France, the United Kingdom and other countries where freedom of thought, belief and expression is largely respected we have had periods when intolerance and persecution prevailed to the injury of many individuals and harm to entire societies. In many countries enforced conformity with governmental tenets keep whole populations in mental bondage.

Late in 1969 we were approached by Alfred Krpata, one of a big family who operated the largest school bus system on Long Island, Brothers Coach Corp., with an offer to buy Mid-Island Transit and Crestwood Bus. After rather complicated and long negotiations, we sold the two companies. Following a thirty-day trial period, the Brothers took over. I was retained as a consultant, that is to advise them of our past practices and to help them assume full operating capability. Bess was kept on as an employee.

The Krpatas had repeatedly asserted that they wished to acquire Crestwood because it dovetailed with their other school transportation districts and Mid-Island for its potential value in an eventual sale to Nassau County, which did come about when all private bus lines were consolidated into the Metropolitan Suburban Bus Authority by the New York State Metropolitan Transportation Authority. Later developments showed they were only interested in our cash flow. They

appropriated large sums of money from the daily cash receipts for themselves and paid no taxes or bills for nearly a year. When they had syphoned off large sums of money they declared bankruptcy not only for out two former companies but Brothers Coach as well. It turned out that their reputedly prosperous operation was fraudulently pretended to be solvent but was actually a hollow shell. They used its inflated paper assets to buy C.B.S. and M.I.T. in a last desperate effort to extract some assets from their crumbling enterprise.

While we made sure that the Krpatas' original down-payments and the first year's installments to us covered all of our personal indebtedness, which we were able to clear up, the Brothers' collapse was nevertheless a substantial financial loss to Bess and me. We partly overcame it by subsequent prudent management of our assets. What was more distressing was the Krpatas' insensitivity to the public interests which we so carefully nurtured while we were in charge of the two operations. During the nine months we worked for them we were shocked at the cynicism with which they ^{ran} it. Besides being profligate in their private lives, they seemed to be totally indifferent to the adverse effects of their actions upon large numbers of people.

Even while I was still head of the two companies, other bus operators used to call on me for consultation and assistance in solving operating problems. Most of this I did gratis, although occasionally I was paid for my time and effort. When Brothers collapsed I found myself in great demand as a transportation consultant for several Long Island bus and truck companies. This opportunity was enhanced by my earlier career and my prior relations with other bus companies.

Because of my reputation as an aggressive union leader, many bus owners at first showed open hostility to me when I became a bus manager and then owner. Very likely they considered me a specially dangerous rival who, as it were, knew both sides of the business. In due time, however, they began to regard me as a competent and ethical person. After a while I was taken into the "inner circle" as a member of the Franchised Bus Council composed of the presidents of all private bus lines in Nassau County. When I no longer had my own business, which some of them might have believed would in-

my advice to them, more and more called on me. For the next four years I was helpful in bringing about favorable route changes, better schedules improved internal procedures and even the sale of a small bus line to one of the major systems.

In one of the truck companies that took me on as a special adviser for two weeks I remained as a full-time trouble-shooter for two years. That was Island Transportation Corp. which moved into the M.I.T.-C.B.S. facility after the Krpata debacle. Under the title of Safety and Personnel Director, which was the only position open at the time, I restructured their maintenance department and brought about compliance with I.C.C. and D.O.T. regulations. These two federal departments had threatened I.T.S, before I stepped in, with heavy fines and penalties and eventual shut-down. I helped revise their scheduling, driver hiring procedures, employee administration and customer relations.

I also put in some time with L.K.B. transportation consulting organization. There I revised their internal procedures which had grown in a rather haphazard manner and were in considerable disarray at the time I came there. I improved their scheduling and bus utilization methods and helped train the young engineers who had pretty good theoretical foundations but lacked practical experience with actual buses on the road, driven by live drivers and carrying pupils on solid ground in varying weather. While I was in the midst of the L.K.B. task I was invited to take on the job of general manager in Pioneer Bus Corp. That I did on July 1, 1974 and was one of the reasons we remained living in Jackson Heights and then moved to Starrett City, which is only about six miles from Pioneer headquarters in the Mill Basin area of Brooklyn,

On June 4, 1979 the Pioneer employees went on strike. The owners at first hinted then announced that they were going to abandon the operation altogether. Unstable labor relations and the consequent uncertainty of the business were given as the reasons. This was the third strike since the ATU came into P.B.C. The owners cited the progressively shorter contract periods on which the union insisted after each renewal as one of the reasons. They also pointed out that after each interruption of service it has taken a long time to restore patronage to pre-strike levels and that the more frequent the strikes the more often the periods of revenue loss. They claimed that by turning the operation into a "roller coaster" the

union caused the service to become unreliable to passengers and excessively risky to the owners.

From June 4, 1979 when the Pioneer employees struck until another company took over the franchise on October 22, the passengers who traveled on these local, express and racetrack routes were deprived of bus service. The union settled with the new operator, Command Bus Company, for a longer term contract with pay and working conditions ^{inferior} to those rejected by the Local 1181-1061 of the A.T.U. on June 3.

Command called on me on several occasions to outline Pioneer operation for them. The owners for a while discussed with me the proposal that I work for them but in the end, considering that Command was a subsidiary of a large bus conglomerate, they probably decided that they had enough talent of their own.

I stayed on with Pioneer through the months of June, July and part of August during which time I closed out some pending business after the discontinuation of operations. I did not look for steady work. I accepted some lecturing engagements and have helped an author who is writing a history of T.W.U. from its inception to the leadership split in 1948 as a thesis for his doctorate. I also was temporarily incapacitated by a leg infection that caused septicemia and immobilized me for several weeks.

I accepted the likelihood that at seventy-three I would not easily find a job for which I am otherwise qualified but I did not make a categorical decision that I would decline an offer of work. In March 1980 one of the bus companies on Long Island for whom I had done consulting work before, contacted me and I have spent from one to five days a week with them until Bess and I made our Fiftieth Wedding anniversary trip to France in August.

For the first time in my life I have to admit that my hitherto unsatiable thirst for institutional work has a worthy rival in my new activities in companionship with Bess and my preoccupation with reading, writing, polemics, studying, painting and participating in the Institutue for Retired Professionals of the New School for Social Research which I joined this year. Bess and I can subsist on our social security benefits and savings. Work for income is therefore neither an economic nor emotional imperative.

1. Poem on occasion of the birthday of Catherin.
2. Photo of unemployed youth in Hempstead which we used to document need for industrial commuting buses.
3. Workers boarding the "Speed Shuttle" bus which we operated under an UMTA contract to Plainview Industrial Park.
4. Passengers on our industrial bus.
5. More industrial bus passengers.
6. Employees leaving work at Plainview boarding bus.
7. Maurice shaking hands with Jet football star John Schmitt at radio station WGBB before program promoting bus riding.
8. Blurbs about John Schmitt which included photo with Maurice.
9. Souvenir menu from testimonial dinner to Mayor Rober J. Sweeney.
10. Seating list for Mayor Sweeney's dinner at Guy Lombardo East Point house in Freeport.
11. Maurice's certificate for completing course at Industrial Relations Institute of Hofstra University.
12. Girls' band lined up in front of Mid-Island Transit coaches we contributed to Ancient Order of Hybernians for St. Patrick parade.
13. Parade marshalls from A.O.H. in front of our bus.
14. Clippings of presentation of honorary A.O.H. cards to Maurice and two of those cards.
15. Oyster Bay Town Supervisor Michael N. Petito inaugurating bus service from Mid-Island Plaza to Shea and Yankee stadiums and copy of invitation to his installation ceremony after re-election.
16. Presidents of some of Nassau bus lines, including Maurice, accepting buses partly subsidied by UMTA.
17. County Executive Eugene H. Nickerson breaks a bottle of champagne at start of free Sunday bus service to Nassau County parks donated by Mid-Island Transit.
18. Westbury Mayor and North Hempstead Town Supervisor ride first bus from Westbury railroad station inaugurated by M.I.T.
19. Correspondence and draft of article about M.I.T. for GMC publicati
20. "Mortar Board Special" a plan designed by Maurice for bus service to Nassau County universities connecting them with L.I. railroad stations at Greenvale, Hempstead and Hicksville and bus terminals in Hempstead and Hicksville.

21. Report on UMTA subsidized buses in Nassau County.
22. Maurice's certificate of lifetime membership in N.A.A.C.P.
23. Photo of signing of last contract with T.W.U. Local 252 covering employees of Mid-Island Transit and Crestwood Bus.
24. Letter of welcome to Grand Jury.
25. Grand Jurors' instructions.
26. Letter thanking Maurice for Grand Jury service.
27. Booklet prepared by Maurice for twentieth anniversary of Island Transportation while he was "temporary" consultant.
28. Special Christmas edition of ITC Beam, which Maurice published monthly on single mimeograph sheet but which was elaborated on special occasions.

107e

To Our Poupée

She chose the place,
Determined the time,
Selected her mater,
Appointed her sire,
Opted her features,
Her whims and desires --
All left to us is
To love and admire.

Bess and Maurice

Freeport, New York
February 26, 1966

respect and admiration of professional men in Government, of leaders in our national Legislature, of the scholarly community, and of men in the business world. Yet, despite this eminent and deserved recognition of worth, he remained as he had always been a genuinely humble man who deplored false pride and false prestige and commanded the esteem of his peers by the weight of his knowledge and the excellence of his professional performance.

For Leon was the complete professional man, thoroughly grounded in the disciplines of economics, Soviet affairs, and international relations; and he was gifted with a power of insight, analysis and articulation that enabled him to make a profound impact not only within the narrower sphere of Government service but far beyond in the many worlds of scholarship, education, and business.

Leon's professional activities as a specialist in Soviet economics and a long-time student of international trade and world affairs are recorded in a vast bibliography of published and unpublished writings, compiled during years of public service in the Department of Commerce and the Library of Congress. They are recorded, too, in an impressive record of active participation, often as one of the principal generating forces, in professional organizations whose purposes were to advance the study of Soviet affairs and the study of economics. And, they are recorded in his commitment to teaching in the School of International

Service at American University and in the ever-lengthening list of lectures and panel participation in meetings of specialized groups too numerous to mention.

- As a truly professional man, Leon moved with an uncommon grace and ease within the Government service and between it and the worlds of scholarship and business; and wherever he went, those with whom he was closely associated could not fail to feel the impress of the power of his intellect, the depth and breadth of his wisdom, and the vast dimension of his human understanding.

In this way Leon epitomized the finest of what the intellectual should be in the Government service. He should be, as Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. once said during the Kennedy years, a conduit between the intellectual world outside and the Government, a sort of vital connection for tapping an essential, life-sustaining natural resource.

This Leon was; but he was more: by his own unique professional abilities and personal qualities, his presence not only enriched the Government service, but, in a reverse way, enriched also the scholarly world; for, more than just acting as a conduit of ideas flowing into the Government, Leon himself was a seminal source of influence, generating ideas throughout the nation's scholarly community itself.

Of all the publications in both private journals and public documents for which Leon bore either direct or indirect responsibility, perhaps none illustrates this point better than the studies prepared for the Joint

Economic Committee of Congress under Leon's direction. First published in 1962 and followed by numerous succeeding volumes, these studies have drawn widely upon the expertise of specialists in the Soviet economy within the Government and within the nation's scholarly community.

Besides assuming the directorial and editorial responsibilities, Leon also contributed chapters on Soviet trade.

Recognized immediately as work of extraordinary merit, these studies have become a standard source for the study of the Soviet economy in our nation's colleges and universities and in other centers of Soviet studies throughout the West.

Thus, in this case alone (for there are many more) Leon was able to exert his energies and apply his extraordinary gifts not only for the benefit of Congress but for the good of scholars everywhere and for the advancement of knowledge.

But this is what Leon was: A person imbued with the finest spirit of intellectualism, and dedicated to the service of others. For Leon's was a life devoted to the achievement of these greatest of all human values.

Intellectually, he was a totally committed person. His interests ranged far beyond his professional concerns, to the theater, to literature, to history; indeed, he was the universal man who found infinite pleasure in contemplating and discussing the whole of the human experience. A chance telephone conversation, a casual "walk around the bloc" after a noon-day lunch, table-talk at dinner before a meeting of the local AAASS

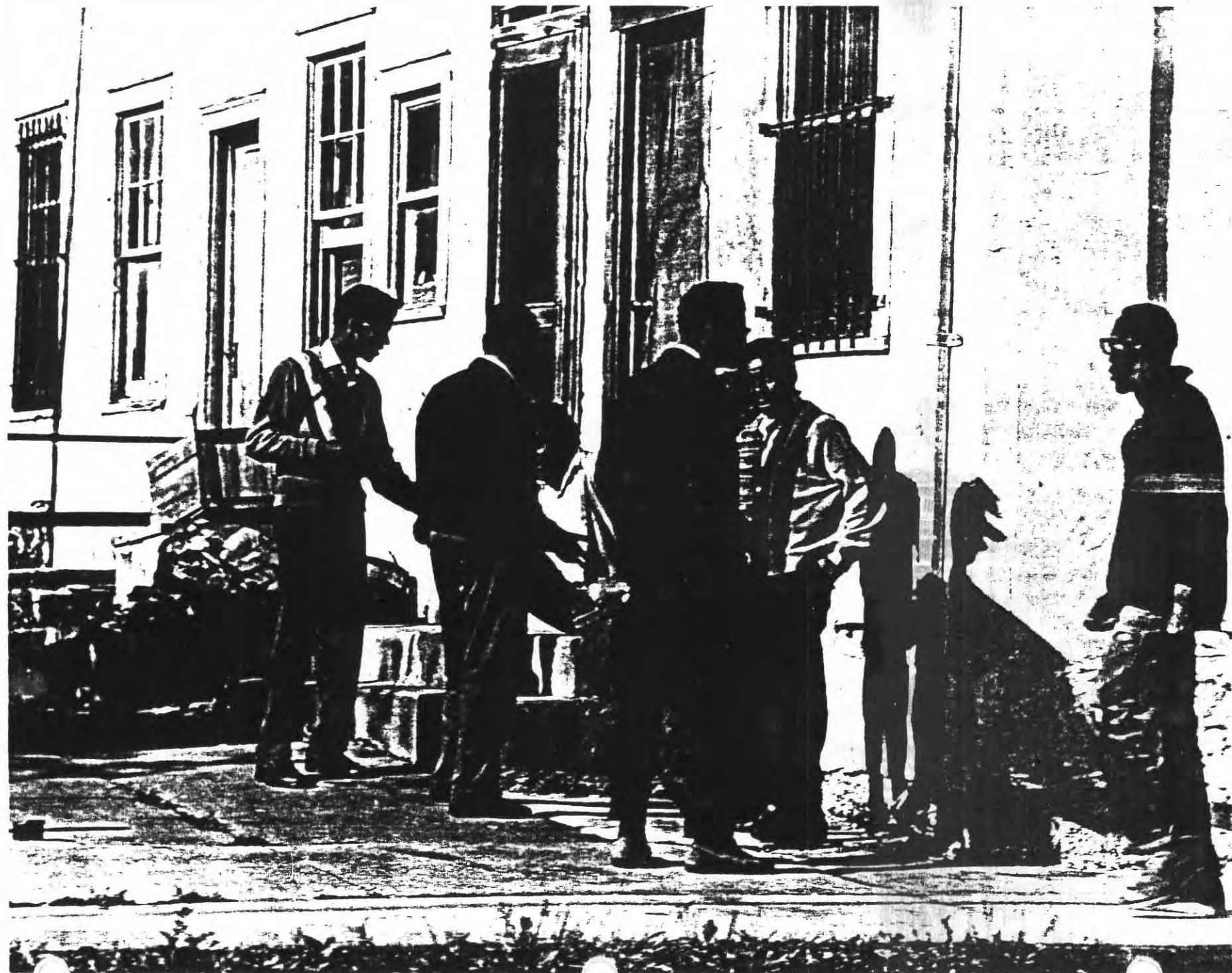
chapter--these could be, and more often were, occasions for a stirring intellectual engagement on the politics of the day, the social unrest in the country, the state of the theater and the arts, or an analysis of the latest developments in East-West relations.

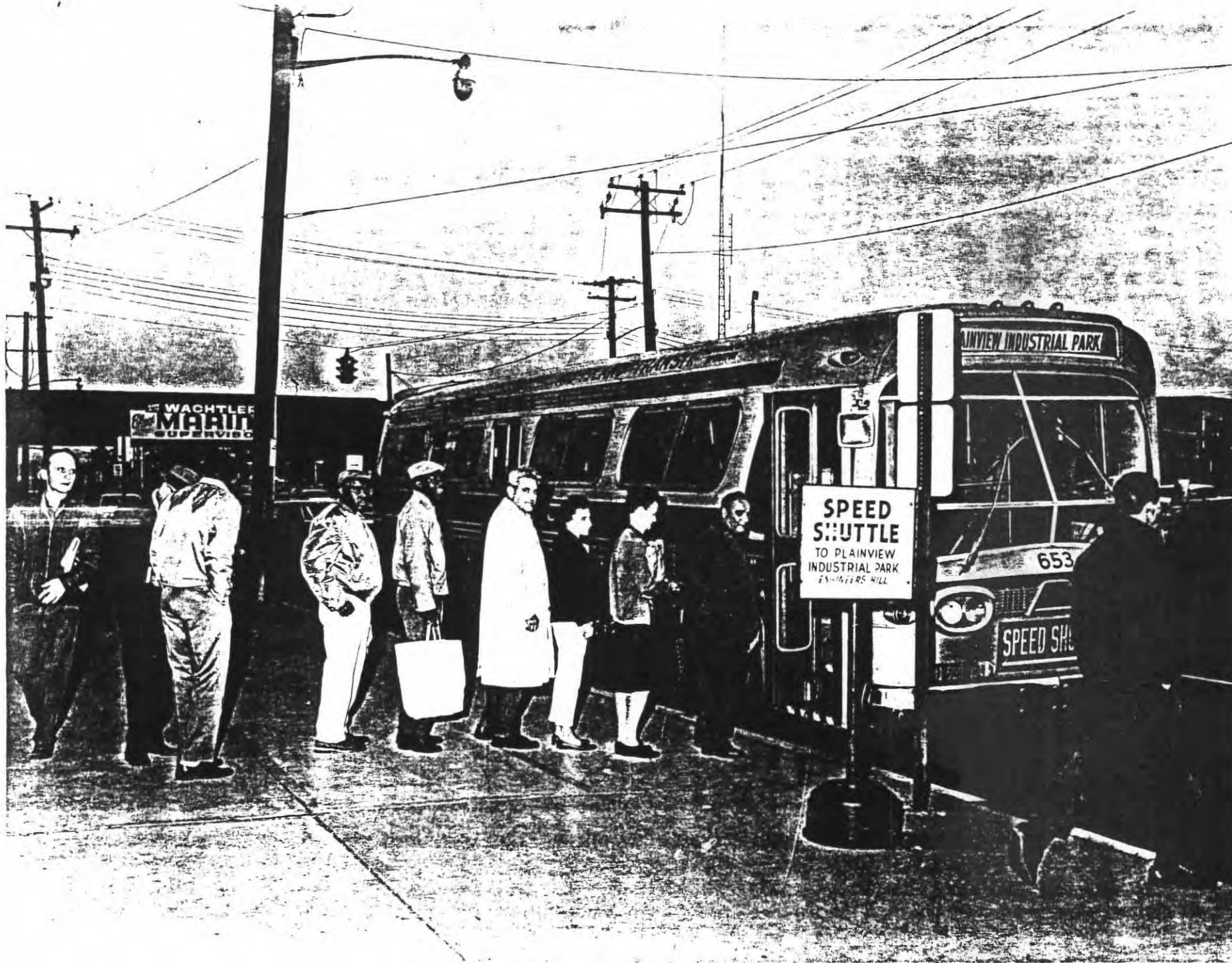
But Leon's intellectualism was not something self-centered and self-contained: it was always placed in the service of others. This was probably his most distinguishing personal characteristic; for, as a totally involved human being, he willingly and unsparingly shared with others himself, his energy, his many gifts and talents.

In this sense Leon was a genuine humanist. As a compassionate man, he loved humanity for its better qualities; and despite the cruelties that he had seen in his own lifetime, he could not take a tragic view of life or of history. For him, the history of modern man represented the accumulated values of all civilization, and civilization for all its faults and frailties was moving to a higher plane of social betterment for all mankind.

An optimist, he was, ever hopeful, ever-expecting better things, although by no means was he unmindful of the odds that mankind faced. An essentially untragic man living in a potentially tragic world, he could look beyond the overt weaknesses and shortcomings of our country, and see its many strengths, and assessing its possibilities for achieving a greater good in this world, could cast his vision to more distant horizons and give hope and confidence, indeed faith, to those more pessimistic.

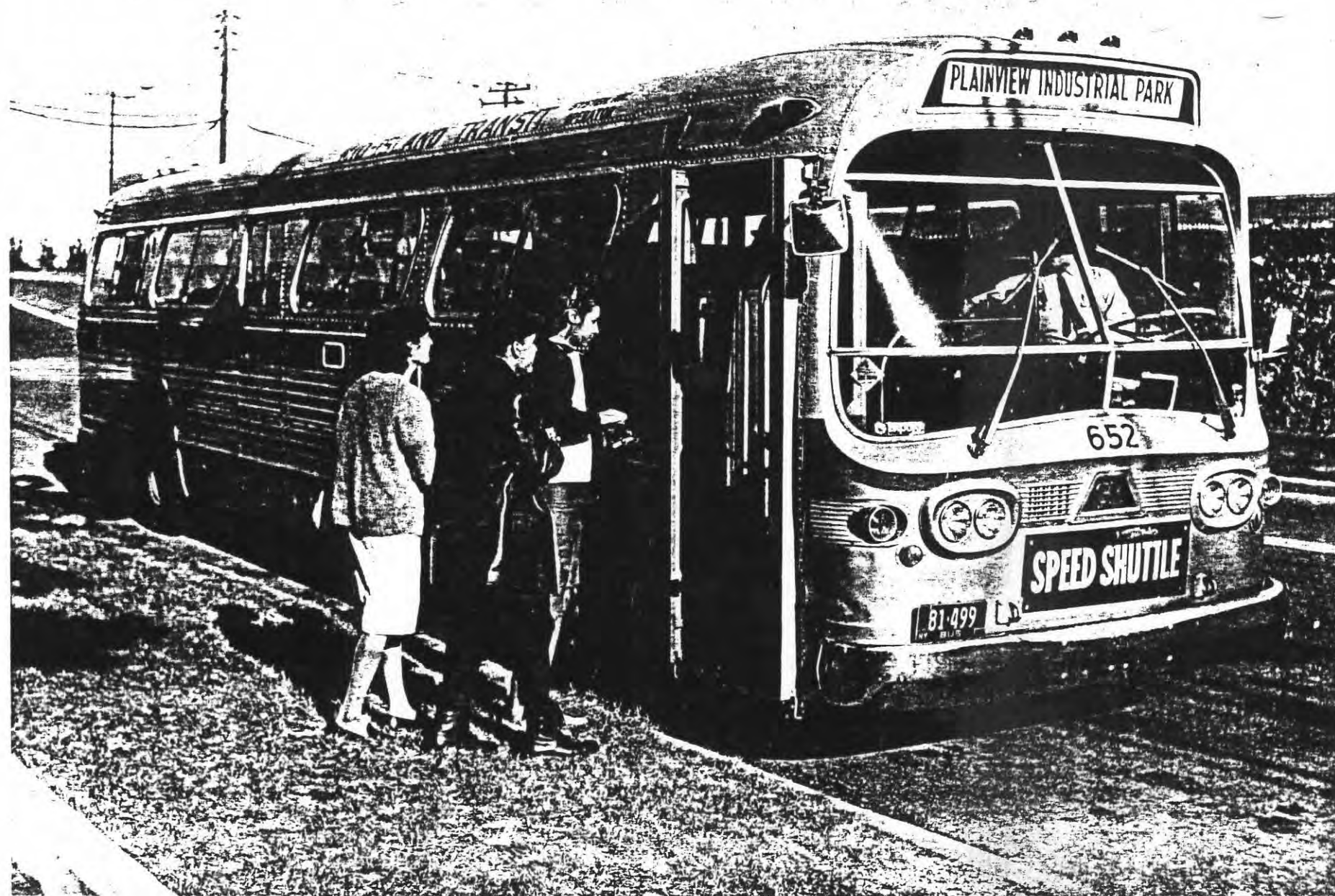
This was Leon; and one should not have expected less of so fine and sensitive a man; for, as we all know, he was the kindest of men who had a nobility of spirit that touched us all.



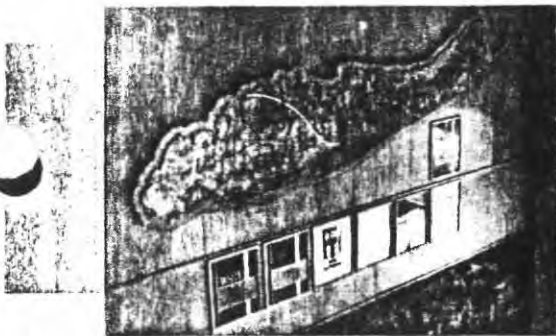












INSIDE WGBB RADIO LONG ISLAND

THE BEST IN BROADCASTING—PREFERRED BY MORE LONG ISLAND LISTENERS AND ADVERTISERS!

MEET THE WGBB WORLD CHAMPION

Ask Joe Namath to name the best center in professional football. He'll say "Schmitt"! John Schmitt, the offensive center of the World Champion New York Jets and the Sports Director of Radio Long Island . . . WGBB.

John's a Long Islander through and through. Played high school football at Seton Hall in Patchogue. College football at Hofstra University in Hempstead. His father is with LILCO, the Long Island Lighting Company. John and his wife, Anne, and their two children, John and Anne, reside in Merrick.

John's daily sports broadcast on Radio Long Island is a winner. If it's happening in the world of sports, John has it with inside information to boot. Because of his close ties with athletes of all sports, John's guests are the men making sports headlines.

Just as John gives his all for the World Champion New York Jets, he puts everything he has into the John Schmitt Sports Show. Long Island listeners know WGBB is a Champ in sports coverage, as it is with everything else.



John is ready for action . . . above, on-the-air . . . below, on-the-field.



Hempstead Presiding Supervisor, Ralph Caso, presents John with the WGBB Super-bowl Victory Trophy as General Manager William Musser looks on.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY Schmitt Happy in Center of Things

31 Jets' Lineman Often Praised by Namath for Key Blocks

By DAVE ANDERSON

John Schmitt, ordinarily is a quiet, unassuming 245-pounder. He is one of the larger insurance agents in Long Island, where he also is the commentator on a weekly sports show on WGBB.

But on Sunday he vanishes into the anonymity of being the center of the New York Jets.

When he gets out of the huddle against the Miami Dolphins in the Jets' return to Shea Stadium, the spectators will ignore him. They will be looking for Joe Namath to lead the Jets to the line of scrimmage. They will wonder what his pattern. George Sauer Sr. worked it out that at



John Schmitt, 6-foot-4-inch center for the New York Jets



From Radio Long Island to our Sports Director . . . Well done, John!

John is saluted by the New York Times.



WGBB FIRST NEWS FIRST...AND WE MEAN IT!

The demands of two newscasts every hour, throughout WGBB's 24 hour broadcast day, spawns a new breed of journalist. He's the reporter who must grasp a breaking news story quickly, digest the facts, and put them into terms that can be easily understood. This process is complicated by the need to reach newsmakers quickly, often at the scene of a story.

The WGBB Long Island Network Reporter finds it easier to get information



Bob Allen, News Director



Ben Avery, Assistant News Director

from many high officials. That's because the official knows the voice he hears on the phone is the same voice he hears on the air reporting the news. Most Long Island officials in government, law enforcement, labor and management are regular listeners to WGBB and the Long Island Network.

These are the men of WGBB Long Island Network News... a curious lot...

They're curious about what happens, why it happens and what it means, and they don't stop asking questions until they have all the answers. The teams of newsmen on duty throughout the day and night are called insight teams by the Long Island Network. These team members are more than announcers, they're journalists who write the news to be heard rather than read. Great pains are taken to present the facts clearly, and concisely in language that tells the story.

The hard work has paid off as the Long Island Network has gained recognition as the most reliable broadcast news organization on Long Island and has earned a nationwide reputation for its excellence in broadcast journalism... ex-



Jim Ferguson, Senior Afternoon Editor

cellence doesn't come by accident, it's the sum total of talent, dedication and hard work. The Long Island Network, the Island's largest, full time, broadcast news organization is the best on Long Island. But don't take our word for it. The Long Island Network proves it's best each hour, at Twelve-Forty on your radio dial.

The Long Island Network Capitol Bureaus let Radio Long Island keep tabs on the elected and appointed officials who are taking care of Long Island interests. Jeff Lubar heads the Long Island Network's Washington newsroom and maintains close ties with the five Island Congressmen and two New York Senators as well as the Judicial and Executive departments of government.

Bob Lawson directs the Long Island Network Albany Bureau. He watches Assemblymen and State Senators as well as the Governor's office and the high state courts.

Staff correspondents in major cities of the United States and around the world complete Long Island coverage of news as it happens... And that's what Radio Long Island means by WGBB "FIRST NEWS' FIRST".



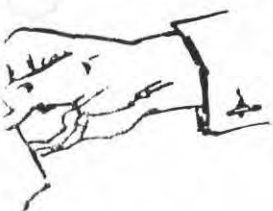
Bob Dunn, Senior Morning Editor



Ken Weprin,
Associate Editor



Art Thompson, Investigative Reporter





NAMES AND FACES

There's a lot to listen for on Radio Long Island. Meet the Stangos of Lynbrook. They know it pays to listen to WGBB. Lucky Birthday turned out lucky for James Stango, Jr., winning him \$100. "I want to thank your wonderful station for the Lucky Birthday money... It was like an answer to a prayer... With a family of 3 children, one graduating college, one entering college and one in college, every little bit helps." James, Sr. is an employee of Western Electric and finds time to manage both baseball and basketball teams at Our Lady of Peace School.

Michael Stango will be receiving his Bachelor of Science Degree soon from Iona College in New Rochelle. Carolyn is a sophomore at State University College of New Paltz. And James, Jr. is looking forward to entering the University of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Stango writes

WGBB has been the family's favorite station for a good many years, perhaps because we find it so full of vitality. Then too, it caters to a family's every need."



365 days a year, the men of Long Island's Volunteer Fire Departments give their time and services to protect the homes and businesses of the Island. WGBB lends a helping hand by promoting fund drives and safety campaigns. When the Oceanside Firemen were recognized as one of the best in the state, WGBB was proud to broadcast a Salute. Charley Datig of Oceanside Vamps, shows the award winning presentation to WGBB's Program Director, Bob Lawrence.



Entertainment is our full time job, so it's fun for Radio Long Island personalities to be entertained. Vocalist Bobby Vinton dropped by the other day to pay his respects. He got a kick out of the facilities and we soaked up the limelight. Jim Quinn, The Vieser, Bob Lawrence, and Bobby are caught in the master control room by an *Inside WGBB* photographer.



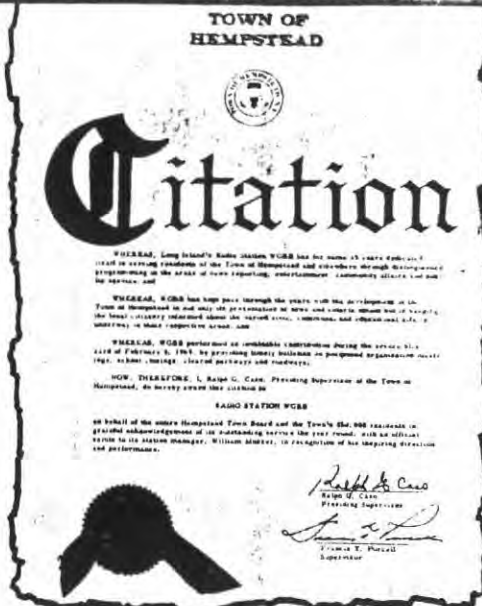
"And now here's Marilyn Lancot and the Homemakers Forum..." That's a familiar phrase heard every day on WGBB... an introduction Long Island housewives wait to hear. Marilyn Lancot of the Nassau Extension Service broadcasts helpful information. Homemaking hints from storing clothes to freezing foods. Tips to save money and provide menu variety for homemakers.



The Massapequa Symphony Orchestra has rightly earned outstanding recognition for their performances and accomplishments. H. Dudley Mairs, its Musical Director, deserves much of the credit. WGBB works closely with Mr. Mairs and the Symphony Society in promotion of the eagerly awaited concerts. Mr. Mairs writes WGBB... "I want to take this opportunity to voice my deep appreciation for the excellent services offered by WGBB to the Massapequa Public Schools and the Massapequa Symphony Society. Without your assistance and your consistent efforts for the orchestra and the school program, our successes would not be what they are."



Terry Katzman, Director of The Creative School, Plainview, wrote . . . "Radio is a wonderful media for contacting parents in snow emergencies . . ."



WGBB does more than talk about the weather. We brought public attention to ideas to prevent future snow emergencies with a listener participation Public Forum. Long Islanders offered their comments on improving snow removal and returning to normalcy. A tape recording of the broadcast was sent to Officials of Hempstead and Oyster Bay Towns and Nassau County.

RALPH G CASO
COMMUNITY SUPERVISOR



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PRESIDING SUPERVISOR
TOWN OF HEMPSTEAD
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February 26, 1969

Station WCBB
Post Office Box 449

WDOG? WCAT? WBIRD? That's what thousands of WGBB listeners think our call letters are. After all, doesn't Long Island find all those missing dogs, from collies to poodles... and cats, from persians to alley cats... and birds, from parakeets to pigeons. Dozens of lost and found reports come in each day... all are broadcast... all receive attention.

PET PATROL



Missy, a six and a half year old Beagle, found out there's no place like home and home is the Lang family of Merrick. The Langs were just as happy... "Yesterday I was one of those owners who had the misfortune of losing our dog... through you, I was very lucky to have her returned to me... thank you so very much."



Three year old Boots, a calico cat, is back at her Hicksville home with the Browne family... "My wife phoned you about our cat Boots being lost for exactly two weeks... you announced it on the air, and do you know, within an hour, she was scratching at our door. You people are just great!"



Seven year old Peppy Poo found his way home with our help and the Olmsteads of East Rockaway were waiting anxiously... "We had gotten pretty desperate after calling the dog pound, the police and our village hall and receiving no help or encouragement from any of them. When I spoke to WGBB, you were so sure that you could help that my spirits lifted... when I had my dog within two and a half hours after calling you, well again, I wish I could thank you enough."

SPORTS ON WGBB

Long Island is a Heaven for sports enthusiasts. The waters surrounding the island provide fishing opportunities galore. Our fine high schools and colleges provide the keenest competition in all sports imaginable. Add various professional teams and you have something for everyone.

Roosevelt Raceway is featured during its annual, always exciting harness racing meets.

ROOSEVELT NIGHTLY RACE RESULTS ON WGBB-1240 ON YOUR DIAL

"That is what your way," theorized Marie, in the last several months—everything's going for him.

"Now of course, you have to be a good driver to take every possible advantage of a hot streak, and my husband's a good driver." No doubt about it, Marie. If anyone wants some convincing, they'd need only inquire of Lucien Fontaine, who literally has had Abbatiello in his hair since last Fall.

The good achieved fully for engaged driving... who is also active in the New York circuit, and Mario preceded Carmine into taking up the sport.

RACE RESULTS ON WGBB

Results and racing news from Roosevelt Raceway will be broadcast three times a night by station WGBB A.M.—1240 on the dial—for the balance of the meeting. The first broadcast will be between 6 and 7 p.m. The second broadcast will follow the feature event and the final segment will be broadcast when the races are completed each night.



Adin Long Island's pioneer fishing reporter with one that didn't get away.



Phil Hankinson of Great Neck High School demonstrates form that won his team a Nassau High School Championship. That game and the semi-finals were heard on Radio Long Island.



All-star New York Mets catcher Jerry Grote in action. Catch his show on WGBB Saturday mornings at eleven.



The team for Our Man On the Mets... Producer, Ken Weprin... Star, Jerry Grote... Sponsor, Mort Schumsky, Owner of Arnee Department stores in Freeport and Lynbrook... and WGBB Sales Manager, Jim Davey.